



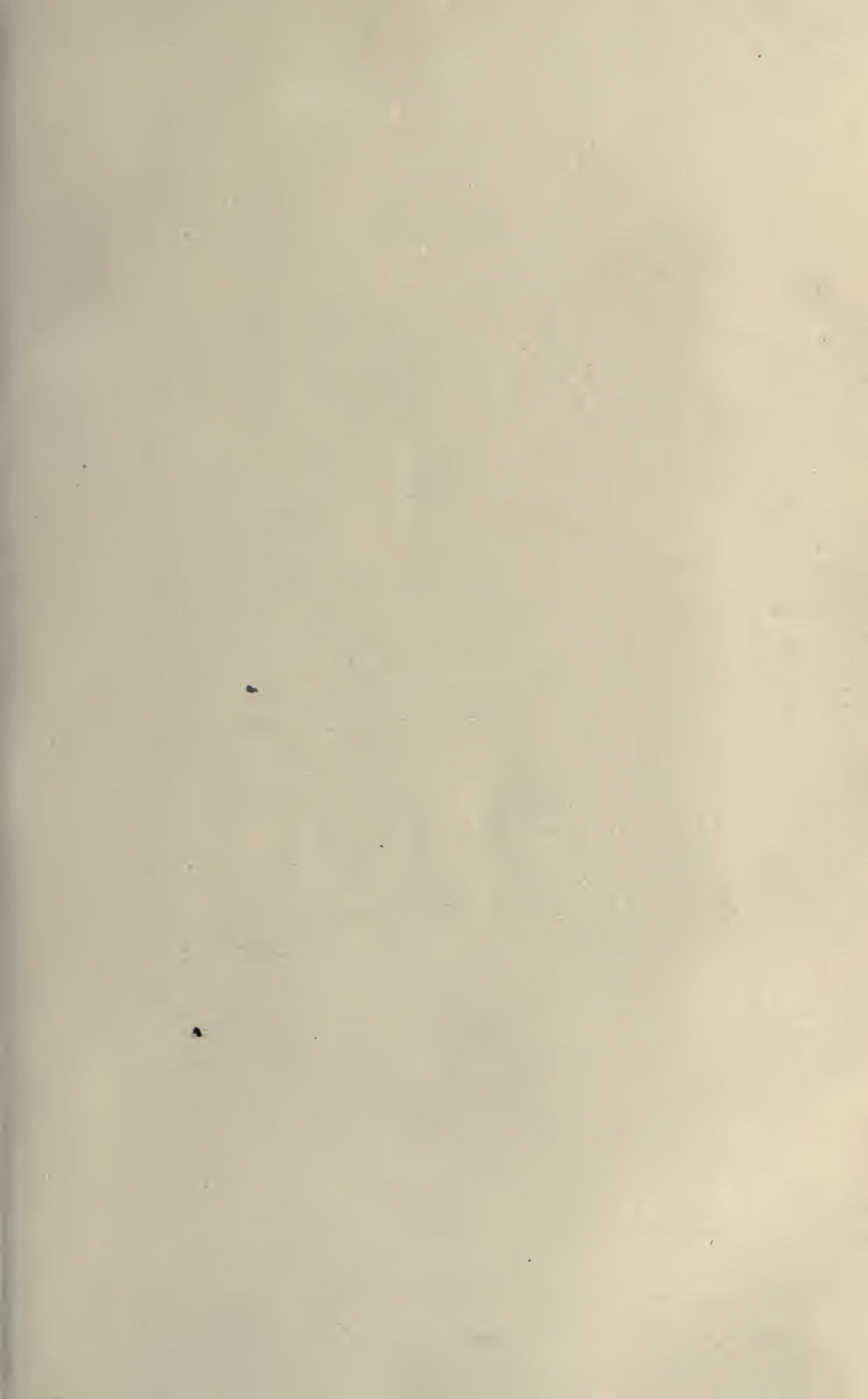
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MISS ELLEN TERRY.

'There was a star danced,  
and under that was I born.'

—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



# THE THEATRE.

A Monthly Review

OF

THE DRAMA, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY

CLEMENT SCOTT.

NEW SERIES.

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# THE THEATRE.

*July, 1883.*

## A Night in Moscow.

BY ALFRED THOMPSON.

O Russ ! quandos te aspiciam.—HOR.

“QUEL drole de ville que Moscou !” My foreign friend was quite of my opinion. Moscow is one of the queerest places on the face of this earth. A palace stands side by side of a beggar’s hovel, a millionaire jostles a moujick, and a decayed princess may be found in a casual ward. A merchant will spend a fortune in an evening, and a peasant drink out the earnings of a half-year at a sitting. Monks are the landlords of the best hotels, the finest shops in the city ; the priests sprinkle holy water and blessings on houses of ill-fame ; while the Foundling Hospital monopolizes the sale of playing-cards, and cabmen underbid each other for a fare in the very street. Go into the churches which are throwing their spires and gold cupolas into the air as a juggler does his knives and balls, and you will find the walls coated with massive gold, the shrines of multitudinous gods, and goddesses studded with precious stones, while poverty encouraged by a degrading fetichism kisses and slobbers the exposed skull of some idiot saint or the broken tibia of some naked hermit. I am not either exaggerating or blaspheming. Saint Basil was a half-witted shoemaker, who went naked like an Indian fakeer, and Ivan the idiot was one of that numerous body of village imbeciles as holy here as they are among the Sioux or Blackfeet wigwams. Visit a monastery, and you will be shown jewels worth a king’s ransom, pearls a duchess might cry for, and diamonds that would buy all womankind. You ask with justice, might these not have been sold and given to the poor? In



Russia the friars are millionaires, and though professing asceticism, they live on the fat of the land; the purest Chateau-Yquem and the finest Lafitte will be given to the guest on certain occasions, though their holinesses will take special care to call the finest products of the best-known vintages mere kvass, and expect a liberal subscription to the expenses of the establishment. But the mention of such vintages gives us an appetite. So come and dine with me at the Hermitage Restaurant. On this side you will find dozens of elegant little salons for supper-parties; and should you wish to come in from the country for a night, with a wife bent on opera or ball, with supper to finish, you can have suites of apartments, *salon chambre à coucher* and *toilette* included, with every luxury in furniture and feeding, for a less price than at the hotels. On another side will be found Russian baths revelling in marble and mirrors. Here, with all the accessories Petronius could imagine or Catullus describe, there are no magistrates to ring a curfew bell, or say when a man's appetite is to be choked off; and the place can scarcely be said to close from year's end to year's end.

You have ordered sterlet soup for dinner; the price is fabulous, about half-a-sovereign a basin, and not to be compared to clear turtle, but the expense of the delicacy makes it very much desired. The ordinary Russian soups are much nicer. Stchy, for instance, a popular green soup made of cabbages, to which you add sour cream, is really excellent. Batsenia, though not to be sneezed at for its flavour, one has to be acclimatized to. It is cold, made of kvass, a weak vapid beer, and you add raw cucumbers, smoked fish, and chopped onions. By no means as savage as it sounds, but liable in its effects to encourage the doctor's assistance, until your interior has become quite accustomed to Muscovite food. Before beginning dinner come to the bar and try the *sakuska*. No Russian dines without taking his glass of vodka, and prodding a fork into a multitude of snacks of all kinds, caviare, cold meats, bits of fried fish, raw fish, pickled fish, edible mushrooms, dubious toadstools, anchovies, prawns, cucumber, onions, and radishes, for twenty copecks you may clear the lot, and have your go of spirits: As long as the fork is clean and the tit-bits are dry, the *sakuska* is a good relish before starting; but when one sees old generals with thick moustaches, and toothless counsellors with uncombed beards, holding their heads over



the dishes while they ladle up salads and sauces *à la grace de Dieu*; the commercial buffet is not always appetizing.

We will get through our dinner, as well we may, as there is another Hermitage to be seen, and the night is still young. Later on we are asked to supper by some hospitable Petersburgers, who have promised to do the thing *à la Lucullus*; so there is no time to lose.

In five minutes we drive up to the gates of the *Ermitage*; not even distantly connected with the restaurant of the same name, but equally remarkable for its attractions. The Suisses, who help you out of your carriage, arrayed in red mantles and cocked hats, are of the beadle type, but none the less magnificent for that. Mr. Bumble would be awed by their appearance. A rouble to enter, and then three roubles for a stall in the theatre, seems extravagant; but there is no doubt about it, the Hermitage Gardens in Moscow are a long way superior in every way to anything of the kind ever seen in London (where we now have nothing at all), Paris (almost in the same condition), Berlin, or St. Petersburg. Situated on high ground for Moscow, overlooking a lake of no mean pretensions, which lies nestled in lilac-coloured banks, this ideal place of entertainment, filled with superb sycamores, silver birches, and cork trees, is worth seeing for its natural beauties alone. Even in the parks around Moscow there is no finer vegetation to be seen. But I do not imagine that the crowd comes for the trees, though Nature makes a wonderful background for the arts, dramatic, musical, and decorative, to which the Hermitage is devoted. As you enter up the flight of broad steps, you cannot fail to notice the elegance of Russian carpentry, which raises arches, candelabra, kiosques, and galleries in fine network of pine-wood, as frail, to all appearance, as lace, and as quaint in design as a mixture of Arab and Swiss tastes can make it.

This architectural woodcutting seems to have arisen from a desire to copy with the knife and axe the embroideries on the aprons and skirts of the women. Curves are always avoided where a series of angles will produce the same linear result. The peacock, the blackcock, and even chanticleer himself, are treated conventionally with the happiest result; while horses' heads, like knights at chess, are often met with in groups of tasteful symmetry. From eave to roof, and from lintel to balcony, the scented fir throws its broad strips of lace, retaining the colour of the wood,

relieved in the fretwork with pale blues and Indian reds, which harmonize wonderfully with the maize buffs of the planks.

After passing through a Greek arbour, which might have been designed by Alma Tadema, we go up a broad *allée*, arched high overhead with enlacing boughs, and flanked with flowering shrubs, out of which dancing fauns and startled nymphs peer curiously.

At the end, on either side, two large *châlets*, with balconies, on which orchestras play at intervals, and in front a splendid group of cork trees, shadowing a colossal bust of Poushchine (the Russian poet, who, to the foibles of Alfred de Musset, added the genius of Byron), who, raised on high upon a huge granite monolith, looks down with genial satire upon the groups of idlers below. Electric lamps, artfully arranged in the branches above, throw out the beauties of the marble, while they shed a halo through the green leaves which form the background.

In Russia, and especially in Moscow, his native place, Poushchine is at once the champion of poetry and the god of dissipation, the very spots where, in some insane debauch, he would throw off the wildest sonnets, being consecrated to the thousands who have read his verses. To the right of this effective tableau, a large open space, in front of a two-storied restaurant, round which arcades and galleries of pierced wood run, lighted by incandescent lamps, is devoted to small tables. These, in a double row, form an outer circle to an immense bed of variegated flowers, radiating in coloured petals, divided by pearl lamps from a statue of Victory in the centre, who holds aloft a mighty arc-light, which alone would light the garden.

But on all sides rise lamps and candelabras supplied by the electric spark with a luminous power, turning night to day; several orchestras, a large concave-domed tribune for occasional choruses or entertainers. Buffets for iced drinks, and arbours for select parties rise on all sides, but so harmoniously arranged as never to offend the eye, or suggest sawdust and orange-peel. Indeed, one of the great virtues of these gardens is that there is nothing common, none of the tawdriness of Cremorne, none of the bare meretriciousness of Mabille, while the *entrain* of entertainments is continually kept going from eight in the evening till two in the morning. A finely built theatre in the national fretwork, with galleries, alcoves, and staircases outside, and boxes, stalls and bal-

conies within, all decorated in pine-wood touched at the edges with red and blue, raises its grand proportions on the crest of the rising ground, its roof surmounted by an electric sun whose rays are seen all over Moscow. To the right, again, of this wooden Acropolis, amid more sycamores and queenly birches, a triumphal arch, surmounted by the inevitable two-headed eagle, shows the way to another open space, in which is built a stage open on all sides, but throwing up light beams and rafters, carved and coloured, to the sky, from which cords, rings, and trapezes, with festoons of Jablochkoff lamps, attest the love of Russians for acrobatic shows.

Passing down the walks which lead mysteriously along the lake, you rise again to the rear of the restaurant, and find yourself on the only spot from which a view of Moscow is attained.

Here you see, through cleverly arranged ruins (so clever you know not where Nature ends and art commences), the golden cupolas of Moscow's multitude of mosques cutting the deep-blue sky, which at this time of year never looks like night, but retains an early dawn from sunset to sunrise. Here, again, a smaller open stage reveals a summer theatre, where fantastic pantomimes and sparkling ballets find an audience.

As we enter the gardens a splendid orchestra is playing a mazurka which would satisfy Strauss and wake Chopin from his tomb. Beer is foaming or tea steaming on every table; while officers in every uniform, and families of every rank, lounge and promenade among the trees and flowers.

An opera bouffe, the "Mascotte" or "Boccaccio," is being played, and very well played, in the large theatre. Though the whole structure is of wood there is little danger, as every box opens out on to the garden and every row of stalls opens up to every box. The curtain falls on the first act, and in a minute the audience makes its exit by fifty doors on to the surrounding platform, from which, by numerous staircases, they flood the grounds. No sooner do they make their appearance but some 'amusement or another at once begins. Here in the domed alcove a chorus of forty Russian singers, men and boys in picturesque moujick dress of blue shirt, black velvet tunic, boots and peacock-plumed caps chant their national songs, or accompany with harmonium and tambourine the spasmodic breakdown dancers whose springs and leaps draw shouts of applause from the never-wearied Russian.

On the acrobatic stage wondrous athletes, generally Englishmen,



star artistes of our own "Era," fly from bar to bar, or wheel in the air from rope to rope to a band of their own, or a funambulist in Russian caftan walks in mid-air across the waters of the lake.

Add, at this moment of the Coronation week, the varied groups of visitors to the antique city, the elegant uniforms of the Chevalier Guards, the costly costumes of the Circassian escort, the vivid brocades of the Asiatic delegates, who stare open-mouthed at the wonders of their west; fill the brisk northern air with scents of birch and lime, tainted with nothing more than a Laferme; throw in the best of music and the hum of distant choruses,—and you have an *ensemble* which no other capital in the world can approach,

We have time to see another act of the "Mascotte," and hear the Slavonic March by Glinka, played by the splendid band of the Petersburg Hussars, at the end of which we must be off to the Petrovsky Park, where we are to sup. Crowds are coming in as we leave, and one of the Grand Dukes dashes up in his troika, his three grey stallions flashing with silver-studded harness as we get into our modest drosky.

The Petrovsky Park outside the town of Moscow, besides a Summer Palace belonging to the Emperor, contains many restaurants, numerous cafés, and any amount of wooden villas, to which the *beau monde* resorts in the summer months, to get away from the dust and bell-ringing of the city. The best known cafés-restaurants are Strelna, Mavritania, and Yar. Strelna—a colossal conservatory, in which fruit-laden bananas and palms of every size and kind fill every corner, and close in with their fan-like leaves snugly-contrived *cabinets*, where four or five may dine perched in a grotto, or looking down from a Swiss chalet, to which access is had by a flying-bridge, over ponds and basins full of sterlet—Strelna is a winter resort. Here night after night the troikas and the sledges dash up through the snow, and their occupants, throwing off their thick furs, find themselves in the warm tropics, with music and fair women to drive away the memories of winter. The sterlets swim round unlooked at, the bananas grow yellow as they ripen; but no one comes near Strelna in the summer except the gardeners and the scullion, sent to rob the pond for the benefit of some luxurious diner.

Our supper-party is at Yar, and our coats and fixings are taken



at the door, as before, by servants wearing the picturesque Russian dress.

Our host is noted for his convivial hospitality; and as he speaks all languages, we are not surprised when he tells us, with a good grip of the hand, to make ourselves at home, as he means us to have a jolly time of it. The room is a drawing-room of tolerable dimensions furnished *à la Française*, and the farther end is already filled with a Russo-Hungarian band of twenty musicians, who are giving all their soul to a waltz of Lahtzky's when we enter. On a table are champagne in floods, the inevitable Samonar with tea in glasses, coffee, strawberries, and sweets. All Russians adore bon-bons, and not even in Paris are they as good or so cheap as in Petersburg and Moscow. We are fifteen or twenty guests—Russians, French, and myself—and all are talking of the great splendours of the Coronation and the small chances of Nihilist obstruction. Champagne overflows, glasses clink in all directions, and healths are drunk to every nation and every guest. The band disappears to make way for a Russian choir of thirty men and women, the women sometimes costumed in old Russian guise and now in modern silk dresses, and seat themselves, while the men stand behind them. The only instrument is a piano. With a long tremulous chord the choir raises a chant of some old Russian legend, the deep basses of the men balanced by the sweet soprano voices of the women combining in one grand harmony. As in all Slav countries, melancholy seems the pre-eminent tone of all the songs, which often end abruptly, as if the feelings of the singers choked their voices with one spontaneous sob. But we let them file out without regret as they make way for some forty gipsies, male and female, whose unmistakable Romany type is met with on the Downs of Epsom or in the fair at Seville. The same crisp black hair waves over their dark almond eyes, long arched noses and thick, sensuous lips, as marked the brown features of the priests of Isis on the tomb of the third Ramses in Thebes, three thousand years ago.

Some of the women are evidently Russian, with more Slav than Zurgane blood in their veins, while some are dark as Abyssinians; while all indulge freely in chains and jewellery, with bunches and sprays of roses and camellias, like their sisters in Spain, behind the right ear. Two men lead with guitars, and the tambourine is often

used. Some of their songs in gipsy language recall, and are even identically, the Gitana songs of Seville or the Havannah; some are in Russian words, but with a character quite their own. One handsome woman, with black wavy hair parted slightly on one side, flashing eyes, and glistening white teeth, no longer young, but attractive in her intensity of sentiment and expression, sings to her guitar in a tenor voice the lower notes of which are replete with the saddest memories. As she sighs out her love-grief for one who never came, though she waited in the pitiless storm to meet him, she reminds me irresistibly of Desclée and Pasca. This is no feigning; this is no paid musician. Here is a genius breaking her heart, and sobbing out her swan-song oblivious of the mute crowd of men, whose scoffs and satire are silent in their absorbed admiration of her adorable art. Flowers are torn out of buttonholes, bon-bons are seized from the table and cast at her feet, while she stands up dignified to acknowledge with a majestic bow the ovation proffered. Our host most judiciously clashes on the strained nerves by calling upon Olga for a dance. Olga—whose eyes and lithe figure, dressed in a blue clinging silk, are all she has of beauty, for her mouth is too large, and her nose too long—pretends to be shy. She cannot dance. However, no refusal is accepted, and guitars and voices break out in a gipsy breakdown. Olga, spreading out her arms and fingers like a nautch-girl, floats round the limited space assigned to her with a little scream, and her eyes turned up in ecstasy, and gradually works herself up, until, from her head downwards, she is in motion. Her comrades urge her on, her audience applauds, till with a muscular flutter which approaches tetanus, her shoulders, bust, and arms, are quivering with spasmodic excitement. Short, sharp cries, in harmony with the rapid music, issue from her lips; her face lights up with ecstatic joy. Suddenly she breaks off; the music ceases, and Olga reseats herself as if she had done nothing more laborious than take a cup of tea, or ask for the glass of champagne which our host pours out for her. The Russian gipsy dance has little of the provocatively voluptuous character of the Granada Olè, but there must be some connection in the history of dancing between the *Danse du Ventre* of the Almée and the fluttering spasms of the Moscow Tzigane. Another girl dashed into the circle, and emulated the first in breakdown steps and

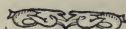
rolling of the eyes ; but her power of muscular quiverings was nothing like that displayed by the phenomenal Olga, who accordingly retained the honours of the evening. A beautiful duet followed this, sung by Desclèe-Pasca with responsive murmurs from a fair-haired Russian girl ; and we could have listened to more and more, as the mournful beauty of the strain had an indescribable attraction, had not mine host, certain we must have had enough of these *Bohemiennes*, driven us all off to a ball-room, glittering with chandeliers and mirrors, in which a gorgeous supper-table covered with silver and flowers awaited us, while the most luxurious *sakuska* tempted appetite upon the side-board.

Was this all ? Certainly not. We had just tasted the caviare, ogled the anchovies, played with the prawns, and prodded a fork into some dozen different salads which decorated the buffet with an edible mosaic, then seating ourselves round the luxurious banquet were regaling on a *bouillon* that would have brought strength into a mummy, when the door opened and a troop of fair-haired vivandières, in crimson hussar uniforms over blue and white skirts with high boots and spurs, marched in, and, accompanied by a piano we had not noticed, sang operatic selections, waltzes, and Offenbachian strains, much to the delight of the Russians there assembled. Many of them were Swedes, some Danes, and some Viennese, but they "knocked the Russians silly" for good looks and for *chic*, and as one after another stood up to sing some popular German song, there was no doubt as to their opera-bouffe training or their value as artistes. If some, perhaps all of them, found their way to vacant seats at the supper-table, it was only a proper homage to their undoubted education and conspicuous talents.

These *troupes*, Russian, Gipsy, Swedish or Hungarian, came to the city engaged by managers who pay them salaries by the month as at the theatres. Their prices are as high as our own Hungarian bands, and they only sing to private parties such as this to which we were invited. A thousand roubles soon goes at such a reception, and hospitality like this is simply impossible in foggy London, while it would be difficult to find in Paris. Here it is of every-day occurrence. However, I must leave you to finish supper and hear as much more Swedish or German as you



may wish for. A reception at the Palace of the Kremlin, a gala performance at the Opera, and a Court ball last night, have left me absolutely too tired to wait past four o'clock. And as I drive home in the grey light, that deep-voiced gipsy sends a fitful sob across the silent wood.



## The Vale of Tears!

THERE lies a valley in dear Paradise  
Where all the loved on earth are wandering,  
Stricken with sorrows, and weighed down with sighs,  
Burdened with tears that from remembrance spring.  
They may not enter where the angels wait  
Till sweet forgetfulness at last appears,  
To loose their chains and open wide the gate  
Leading to Heaven from the Vale of Tears !

Here bound to earth by tender links of love  
Are found the mothers we have lost awhile,  
Here are the dear dead brothers, and above  
Serene sweet sisters with their saint-like smile ;  
O'erburdened here with never-ending grief  
Are lonely husbands and remembered wives,  
Crying " Behold us !" we have no relief  
Till sweet oblivion our loss survives.

But oh ! the little children ! Hear them cry,  
So heavy-weighted and so weak withal ;  
Born of our love, so soon condemned to die,  
Fair flow'rets crushed by every tear let fall.  
" Sweet mothers, hear !" they're calling from the grass  
Of that green valley starred with many sighs,  
" Look up to God ! and let your children pass  
" From Vale of Tears to Gates of Paradise !"

C. S.





## Reminiscences of the Royalty Theatre.

BY HENRY TURNER.

THE year 1852 was remarkable for two events. The first was the exit of the Great Duke from this sublunary sphere ; the second was the first appearance of the present writer on the boards of the old Soho Theatre, in the character of Sir John Vesey, in the well-known play of "Money." During the four following years I became a frequent performer on the classic boards consecrated to the genius of Fanny Kelly. I abstain from commenting on the dramatic attempts of individuals unknown to the general public, as being devoid of interest, and content myself with allusions to persons who subsequently became more or less famous. At the period I have named there was one name on every lip among the *habitués* of the theatre—Miss Seymour ! This was the *nom de théâtre* of the present Mrs. Wilson Barrett, then Miss Heath, who made her first appearance at the Princess's Theatre as Stella in the "Prima Donna," on Saturday, September 18, 1852. Whenever a *débutante* ventured on her maiden essay, there was always a reference to Miss Seymour, who was the standard of excellence in the opinion of the gentlemen amateurs. Apropos of this lady, I may, perhaps, be allowed to anticipate a little. In January, 1855, I had an interview with the late Mrs. Charles Kean, at her house in Torrington Square, relative to my adopting the stage as a profession. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Kean related the history of the engagement of Miss Heath at the Princess's Theatre. The accomplished lessee of the Princess's had gone to the Soho Theatre to witness the representation of Sheridan Knowles' play of "The Wife," with a view to the engagement of one of the performers therein. The small part of Floribel was taken by Miss Seymour. There is a somewhat lengthy speech in the part, describing a street scene as viewed from a window. This speech was rendered by the young actress with such admirable elocution and good taste, that Mrs. Kean was fascinated at once, and engaged the performer, who now reigns as the wife of the liberal and energetic lessee of the theatre on whose

boards she made her trembling début. A prominent amateur in the heavy line was a certain "Young Emery," better known subsequently as "Walter Montgomery." His real name was "Tomlinson," or "Dick Tomlinson," as he was commonly called by his immediate familiars. He was at that time in the employ of Messrs. Shoolbred, the well-known drapers, at a salary of £150 a year, acting for that firm as a buyer in the shawl department. He certainly possessed remarkable perseverance and energy of character. But these qualities were somewhat nullified by occasional fits of mental depression. Will this fact explain his mysterious and melancholy suicide three days after his marriage in September, 1871? I well remember, after his first appearance at Yarmouth, he was supping with a party of friends at a tavern in Oxford Street. He was more than ordinarily absent, and at the conclusion of the meal he advanced to the chimney-glass, and after gazing therein with folded arms, exclaimed, "I am now a vagabond by Act of Parliament!" He had arranged to make his début at the Theatre Royal, Bath, under the management of Mr. Chute; but it was stipulated that he must be described as from "somewhere." So, poor Walter enacted "Iago" at Yarmouth before a couple of dozen fishermen and a few boys in the gallery, with an ill-fitting dress, and a cap with a tall feather which would persist in getting into his eyes. It was the toss-up of a sixpence that Dick Tomlinson did not abandon the sock and buskin there and then. He eventually became very popular at Bath and Bristol, Birmingham, Australia and California. At the time he died he was lessee of the Gaiety Theatre, London, and had rented the Theatre Royal Haymarket during an autumnal season. He had lived to perform with Helen Faucit at Drury Lane; and it was to his Hamlet that Mrs. Kendal made her first professional appearance as Ophelia at the Haymarket Theatre on July 29th, 1865. Opinions may differ as to his merits as an actor, but I should certainly describe him as a conventional performer, just as I should describe Mr. Irving as an unconventional performer, which I humbly opine is the cause of his marvellous success in his profession.

About the year 1853, two young ladies made their appearance on the boards of the Soho Theatre. They were both lovely specimens of womanhood, the one being a brunette and

the other a blonde. I had the honour of being associated with them on the occasions of their first appearance. Miss Bulmer played Caroline Dormer in the "Heir-at-Law" to my Henry Moreland. It is impossible to say what success she might eventually have achieved, as in a very few years she was carried off by rapid consumption. But the highest anticipations were formed of the future career of her companion, and abundantly were they realized. Miss Herbert became one of the first actresses of her generation. Those old play-goers who witnessed her success in the play of "Retribution," in conjunction with the late Alfred Wigan and George Vining, will not soon forget the treat. Her management at St. James's Theatre was distinguished by some remarkable successes. When I heard the other day that her daughter was the belle of Mentone and the Riviera during the recent winter, the vision of a memorable evening arose before my mind's eye! The play was the "Iron Chest," and I was cast for Colonel Fitzharding. I was urged to extra care in my opening scene, as in that scene Miss Herbert was to make her *début* as Blanche. I can see her now, in a blue coquettish costume, which served so admirably to set off the exquisitely fair complexion, the laughing blue eye, and the wealth of light curls, surmounting her lovely features.

The farce of "Blue Devils" was played on a memorable occasion, in which Miss Featherstone (afterwards Mrs. Howard Paul) made her first appearance. Extreme nervousness completely marred her efforts, and never was seen a more unpromising *début*. Yet on the second or third occasion this completely disappeared, and she played with a *verve* and *gâté de cœur* which won all hearts. It was always a treat to listen to her lovely contralto voice, even when speaking. She speedily quitted the amateur boards, and appeared at the Strand Theatre in English Opera. Her last appearance was in Gilbert's opera of "The Sorcerer" at the Opera Comique, a few years ago. Mrs. Howard Paul will always be remembered by her clever imitation of Mr. Sims Reeves. There was an amateur of the name of Blakeley who obtained much of his success by his remarkable leanness of figure. Few will forget, who ever beheld it, his assumption of Marrall in "The New Way to Pay Old Debts." He now creates mirth by his exceeding bulk, in which he is only surpassed by Mr. Hill. At this moment he is gaining golden opinions from the American press in his tour



with Mr. Charles Wyndham. I remember the late Alfred Wigan and Mrs. Wigan occupying a private box to witness the performance of Mr. Horace Wigan in the character of Peter Spyk with a view to an engagement. If I am not mistaken I played Captain Amersfort to the Gertrude of Miss Thirlwall on that occasion. On one occasion I was playing Backbite in the "School for Scandal" to the Lady Teazle of a Miss Sidney. During the rehearsals a thin elderly lady in black watched from the wing the performance of Miss Sidney with close attention. Presently she advanced and recommended the introduction of some excellent traditional stage business. When I learned that she was Mrs. W. West, I was impressed accordingly: bearing in mind that she made her first appearance at Covent Garden in 1812, and was the original Virginia, to the original Virginius of John Cooper, in Glasgow, I felt bound to attend to her admonitions with respect. In these somewhat remote days (1853) there was a young actress of the name of Cleveland of great promise. Commencing with small parts she speedily assumed more important characters, till her reputation quite equalled that of Miss Seymour. Miss Cleveland enacted Clara in "Money" to my Sir Frederick Blount, on which occasion Mrs. C. Kean and Mr. Harley were present to pronounce judgment on the histrionic pretensions of the writer of this paper. On another occasion Miss Cleveland played Lady Clutterbuck to my Sir Charles Coldstream, in "Used Up." That Miss Cleveland did not acquire a high metropolitan fame may be attributed to her early departure for Australia, after several appearances at Drury Lane and other theatres. Playgoers of the present day are not unfamiliar with the admirable representations of Widow Green and Mrs. Candour by Mrs. Arthur Stirling, sometime the Miss Cleveland of the old days at the Soho Theatre.

[But, surely, no "Reminiscences of the Royalty" can be said to be complete without recording the fact that it was on these boards that Adelaide Neilson made her first appearance in London, in the character of Juliet, in July, 1865. She had previously appeared at Margate, as Julia, in the "Hunchback." Amongst the audiences at the Royalty was a youthful critic who, in the columns of the *Glow-worm*, now defunct, penned a laudatory criticism signed C. S.]





## At the Gate!

A FAINT breath, like the wail of a heart in despair,  
Is felt through the still midnight air,  
And the star-jewelled robe of the sombre-hued night  
Is fragrant with perfume of prayer.  
As it gleams 'long the rays of the moon's silver light,  
The deep gloom of the valley of darkness turns bright,—  
And the queen of the skies drops a star as a tear,  
While above her, God's children, the angels, draw near.

For the angels to earth are now winging their way,  
E'en Raphael and Michael, the great;  
And the souls of all those who have died yesterday  
Are waiting their doom at the gate—  
The great gate where the lily of righteousness grows,  
Where the stream from the fountain of mercy e'er flows,  
On one side lie the sins of the earth and its night,  
On the other the glory of love and its light.

On the left and the right with their swords of fierce flame  
The mighty archangels now stand.  
Ev'ry soul that is waiting is clothed in its shame—  
A spot of red guilt on each hand.  
Not e'en one who is blameless; not one who can face  
The great Judge without fear, and be sure of His grace.  
All the prayers, the fastings, are reckoned as naught  
For one thought of revenge, for one mercy unbought.

A poor woman is crouching apart from the rest,  
Unshriven, and robed in black sin,  
Unanointed by prayer, unforgiven, unblest,  
No hope round her heart, and but horror within.  
She has fled from the earth to escape her despair,  
But it clings to her garment, it drips from her hair,  
With the drops of the water that stifled her cries  
In the river of curses, where memory dies.

She had left there the body that once was so fair,  
The sweet-honeyed lips of her charms;  
The eyes that once sparkled, in cold glassy stare,  
Were fixed on the babe in her arms.  
She had left them to fly from herself and her fate,  
And she finds them again, even here at the gate;  
Although memory fails, yet her sin still remains,  
And it clutches her tightly, and binds her in chains.

As she crouches, and quivers, and dares not to pray,  
Great Raphael steps forth on the road ;  
And the light of his face, like the glory of day,  
Falls warm on her heart and its load.  
Even hope is awakened, and fast flow her tears,  
As they wash from her bosom the slime of her fears :—  
For the music of sunshine vibrates 'long the sky,  
In the voice of the angel who bids her draw nigh.

“ A short span was allotted to thee for thy stay,  
Thy stay on this earth of thy pain—  
And thy pain was allotted to thee ev'ry day,  
Thy seat in yon glory to gain.  
The despair of thy love, the despair of thy hate,  
The despair of thy hunger, despair of thy fate—  
They were counted as jewels to gem with their sheen  
The bright crown of thy hope thou wert forging unseen.

“ But a moment of treason ! Thy work was defiled,  
The crystal was dashed to the ground :—  
In the river that closed o'er thyself and thy child,  
Thy hope, with thy body, was drowned.  
Thou hast forged thine own chains and must bear them to-day ;  
For a score thousand years thou must bide on the way,  
That thy soul may be purged of the stain of thy tomb.  
Thus depart hence, poor sinner ! Go forth to thy doom !”

The poor woman arose—and the crowd all around  
Were hushed in the silence of fear.  
But the burden was heavy. She sank to the ground,  
And choked with her heartstrings her tear :  
“ On this star they once told me a story of love,  
Of His sufferings on earth, of His mercy above.  
Oh, great Father, remember thy promise of yore,  
And lift up this weight with the cross that He bore.”

Then the spray of the fountain that flows from His seat  
Fell o'er her in sweet balmy rain ;  
The black chains of her sin fell down clank to her feet,  
Quite gone from her robe was the stain.  
And a voice of soft music, as man never hears  
On this earth of his travail, this earth of his tears—  
Said, “ Come ! Enter, good woman ! With me thou'lt abide ;  
’Twas for thee that I suffered—for thee that I died.”

H. HERMAN.



## Mistaken Identity.

BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.

M<sup>R</sup>. IRVING'S magnificent rendering of the dual rôle of Lesurques and Dubosc, in his revival of "The Lyons Mail," which, as all playgoers know, is founded on a true story, makes it appropriate to recall other instances of mistaken identity as remarkable as that dealt with in the drama. First, as to the story in question. On the 27th of April, 1796, the mail going from Paris to Lyons was stopped and robbed by four persons on horseback, and the postilion and courier were murdered. For this crime a young man of good fortune and in a respectable position, named Lesurques, was arrested, and identified by nine persons as the robber. He proved an *alibi*, and the mistress of the true criminal, a man named Dubosc, swore that he, and not Lesurques, was the murderer; but all efforts to save him were in vain, and he was executed, protesting his innocence to the last. Five years afterwards Dubosc fell into the clutches of the law for another crime, and then, on being confronted with the witnesses who had testified to the guilt of Lesurques, they declared that the extraordinary resemblance which existed between the two men had misled them, but that they had now no doubt that Dubosc was the real criminal. What was still more extraordinary was that Lesurques, like Dubosc, had a cicatrix or scar on the forehead and another on the hand, and these becoming the turning-points of the case led to the conviction of the former. Nor does this famous case stand alone. There are many other instances in which people have been judicially murdered owing to similar mistakes. It is certainly curious that two human beings, who are not twins, of the same sex, should be so alike as to be indistinguishable by their nearest relations; but, as long since as the days of Pliny, such resemblances were observed and commented upon. Thus, in one of the chapters in his Natural History, we are told how Pompey resembled Vibius the plebeian, how much alike were the consuls Lentulus and Metellus, and how Artemon the impostor was the image of Antiochus, King of Syria.

One of the most famous cases on record—so extraordinary, indeed, that some people have declined to believe it, though it rests on unassailable authority—occurred, like that of Lesurques, in



France. This is the story of Martin Guerre, which was brought before the Parliament of Toulouse in 1560. Martin Guerre had absented himself from home for the space of eight years, when a certain Arnauld Dutille presented himself as the missing man, was enthusiastically received by the wife, and settled quietly down as her husband, in possession of Guerre's property. They had children, and Dutille was also recognized as Martin Guerre by his four sisters and two brothers-in-law, the imposture continuing successfully for three years. At length, however, suspicion was aroused, and at an investigation of the case some forty witnesses swore that the impostor was Martin Guerre, while as many recognised him as himself; a great many also declaring that the resemblance between the two men was so remarkable that they could not say whether the prisoner was himself or Guerre. What is still more curious is that the judges were just going to decide that Dutille was Martin Guerre, when the latter opportunely appeared on the scene. Even then, Dutille brazened it out, so that many people believed in him; but the recognition of Martin Guerre by his brother and sister at last decided the question of his own identity in his favour. There have been many curious cases, too, in this country. A Mr. Frank Douglas, a well-known man of fashion in the last century was very nearly hanged for a highway robbery; but luckily for him a notorious criminal named Page was brought to Newgate at the same time. One of the witnesses who had sworn to Douglas saw Page, and, as a chronicler of the case says, "the extraordinary resemblance occurred which had put all London into a ferment of astonishment." But all people who have been sworn to by mistake have not been so fortunate as Mr. Douglas; and in legal annals there are many cases in which persons have been executed for crimes afterwards confessed by others. It must be a terrible thing to have bloodguiltiness on the soul, but what must be the feelings of a man, if such a wretch has any at all, who knows that he is a double murderer, and that an innocent person has perished in his stead. A terrible case of this kind occurred in 1797, when Martin Clinch and James Mackley, a bookseller and printer were tried for the murder of a Mr. Fryer, and executed on the positive testimony of his cousin Miss Ann Fryer, who was with him at the time when he was robbed and murdered. But it is clear that she was mistaken, for two men called Wood and Timms, who were, one is glad to think, punctually

hanged at last, severally confessed to the crime for which Clinch and Mackley had innocently suffered. Leaving for a moment however, what an old writer calls the ever-popular subject of hanging, cannot every reader remember occasions when he or a friend has been taken for somebody else, and this may happen to the same man more than once, as the following story will show :—

Mr. T., who by the way is one of the best-known dramatic critics of the day, was walking down Fleet Street one morning, when he was saluted with a sound slap on the back, and a voice called out heartily, "Hollo, Buggins!" (I forget the exact name); and Mr. T., turning round, saw a total stranger to him, who in his turn gaped, apologized, and withdrew in confusion. A few days afterwards, about the same time, Mr. T. received another appalling whack on his vertebral column, and a voice shouted "Well, Buggins, my boy, it is you this time!" Mr. T. writhed, for there was his friend, who looked more crestfallen than ever at finding it was again not Buggins, especially when Mr. T. said severely, "Sir, it is not pleasant to have all the breath knocked out of your body by a perfect stranger in the public streets; be good enough, therefore, to reserve these little attentions for Mr. Buggins, or I shall be tempted to retaliate." So saying, he walked off, leaving the heavy-handed one to meditate on the extraordinary resemblance Mr. T. bore to Buggins. This, no doubt, was rather a joke; but supposing Buggins had been of a felonious disposition, and committed a burglary close to Mr. T.'s house, might not a horrified and astonished neighbour who happened to see him have sworn that Mr. T. had temporarily abandoned literature for the purpose of "cracking a crib." Nor would there have been anything new in a man's suffering from his resemblance to a notorious thief. In 1772 a barber's apprentice named Mall, was tried at the Old Bailey for robbery from Mrs. Ryan, and being positively identified by her and other witnesses, the court found him guilty. It was discovered, however, that on the very day and at the same hour when the robbery was committed, Mall, as shown by the books of the court, was standing at the bar there, being tried for another robbery, in which he was also taken for the thief. As unfortunate as this Mr. Mall was the Frenchman Baronet, who, in the beginning of the last century, came home to claim some property, was disowned by his sister, condemned as an impostor, and sentenced to the galleys for life. He was, however, eventually released at

the instance of the famous surgeon, Louis, and gained possession of his property.

Many other cases might be quoted in which such fatal resemblances existed between one person and another, and even when A is not like B in early life, he may become so by the operation of various causes. It seems odd to find poetry quoted in support of a statement like that, but even the most solid writers on medical jurisprudence do not disdain to repeat the passage in "Marmion," which is certainly applicable to the case in which a man is not recognized, or found to be strangely like somebody else.

" Danger, long travel, want and woe,  
 Soon change the form that best we know ;  
 For deadly fear can time outgo  
 And blanch at once the hair :  
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace  
 Nor does old time a wrinkle trace  
 More deeply than despair."

Our concern has been rather with cases in which, as in "The Lyons Mail," two people bear an extraordinary resemblance to each other, but equally extraordinary are difficulties of identification when people are found dead. Volumes might be filled with cases wherein, as one author says, "Sons are deceived as to the identity of drowned fathers," and wives recognise as their husbands men never known to them, while gentlemen like Mr. Triggs, of Hammersmith, are supposed to be murdered, and turn up in time to meet the hearse at the door and attend their own funerals. A well-known actress was once supposed to be dead from drowning and identified by her father and brother-in-law, though happily she still lives to ornament the stage. The fact is, as Dr. Beck says, we cannot too strongly impress upon our minds "the utter uncertainty of identity, when based on mere resemblance of face and figure ;" and there was more sense than appeared at first sight in poor Henry S. Leigh's delightfully fantastic poem of "The Twins." We know how the hero sums up his misfortunes. He says :

" In short, year after year the same  
 Absurd mistakes went on,  
 And when I died the neighbours came  
 And buried brother John."

That perhaps is going a little too far, but nevertheless it is not pleasant, especially if you pride yourself on your personal appear-



ance, to think that there is very probably an individual going about who is so like you, even in the matter of scars and pimples that your own wife might be deceived, and for whom, should he take to murder, you might possibly be hanged !



## "Trip."

BY DUTTON COOK.

THE "School for Scandal," upon its first production in 1777, employed the whole strength of the Drury Lane Company of that date. Few plays have placed at the service of the players so many excellent parts, such admirable opportunities of winning distinction. It must not be supposed, however, that the actors were all equally content with the duties assigned to them, or with the characters they were required to represent. Mr. Sheridan was not, as yet, an author of very great fame ; his "Duenna" had proved a successful opera, thanks, no doubt, in a great degree to the music of his father-in-law, Mr. Linley ; but his attempt to correct the "Relapse" of Vanbrugh and convert it into "A Trip to Scarborough" had resulted in something like disaster. The "School for Scandal" might or might not find favour with the public : that remained to be seen. But it was the work of one of the Drury Lane managers. Clearly the players were permitted little choice in the matter. It was useless for them to complain or object openly concerning the distribution of parts ; they could not decline to appear in Mr. Sheridan's play. All the same in private there prevailed very considerable dissatisfaction.

The part of Trip, Charles Surface's servant, was assigned to Mr. Philip Lamash, who, it was understood, would gladly have undertaken more ambitious duties. Trip, the fine gentleman's gentleman, has some smart things to say, is a showy figure upon the scene, and is always secure of the favour of the audience. He brings with him a reminiscence of the special humours of "High Life below Stairs." Nevertheless, Trip is in every respect a subordinate person in the play, and only occupies the stage for some five minutes or so. Trip wears a showy livery—as Sir Oliver says, "to judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was

ruined,"—and there is a stage direction, "Exit Trip, taking snuff." To Sir Oliver's inquiry whether he had a pleasant sort of place, Trip replies: "Why, yes; here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear, and not very great either: but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets." At which Sir Oliver exclaims, aside, "Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes!" (The bag or *bourse* was the case of black silk or satin in which the *queu* or back hair of the wig was confined. Bags had become so large about 1774 that an author of that date wrote of them: "At present such unmerciful ones are worn that a little man's shoulders are perfectly covered with black satin.") Mr. Trip would have a little bill of his discounted and has applied to Moses on the subject. "My friend Brush has indorsed it," he urges, "and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash." (Trip's friend, Mr. Brush, is, no doubt, the Mr. Brush who held the office of *valet-de-chambre* to Lord Ogleby in "The Clandestine Marriage." Mr. John Palmer, to whom the part of Joseph Surface had been assigned, was the original personator of Brush.) It is only a sum of twenty pounds that Mr. Trip requires; he would borrow it by way of annuity. Is there nothing he could deposit? asks Moses. "Why," says Trip, "nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November, or you shall have a reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver; these I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles as a collateral security—hey, my little fellow?" Trip has little more to say. He is last seen placing chairs for Sir Oliver and Moses at Charles Surface's table, and setting wine-glasses before them.

Charles Lamb described John Palmer as "a gentleman with a slight infusion of the footman," and the actor's brother, Robert, as "a gentleman with a little stronger infusion of the latter ingredient." In the case of Lamash the infusion was strongest of all; the footman seems almost to have overpowered the gentleman altogether. From his father, who had been French tutor to the children of the Duke of Gloucester, the brother of George III., Lamash is said to have acquired the art of fencing and certain "polite languages." It was proposed to him that he should follow the paternal example and accept the post of tutor in some

family of distinction. But "a natural inclination for the *beau monde*," as a biographer explains, "rendered him incapable of the patient office of a teacher, and soon pointed out the stage as a sphere better adapted to dissipation and the display of his bewitching person, which was indeed very handsome." He obtained an introduction to Garrick, who received the young man kindly, afforded him some valuable instruction in his art, and even secured him an engagement at Drury Lane. Apparently he was not required to serve any apprenticeship, or to undergo any provincial training. Garrick had announced his witty little comedy of "Bon Ton ; or, High Life Above Stairs" to be produced upon the occasion of the benefit of his old friend and playfellow Tom King, "as a token of regard for one who during a long engagement was never known, unless confined by real illness, to disappoint the public or distress the manager." It was as Jessamy, in "Bon Ton," produced at Drury Lane on March 18, 1775, that Mr. Philip made his first essay upon the stage. Jessamy, in the service of Lord Minikin, is one of those sharp, saucy, coxcombical valets who figure so frequently and importantly in the comedies of the last century. Mr. Dodd appeared as Lord Minikin, King as Sir John Trotley, Miss Pope as Lady Minikin, and Mrs. Abington as Miss Tittup. The success of "Bon Ton," was very great ; forthwith it took rank among the "stock afterpieces" of the theatre. All agreed that the comedy had been admirably acted, and that young Mr. Lamash had made a very promising first appearance.

For some months, however, Lamash's name is not to be discovered in the playbills. The farewell performances of Garrick were absorbing the attention of the theatre-goers. Mrs. Siddons, on the 29th of December, 1775, had made her first appearance in London, playing Portia in the "Merchant of Venice," and succeeding but indifferently. Her second character at Drury Lane was certainly very strangely chosen. Garrick had resolved upon the production of Ben Jonson's comedy "Epicœne ; or, the Silent Woman"—"not acted for twenty years," said the playbill—with alterations, by George Colman. Mrs. Siddons was required to appear as Epicœne : an arrangement very injurious to scenic effect and the intelligibility of the story. It had been usual to assign this character to an actor. For as Gifford has explained, in his edition of Ben Jonson, when the actress personating Epicœne, "threw off her female attire in the last act and appeared as a boy,



the whole cunning of the scene was lost, and the audience felt themselves rather trifled with than surprised." Gifford adds, "that Garrick was immediately sensible of his error, and attempted to remedy it by a different cast of the parts, but it was too late." The comedy had been very coldly received, although it enjoyed, perhaps, some five or six representations. Mrs. Siddons played Epicœne on the 13th, 15th and 17th of January, 1776. On the 23rd the part was given to Lamash, whose name was recorded therefore as the representative of Epicœne upon the publication of the play. At this time Lamash's appearance was no doubt sufficiently youthful.

In 1777 Lamash was personating Charles Marlow in "The Milesian," a forgotten comic opera by Jackman, and playing the little part of a waiter in the popular farce of "All the World's a Stage," by the same author. It was on the 8th of May of this year that "The School for Scandal" was produced, and that Lamash first stepped on the stage as Trip. "The comedy was so admirably acted," writes Genest—in 1832, it must be remembered—"that though it has been continued on the acting list at Drury Lane from that time to this, and been several times represented at Covent Garden and the Haymarket, yet no new performer has ever appeared in any one of the principal characters that was not inferior to the person who acted it originally." The comedy enjoyed twenty representations during the season of its production. Great as was its success, however, it was not, as a stock piece, the source of profit to Drury Lane it has proved in more recent times to existing managers. In 1820, Lord Byron, who had become, in 1815, a member of the Drury Lane Committee of Management, wrote to Mr. Murray, disputing his allegation that "modern refinement" had banished the comedies of Congreve from the stage. "Are not the comedies of *Sheridan* acted to the thinnest houses? I know (as *ex-committed*) that 'The School for Scandal' was the *worst stock piece* upon record. I also know that Congreve gave up writing because Mrs. Centlivre's balderdash drove his comedies off. So it is not *decency* but *stupidity* that does all this; for Sheridan is as discreet a writer as need be, and Congreve no worse than Mrs. Centlivre," &c. It must be remembered, however, that, at the time of which Byron wrote, tragedy was much more in vogue than comedy.

In the summer of 1778 Lamash was playing at the Hay-

market. O'Keeffe had written a farcical sequel to "She Stoops to Conquer," entitling his play "Tony Lumpkin in Town ; or, the Dilettante." Lamash personated Jonquil, a fashionable connoisseur, the owner of a gallery of pictures. Tony Lumpkin engages a painter to add large white wigs to all the portraits by way of modernizing them. "It has a considerable degree of low humour," says Genest of this farce, "and not the shadow of a plot." The subject seems to have been borrowed from the Biographical History of the Rev. James Granger, published in 1769, who there records that "the extravagant fondness of some men for periwigs is scarce credible: I have heard of a country gentleman who employed a painter to place periwigs upon the heads of several of Vandyck's portraits." Lamash appeared also as Count Basset in "The Provoked Husband," and Constant in the "Provoked Wife." About this time, too, or, perhaps a season earlier, Lamash fulfilled an engagement at Brighton, and proved himself "the only actor of sterling merit in the company," as his fellow-comedian, Edward Cope Everard, mentions in his Memoirs. Though much frequented by the nobility, "Brighton," as Everard describes it, "was only then beginning to flourish: not a single house upon the Steine, much less beyond it; only a small place for half a dozen musicians, and a bit of a shop they called a library." But the audience "were kind and liberal," he continues, "gave us wonderful encouragement, and when we played 'Hamlet,' 'Romeo,' 'Othello,' 'Richard,' or 'Alexander the Great,' they were so good-natured and so easily pleased, that they enjoyed and laughed more heartily at our tragedies than our comedies." In the tragedies Lamash found little occupation; he appeared, however, as Osric in "Hamlet," and the Gentleman Usher in "King Lear." The company was altogether very incompetent. The actress who personated the Queen in "Hamlet," was much addicted to strong waters, Everard relates. In the last scene, having drained the poisoned cup, she exclaimed with difficulty, as she fell from her chair in a very inebriate state, "O, my dear Hamlet, the drink! the drink!" Critics in the gallery cried out, "Ay, sure enough it's the drink. You need not tell us that; it's plain it's the drink." "Bon Ton" was produced and played fourteen nights—"a great many for a summer theatre." Lamash now played Lord Minikin, and was "the best I ever saw," writes Everard, "though at first I regretted that he did not play his

London part in it, Jessamy, in which he was so excellent." There was a young man in the company, however, who employed himself in imitating the London actor in dress and manner. Lamash took pains to instruct this shadow of himself in the character of Jessamy. During another season at Brighton, at the theatre then in North Street, Lamash appeared as Scrub, in the "Beaux's Stratagem," "and was," says Everard, who played Aimwell, "as much out of his line as I was out of mine." The performance seems, indeed, to have been of a miserable sort. The part of Archer was attempted by the oldest and worst actor in the company, who was afflicted, moreover, with "a strong impediment in his speech." Everard, who met Lamash again at Glasgow some years later, when he was playing Sir Brilliant Fashion, in "The Way to Keep Him," describes him as "a perfect master of French, a good dancer, a good fencer, and a handsome figure—every requisite, indeed, for Sir Brilliant." At the Haymarket, in 1780, Lamash represented Gratiano in the "Merchant of Venice," and appeared as Harlequin Mum in "The Genius of Nonsense," an extravaganza or speaking pantomime, attributed to Colman, and devised to ridicule the famous quack Dr. Graham, who had lately opened his Temple of Health, in Pall Mall. The play had the reputation of containing "so much wit, humour, and temporary satire, as to give it a superiority over everything of the kind."

That scandalous work, "The Secret History of the Green-rooms," published in 1790, deals very scurrilously with the lives of the players, and is careful to register the demerits of Mr. Lamash. These were, no doubt, considerable. As an actor, he did not satisfy the expectations raised by his earlier efforts upon the scene. It was thought he would have stepped into the place which Dodd, the accepted personator of coxcombs and the first Sir Benjamin Backbite, was leaving vacant. "Lamash," writes Boaden in his "Life of Kemble," "had great advantages; but though, perhaps, he might have been said to promise one day to become a coxcomb, yet, as he never kept a promise of any kind, that, among the rest, was passed over. In one part only did he reach excellence and hold it: the part of Idle." Lamash seems, indeed, to have been rather a worthless person: indolent, dissolute, unscrupulous. He played the rake both on and off



the stage. "All thoughts of the drama," writes his biographer, "were soon obliterated by the more agreeable thoughts of the fair sex." The amours of Trip were a sort of public scandal. He was a universal lover, a Lothario in livery, the while he admired his own comely person prodigiously and found others to admire him with almost equal ardour. Now he is described as enamoured of the very fair and very frail Mrs. Baddeley; now he was doated on by the lady of a foreign ambassador; now he was for spiriting away the notorious Miss Kitty Frederick from her noble devotee the Duke of Queensberry. The elopement was prevented, however; his Grace arrested the young woman on Westminster Bridge, as she was starting for the Continent with the handsome actor. Then his habits were extravagant; his vices and follies plunged him into a sea of pecuniary troubles; it was in order to escape the importunities and threats of his numerous creditors—the law did not deal leniently with debtors in those days—that he abandoned his engagements at Drury Lane and the Haymarket, and quitted London for some years. He professed to have married a certain Miss Smith, the daughter of a rich draper. Everard states, however, that Mrs. Lamash, "an accomplished and most amiable young lady," was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Loftus, an excellent couple who kept the Turf Inn at Newcastle.

In 1783, Lamash joined the company at the Edinburgh Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Jackson, and it is to be said for the actor that he was well received and much applauded in Scotland, and that his engagement in its capital endured for some five years. In 1787 he re-appeared for a while at Drury Lane, the playbill announcing him as "from Edinburgh." He personated Sir Brilliant Fashion, Sparkish, in "The Country Girl," Lord Trinket in "The Jealous Wife," Virtu, a French valet, in a comedy called "The New Peerage," Spruce in "The School for Wives," Petulant in "The Way of the World," and other parts. In 1789 he was representing Sir Harry Lovewit in "Know Your Own Mind" at Drury Lane on the occasion of Mrs. Jordan's benefit. In 1790 he was re-engaged at Edinburgh and again he remained there some years.

"A fondness of extolling his own importance," says the "Secret History," "rendered Lamash obnoxious to those who knew him."

He kept horses and dogs, we are told, and affected to be "the sportsman, the beau, and the man of pleasure." His follies involved him in great expenses, and he became conscious that, as a private character, he was much disliked in Edinburgh. It was necessary for him, therefore, to think of some other expedient than his own merit, or the attraction of a play, to fill the theatre on his benefit night ; so, says the scandalous chronicler, he directed Mrs. Lamash—it is not clear whether the lady here referred to was Miss Smith or Miss Loftus—to call on Lady Elphinstone, "who had great sway among the gentry," and confide to her Ladyship a lamentable story of how she (the actor's wife) was in truth the daughter of an Irish peer ; and how, having fallen in love with "her dear Philip," she had married him, whereupon her family had entirely disowned her. She begged pardon for the freedom she had taken, but her poverty, and not her will, had consented ; she felt deeply the want of those necessities to which she had been accustomed in her happier days. She humbly solicited the patronage of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, the while she implored that her application might be kept secret from her husband, "as he was very high-spirited." Moved by her tears, and by the sad spectacle of "a noblewoman" in distress, Lady Elphinstone treated Mrs. Lamash with marked kindness and attention, gave her letters of recommendation to the best families in Edinburgh, and took many tickets for her husband's benefit. And "as the natives of Scotland pay great veneration to nobility," the boxes, on the occasion of Trip's bespeak, were crowded, we are told, "with all the fashionable and humane people in town," the while the galleries were nearly empty.

The story may or may not be true. The "Secret History," in its anxiety to be scandalous and to defame, often abandons veracity ; and Mr. Lamash may really have been less black than he is painted. Nor is it necessary to believe implicitly a further statement to the effect that the actor had been compelled finally to quit London because of his inability to discharge a trifling debt of seventeen pounds, "although the day before he had paid sixteen guineas for two miniature pictures." There may be more correctness in the criticism that he represented Frenchmen skilfully, but that "in fops or gentlemen he bawled too much to please a London audience."

Lamash left Scotland for Ireland, and fulfilled engagements in

Dublin, where he died in 1800. Of Miss Loftus, his wife, Everard relates simply: "After his decease, she returned home to her parents; when, in bathing one morning, she was suddenly taken ill, and to the inexpressible grief of them, and of all who knew her, she was brought home a corpse."



## The Whirlpool.

A SONG.

I.

IN the shade of the headland, a span from the shore,  
The whirlpool lies coiled in a sleep—  
Who could guess that that slumbering brow ever bore  
A frown that is crafty and deep?  
Yet 'tis here in the blast of the hurricane's breath  
That the soul-laden ships find a doom;  
To the musical moan of this circle of death  
Do they pass to their fathomless tomb.

Youth in its bloom,  
Age in its gloom,  
Mother and Father, the Maid and her Mate,  
Master and Slave  
Finding a grave  
In this mad magic circle, the Whirlpool of Fate!

II.

In the heart of the City, in turmoil and din,  
The whirlpool doth fearlessly ride;  
In its merciless torrent are virtue and sin,  
The parson and thief side by side;  
Here the hand of the peasant is gripped by the glove  
Of the gallant who lives but to lie;  
And the maiden to-day who is learning to love,  
On the morrow has learnt how to die!

Vice with its paint,  
Crime with its taint,  
Cradle and Coffin, the Lowly and Great;  
Billows of blood  
Cresting the flood  
Of this mad magic circle, the Whirlpool of Fate!

ARTHUR W. PINERO.



## Miss Ellen Terry.

MISS ELLEN TERRY was born at Coventry on February 27, 1848. Her first appearance on the stage was made at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, on April 28, 1856. The play was "The Winter's Tale," and Miss Ellen Terry acted the part of Mamilius with a "vivacious precocity" which, in the opinion of *The Times*, proved her a "worthy relative of her sister, Miss Kate." On October 15, of the same year, she appeared as Puck in the revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a part which, according to the biographer of Charles Kean, she played "with restless, elfish animation, and an evident enjoyment of her own mischievous pranks." In Mr. Kean's production of "King John," on October 18, 1858, she acted the part of Arthur "with great sweetness, clearness of enunciation, and delicate light and shade." Miss Terry next appeared at the Royalty and Haymarket Theatres, and at the latter house she played in "Much Ado About Nothing." In March, 1863, she acted Gertrude in "The Little Treasure," at the Haymarket. Miss Terry then acted at the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, where, on October 24, 1867, she sustained the character of Rose de Beaurepaire in "The Double Marriage." She also appeared here in "Still Waters Run Deep;" and, on December 26 of the same year, she acted for the first time with Mr. Henry Irving, playing Katharine to his Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Terry then retired from the stage for some years, re-appearing on February 28, 1874, at the Queen's Theatre, as Philippa Chester in "The Wandering Heir." On April 18, of the same year, she acted Susan Merton in "It's Never Too Late to Mend," at Astley's Theatre, a performance which *The Daily News* thought worthy of "especial mention." Miss Terry's first hit, however, was made in April, 1875, when she acted Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, with a charm and grace which at once stamped her position amongst our leading actresses. At the same theatre, in May following, she acted Clara Douglas in "Money;" and on August 7, 1875, she appeared at the Princess's Theatre, for one night

only, as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." In November following she acted Mabel Vane in "Masks and Faces;" and in May, 1876, she played Blanche Haye in "Ours," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Going to the Court Theatre, in the autumn of the same year, she appeared in "The House of Darnley," and represented Lilian Vavaseur in "New Men and Old Acres." On March 30, 1878, she sustained the part of Olivia in the play of that name, adapted by Mr. W. G. Wills, from "The Vicar of Wakefield." Her success in this character will be well remembered, and it led to her engagement by Mr. Irving for the Lyceum Theatre, where on December 30, 1878, she appeared as Ophelia, in the revival of "Hamlet." The next part in which Miss Terry was seen at the Lyceum Theatre was that of Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," on April 17, 1879; and during the summer of the same year she acted Ruth Meadows in "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and Queen Henrietta in "Charles the First." On November 1 of the same year (1879), she appeared as Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." Her acting in this character has been excellently described by Mr. E. R. Russell, in this magazine for January, 1880. On May 20, 1880, Miss Terry added another success to her list, by her performance of Iolanthe in Mr. Wills' adaptation of "King René's Daughter;" and on January 3, 1881, she played Camma in the Laureate's tragedy, "The Cup." On April 16, of the same year, she appeared as Letitia Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem;" and on May 2 she acted Desdemona in "Othello." On March 8, 1882, she represented Juliet, in the revival of "Romeo and Juliet;" and on November 11 she appeared as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." She had, however, acted the latter character, for her benefit, on September 3, 1880, at the Grand Theatre, Leeds. Miss Terry has also acted the following parts in the provinces:—Dora, in Mr. Charles Reade's drama; Lady Teazle, in "The School for Scandal;" Frou-Frou, in an adaptation of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's play; and Iris, in an adaptation, by Mr. Alfred Thompson, of "La Revanche d'Iris," entitled "All is Vanity," produced in 1878. At the Lyceum Theatre, on June 2, she acted Jeannette in "The Lyons Mail;" and on June 14 she appeared as Clementine in "Robert Macaire."



## Our Musical-Box.

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THROUGHOUT the most musical of months, as far as London is concerned, that has just come to a close, the "events" of chief interest have, as usual, proved to be the Richter Concerts, not only as regards excellence of production, but the introduction of important novelties to public cognizance. With respect to the former nothing remains to be said or written. During the past six years, English musicians and music-lovers have come to fully recognize the superlative merit of the performances conducted by Hans Richter, and are in no want of prompting from professional critics to aid their judgment in that direction. Nor is it permitted to the writer of a monthly *résumé*, such as this, to dilate upon the especial beauties of interpretation or execution displayed in the course of a series of concerts—firstly, by reason of the limited space allotted to him; and, secondly, because his remarks are doomed to appear in print *post festum* in a high-pressure age, when the impressions of yesterday, pleasurable or otherwise, have, as a rule, been all but effaced by those of to-day, and can scarcely be expected to endure, ever so faintly, until to-morrow. But a chronicle, however rigorously abridged, of the musical *mets* with which our metropolis has been regaled during a period of four weeks, would be devoid of any legitimate claim to public attention did it omit to mention, if only *en passant*, the leading novelties introduced to an audience of exceptional taste and culture by so eminent a musical caterer as Hans Richter, whose each successive concerts presents some new and important attraction to amateurs of the divine art. Taking up my parable, therefore, from the Musical-Box of last month, in which I briefly recorded the more striking features of the first and second Richter Concerts, I may mention that the third of these admirable entertainments included a Scotch Rhapsody by Mr. Mackenzie, the gifted young author of "Colomba," and Brahms' "Schicksalslied," a symphonic cantata for orchestra and chorus. In the Rhapsody, Mr. Mackenzie has most ingeniously utilized three familiar Scottish national airs as a foundation whereupon to raise an enchanting superstructure of instrumentation, at once



fanciful and erudite. He treats us, in particular, to more than one entirely new harmonization of "Scots wha ha'e," no less beautiful than clever, and teeming with quaint effects, amongst which are prominent a strikingly Caledonian pedal point "of the first," and a nobly treated inversion of the subject-air. In introducing the second melody ("She's fair and fause") he adopts, quite unaffectedly and with obvious intention, the Wagnerian manner, fitted to a series of gracefully-phrased transitions instinct with sensuous melancholy. His treatment of the third tune—a bold and gay reel measure—is replete with subtle orchestral hints at the national instrument of Scotland—happy suggestions that are, however, free from the eldritch screeches, abrupt squawks, and alarming abdominal gurgles, that combine to render the pipes—under deft manipulation—the most appalling implement of torture tolerated by latter-day civilization. On the whole, the "Scotch Rhapsody" is a masterly and strangely fascinating work, destined to occupy a place of honour in the programmes of orchestral concerts for many a year to come, and to enhance its composer's reputation as a learned and imaginative musician. Of the "Schicksalslied," I can only say that it exhibits Johannes Brahms at his very best—an unsurpassed master of "form" and "colour," to whom no trick of constructive elaboration is unknown, and who is yet capable of creating plain-song themes, and of treating them with splendid and massive simplicity.

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At the fourth Richter concert, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, who are making a brief sojourn in London, sang with all the purity of intonation and high artistic finish for which they are both so justly celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic. Mrs. Henschel's sweet and flexible soprano is as fresh and true as ever; but the heavy fatigue of constant conducting has told upon the mellowness of her husband's fine baritone. His declamation of Pogner's "Address to the Mastersingers," and Wotan's "Farewell to Bruen-hilde," was, however, both musically and dramatically, excellent. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Henschel should have selected so *rococo* a composition as Graun's air from "Der Tod Jesu" for interpretation to a Richter audience. The song itself—a paltry illustration of a played-out school—is a painful surprise to all those who hold that unity should prevail between the nature of a subject and the method of its treatment in sound. The death of

our Saviour offers to a composer the most solemn and sorrowful of themes—which, however, Graun thought fit to set to music of a chirpy triviality that would be eminently appropriate to words celebrating the hatching of a tomtit. Twittering *floriture*, brilliantly warbled in description of so tragical an incident, produce a ridiculously anachronistic effect, and cannot fail to put the intelligent listener completely out of sympathy, for the time being, with their executant.

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The fifth concert of the 1883 cyklus was signalized by a performance, the first in London, of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" (No. 2), redolent of the true and unadulterate Zigenner inspiration, and rendered almost extravagantly exciting by an infinity of cunning instrumental contrivances for raising the spirits of the audience to their highest attainable pitch. Whilst listening to its fierce impulsive fiddling and humorous tinklings, I felt myself transported in imagination to an ideal *puszta* of the Lower Banat, denized by etherealized gipsy minstrels, whose inborn gifts of time, tune, and harmony had been, by some magician's spell, invested with all the ripeness and delicacy that the highest sort of musical tuition alone can impart to native but incultivate genius. It was, indeed, a glorious rendering of "numbers strange and wild," and elicited a very unusual demonstration of enthusiasm from so decorous and critical a gathering as that which throngs St. James's Hall on a Richter night. At the sixth concert, two extremely interesting novelties were produced—Saint-Saens' second Piano-forte Concerto in G minor, and Dvořák's "Slavonic Rhapsody" (No. 2). The former of these works, independently of its own powerful intrinsic claims to the musical public's favour—and it is a composition of many conspicuous merits—served to introduce an uncommonly fine pianiste to the *habitués* of the concert-room, and to afford the artiste in question, Madame Stepanoff (a pupil of the Vienna Conservatoire), ample opportunity for exhibiting her extraordinary command of the technical resources of the piano-forte. Such magnificent playing as hers deserves far more careful and appreciative notice at my hands than I can upon this occasion accord to it. I cannot, however, forbear paying a hearty tribute of admiration to its breadth and delicacy of tone, large and impressive style, and refreshing freedom from effort, even when dealing with the heart-breaking difficulties of which Saint-Saens

—himself a pianist of paramount ability—has been something over-prodigious throughout two movements of his clever Concerto. Anton Dvořák's "Second Rhapsody" is less uncompromisingly cheerful in character than its predecessor in this particular line of composition ; but, most emphatically, it is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." In it the Czech composer continues to work the inexhaustible vein of Slav national melody, decking familiar themes in the richest and most fanciful garments of decorative instrumentation, and lavishing surprises upon the attentive ear by the frequent and frolicsome introduction into his "treatments" of startling harmonies and unexpected tone-contrasts. He makes his orchestra play all kinds of mad pranks, some of which are curiously puzzling, some ineffably diverting. But I need not say of so consummate a musician that his seemingly wildest extravagances will always, from a musically scientific point of view, stand the test of the most rigorous analysis and parsing. At the seventh concert was produced Liszt's "Mazeppa," a "symphonic poem," conspicuously entitled to rank amongst the venerable canon's most unpleasant compositions. It was admirably played, of course ; one could not help regretting that so much talent and pains should have been lavished by leader and orchestra on so ungrateful and gruesome a work.

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The Covent Garden novelty of the season has been Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," an opera that may very possibly be suited to contemporary Italian taste, but will most assuredly never obtain any hold upon the musical public of this country, which, during the last quarter of a century, has advanced in knowledge, judgment, and appreciation to a surprising extent, whilst that of the once erudite and tuneful Peninsula has fallen off in all these respects. Probably the Italian lower middle classes, from which the majority of composers and executants has always been drawn, are too exclusively addicted to politics, and too heavily taxed, to spare time for the cultivation of any art, or to enjoy the equanimity of mind that is indispensable to the free exercise of the creative faculty. Whatever be the cause of their artistic retrogression, it is very certain that since Italy, become One and Indivisible, has deemed it a necessity of her greatness to keep up ruinous armaments, intrigue against her neighbours, and waste her substance in striving to ape their institutions as well as to rival



them in European importance, she has produced nothing transcendently original or beautiful in music, painting, sculpture, or poetry. As far as opera is concerned, she has, indeed, little to boast of now-a-days, in comparison with countries she has accustomed herself to look down upon as semi-barbarous in matters connected with the arts. Boito's "*Mefistofele*" is a collection of plagiarisms—Gounod *rechauffé* and Wagner caricatured. Ponchielli's "*La Gioconda*" presents us with a highly sensational story set to commonplace music that bristles with reminders of former operatic composers, and never for a moment rises above the level of dull mediocrity. That it has had a great run in Italy is only a melancholy sign of the times as far as that country is concerned. It possesses no intrinsic claim to British favour, or even hospitality, and, as a matter of fact, ought never to have been brought out in a London opera-house. Without being as intolerably tiresome as "*Il Demonio*," or as excruciatingly hideous as "*Il Rinnegato*," it does as little credit to Mr. Gye's "faculty of selection," exemplified by his operatic novelties of the past two or three seasons, as either of those very detestable works; for it is utterly uninteresting from beginning to end, from a musical point of view, and, to my mind, only deserves mention at all as another dismal symptom of the dissolution with which Italian Opera is threatened in this metropolis, formerly the scene of its brilliant triumphs and lucrative popularity.

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I have seldom been more emphatically reminded of the proverbially "fleeting" character of time, than by the reappearance in London of the Cologne Choir, to whose admirable performance I listened in my salad-days—alas! six-and-twenty years ago—with the enthusiastic delight that is one of youth's most precious privileges. At that time such choral singing as that of the Koelner Verein was an absolute novelty in this country, and fairly took the London public by storm. The concerts given by that Society in 1857 proved so attractive, that it was difficult for one who was poor, though honest, to obtain standing room in the locality—if I remember right, Hanover Square Rooms—in which those entertainments came off; but I contrived, by hook or by crook, not to miss one of them, and have ever since reckoned them amongst the keenest musical enjoyments of my life. The Verein's rendering of certain part songs and choruses—such, for

instance, as "Die Drei Rosen," and "Lützow's Wilde Jagd"—was indescribably impressive, displaying contrasts of tender delicacy and martial energy that moved many of the more sympathetic hearers to almost painful alternations of emotion. Such management of light and shade in sound I had never even dreamt of. The *fortissimi* and *pianissimi* were both equally surprising, and the orchestral quality of the *mezza voce* deliverances surpassed anything of which I had hitherto deemed vocal combinations capable. All these excellences are recognisable in the singing of the Cologne Choir upon the occasion of its second visit to London. Perhaps, with respect to the tenor voices, the tone produced in 1883 is of an even richer and mellower quality than that of 1857; but where is the enthusiasm of a quarter of a century syne? where the fervour of greeting with which the Verein was then welcomed among us by the élite of London society? I was sadly disappointed, upon attending the first and second concerts at St. James's Hall, to find a half-empty room, and an audience in which the foreign element predominated over the native in the proportion of at least two to one; whilst fashion and the "upper ten" were so sparsely represented as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. The English portion of the company present appeared to be more amused by the choir's physical bearing and *naïf* display of discipline, than by its irreproachable singing. Our public is unfamiliar with the visible results of Prussian military training, which make themselves manifest, even in such eminently civilian institutions as Choral Unions, upon every inch of soil over which the Black Eagle spreads its wings; and appear to detect something ludicrous in what, seriously considered, is strong and significant evidence of the ruling tendency imparted to a great nation by many years' perseverant mental and bodily training in one direction. The Verein, as viewed from the auditorium, when its members are seated in a semicircle round their leader on the platform of the hall, row above row, presents a very striking, and I will even say, imposing appearance. It consists of ninety Rhinelanders, for the most part tall, fair, and brawny Teutons, dressed in black (double-breasted frock coats, buttoned over the chest, and adorned with the silvern badges of the Society), and looking, one and all, like Prussian Guardsmen in mufti. There they sit—rigid, silent, solid, awaiting the word of command. Presently the conductor takes his place at the desk, bâton in

hand. Every eye is fixed upon him with immovable steadfastness. He raises his wand, and strikes his desk with it, once—twice! At the second blow, as though simultaneously propelled upwards by a ninety-fold spring, every man Jack (or rather, Hans) of the choir is on his feet, standing at “Attention,” head thrown back, chest well advanced, as upright as a dart, and with an air of readiness to mount the imminent deadly breach that would seem natural enough in a male choir to an exclusively German audience, but perhaps, to the more free-and-easy British public, does appear somewhat out of keeping with the production of a—possibly sentimental—part-song. Similar mechanical precision is exhibited by the members of the choir at the conclusion of each number. As long as their leader’s baton remains rigidly pointed towards the organ-loft, they prolong the final chord of the chorus with which they happen at that time to be dealing. Suddenly he makes a sharp little slash to the right, and they cease singing; he then lets the point of his baton drop, and, down they are in their seats with a unanimity that is positively startling! This part of the performance is more like a conjuring trick on a very large scale than a specimen of live choral deportment; but there is more in it, and of a graver nature, than meets the eye, and to those who are accustomed to seek for motives and causes beneath the surface of strange sights, the rigid discipline that governs this German choir’s movements, its unbroken silence and stony immobility whilst “facing the enemy” under the fire of a thousand stares, and its amazing ductility under skilful leadership, suggest reflections by no means provocative of smiles. The Koelner Verein, judged by its bearing in public, worthily represents that stern Prussian school of unquestioning obedience and unhesitating self-effacement which has, within the last score of years, wrought such marvels of military conquest, and effected such important alterations in the European balance of power. Amongst its ranks I noticed two or three grey-headed veterans, representatives, so to speak, of the musical Landsturm, who were as perfect in their drill and accurate in their *ténue* as their younger comrades of the musical Line and Landwehr. These, I have learnt, are the relics of the “Old Guard” of 1857, who, when the present expedition to England was decided upon by the Verein, eagerly seized the opportunity of “fighting their battles o’er again” on the boards of a



London concert-room. All honour to them for the doughty resolve, and to their companions for incurring so much fatigue and labour in order to further a pious British enterprise—the erection of an Anglican church in the great Rhenish cathedral city. Their motives, no less than their merits, should have secured them a warmer welcome on the part of the metropolitan public.

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Nature having omitted to endow me with the ubiquitous faculty attributed by Sir Boyle Roche to birds, I have been unable to attend more than a very small per-centage of the morning concerts given in London during the “leafy month.” I was, however, fortunate enough to be bidden to Miss de Fonblanque’s *Matinée* in Harley Street, always one of the most interesting and agreeable “events” of the season. On the occasion in question, the gifted *bénéficiaire*, who was powerfully supported by several of our most efficient native *artistes*, sang two charming songs by Mr. Frederic Cowen with the high intelligence and exquisite purity of style that have, for some years past, placed her in the foremost rank of English songstresses, past and present. The quality of her singularly sympathetic voice has waxed even richer than it was last year, and she produces it no less faultlessly, as regards intonation in particular, than heretofore. To listen to her delicious singing is to experience pure and perfect pleasure ; at least, it is so to me. I was much struck with the rugged force and breadth of style displayed by Mr. Gilbert Campbell, a genuine *basso* of the *Formes* category, who sang more than once in the course of Miss de Fonblanque’s concert, and whom I also listened to with great satisfaction at one of Mr. Ganz’s interesting musical afternoons. Mr. Campbell has every quality fitting him for the operatic stage, and my friend Carl Rosa would do well to strengthen his company, which lacks vigour in its lowest vocal register, by so valuable a recruit—always supposing that Mr. Campbell wishes to enlist under the banner of English Opera. It was at Mr. Ganz’s party, too, that I heard for the first time, Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, a youthful pianiste of conspicuous talent, whose technical *moyens* are little less than extraordinary, taking into consideration her tender age and fragility of *physique*. This slight and pretty little maiden is also gifted with a memory of no ordinary calibre. Her repertoire, as exemplified at two lengthy P.F. recitals given by her at the Princes’ Hall, includes the works of all the leading

composers for the key-board, from Bach to Rubinstein ; and she is "note-perfect" in them all, only lacking that depth of expressiveness which the joyful and sorrowful life experiences of future years will not fail to impart to her interpretations of the Masters. In the meantime it is manifest that she has laboured diligently and to excellent purpose.

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To one who, like myself, has during many years' residence abroad suffered under the undisguised scorn with which continental society—knowing little or nothing about them—is accustomed to speak of English musicians and executant artists, it is exceptionally gratifying to observe how vigorously British musical capacity, both creative and reproductive, is coming to the front all along the line, and how rapidly the independence of London concerts from foreign "talent" is growing year by year. At the present moment it would puzzle Germany, Italy and France, to match these islands in the matter of *camera* singers, such as may be heard—British born and bred, I mean—in any concert-room during the season. I do not refer to our stars of the first brilliancy—to inimitable vocalists like Madame Patey, William Shakespeare, Ellen de Fonblanque, Edward Lloyd, Santley, and Reeves—but to the host of able and highly cultivated young singers whose names figure daily and nightly on the programmes of our public and private musical entertainments. Their name is legion ; and they can stand comparison, favourably to themselves, with all the main-land singers of the class to which they belong. What, for instance, can Germany offer to the music-lover, in the way of chamber-singing, better than that of Miss Mary Davies, Miss Orridge, Miss Damian, Miss d'Alton—of Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Bernard Lane, Barrington Foote, Thorndike, and others too numerous to mention ? It has been my privilege, quite recently, to hear all the above-named artists sing, either in concert-rooms or private salons ; and, accepting them as types of the advancement in musical culture achieved by contemporary Englishmen and women—which I believe to be a very fair estimate of the professional concert-singer, whose *raison d'être* is compliance with the artistic requirements of society—I can conscientiously pronounce them to be satisfactory in the highest degree.

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The advancement in musical culture achieved in this country of late is no less remarkable amongst instrumentalists than amongst vocalists. English artists almost exclusively supply the material of which high-classed orchestras and theatrical bands alike, in London and the provinces, are composed ; and if any *laudator temporis acti* will condescend to institute a conscientious mental comparison between the instrumental performances in our theatres of to-day and those of twenty years ago, he will be compelled to admit that the contrast between light and darkness is not more striking than that offered to him by the past and present of English orchestral capabilities. Only a few days ago Hans Richter—who, I am proud to say, holds the innate musicality of the English people in high esteem and honour—told me that, in some important respects, he preferred his London orchestra to that which he conducts in the Kaiserstadt, adding that the English elements in the former, by reason of their solidity, steadiness, and bright musical intelligence, not only justified him in relying upon them, as upon a tower of strength, in any emergency, but were the means, at every rehearsal and performance of his concerts, of imparting to him artistic pleasures at once profound and keen. He also expressed a very high opinion of English amateur instrumentalists, and mentioned to me by name several *dilettanti* of both sexes—for the most part pianists and violinists—who, to quote his own words, “are simply as good as any professional can wish to be.” When I remember how exceptional it was, in my boyhood’s days, that young persons of good social condition should devote their energies to the real serious study of any instrument, I am enabled to realize what enormous developments musical taste and culture have undergone on this side of the “silvern streak,” by contrasting those *pococuranti* times (as far as society’s actual participation in the practical branches of musical education was concerned) with the present eager desire to attain executant proficiency displayed by our “gilded youth.”

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Twenty years ago a female fiddler was regarded in the musical salons of this metropolis as a surprising and unnatural curiosity—a freak of Nature, rather repulsive than attractive. A vague impression prevailed throughout English society that it was unfeminine, if not slightly indelicate, for the “young person” of



Podsnappery to play upon an instrument hitherto practically monopolized by performers of the sterner sex. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela*. Now-a-days considerable numbers of English young ladies have taken to the violin with that happy combination of enthusiasm and perseverance that characterizes the typical British damsel, and the time is not far distant when the funereal black and white uniformity of costume exhibited by the *personnel* of our orchestras will be relieved by a sprinkling of gaily-coloured toilettes. Amongst the musical "girl-graduates" who have lately addressed themselves to the study of violin-playing, I have heard one, at least, whose success in vanquishing all the technical difficulties of the instrument, and in producing tone of unexceptionable quality entitles her to "honourable mention" amongst the most promising youthful violinists of the day. Miss Emily Shinner has, as a pupil of the Berlin Conservatoire, had the advantage of receiving tuition from Professor Joachim, who entertains the highest opinion of her musical abilities; and so famously does she play that Hans Richter, upon hearing her for the first time, at once proposed to engage her as a soloist for his next *cyklus* of concerts. I was present upon the occasion in question, and am guilty of no indiscretion in saying that Miss Shinner's admirable rendering of classical *morceaux* fairly took the great orchestral chief by surprise. Her public *début* under his ægis, will, I sincerely trust, open up to her the brilliant artistic career for which her natural gifts and praiseworthy industry have so splendidly qualified her.

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June has witnessed the publication of a vast amount of rubbish in the way of vocal and instrumental "music," compositions of any intrinsic value bearing, in relation to the utterly worthless, about the same proportion that bread bore to sack in Falstaff's memorable hotel-bill. The song of the month, most emphatically, is "Three Days," by Miss Annie Tait (Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.), the truly poetical text of which first appeared in this magazine under its editor's signature. Miss Tait has set "words that burn" to music possessing two rare merits—genuine originality and apt expressiveness of the feeling pervading Mr. Clement Scott's lines. He is fortunate in having found so sympathetic a musical interpreter. To a charming and manifestly spontaneous melody Miss Tait has fitted an accompaniment

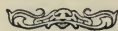
teeming with ingenious contrivances that possibly raise it a little above the level of drawing-room amateur pianists, but enhance its value as a composition. To more advanced players I can warmly recommend a Fantasia (opus 16) by the Chevalier Eugenio Pirani, as a bright and telling piece of the classico-romantic order, just sufficiently difficult to render its study interesting, and written so comfortably for the fingers as to be what is professionally termed "grateful" playing. The same composer has also just published (Schlesinger, Berlin) two absolutely charming Characteristic Dances (*Danze Caratteristiche*), a Polonaise and a Valse for four hands, for which I venture to predict a "run" in London society as soon as they shall have been heard a few times in public. They were admirably played by the Chevaliers Pirani and Ganz at one of the Cologne Choir's Concerts, given in St. James's Hall on the 21st June, and elicited warm demonstrations of approval from a highly critical audience. Amongst a number of pretty trifles in the way of *musique de salon* published by Messrs. Willcocks and Co., will be found two of Louis Gregh's latest novelties—"Les Phalènes," nominally a caprice but really a Valse de Salon, and "Bergerette," a chirpy little polka weighted with the compound title of Pastorale-Florian: why Florian, I would ask? Both these *bagatelles* are agreeable to listen to and easy to play, only requiring a crisp and delicate touch to render manifest their intrinsic attractions.

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Adelina Patti's *rentrée* at Covent Garden, on June 16, in the congenial part of Rosina—with which she delights to open her annual series of performances in London—gave one of the most numerous and fashionable audiences ever gathered together in the Opera House a long-desired opportunity of assuring itself that the Diva's great exertions during her recent tour in the States have left no traces of fatigue upon her glorious voice. Of the performance nothing need be said, save that she sang and acted as only she, of all *cantatrici* living, can sing and act—that is to say, to absolute perfection. Every place in the house had been taken days before the date announced for her reappearance; and I learnt from indisputable authority that fabulous sums were offered for stalls on the morning of the 16th by wealthy *rétardataires*, who hoped, but hoped in vain, to atone for a procrastination by reckless lavishness. Those, however, who had been prudent enough to

secure places for the Patti "first night" were not, with but few exceptions, to be tempted by the most extravagant offers, justly enough deeming the enjoyment priceless to which they had acquired a right ; and it is, indeed, impossible to conceive any more complete and pure pleasure, for a musician, than that to be derived from listening to this inimitable artist's production of tone—the poetry of sound—exquisite vocalization and never-erring accuracy of intonation. Although nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since her first appearance on the lyric stage, her voice has lost nothing of its pristine freshness ; on the contrary, it has grown richer and brighter with increase of years ; and the character of her beauty is, but for a slight rounding of its outlines, as youthful as it was a decade ago. She is one of the wonders of Nature—or, rather, a fascinating concretion of many natural marvels. That the English public is capable of appreciating true artistic greatness was triumphantly demonstrated by the reception accorded to Madame Patti on the occasion above referred to. I could have wished some of my dogmatical foreign friends, who hold us "barbarous islanders" to be incapable of experiencing rapture or exhibiting enthusiasm, to be present during the singing-lesson scene of the Barber that evening. They would, I fancy, have been constrained to admit that, after all, Covent Garden on a Patti night is the place of places, the whole wide world throughout, in which outward, visible, and audible signs of inward and passionate appreciativeness may be most conspicuously seen and heard.

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.



## Giacinto Marras.

BORN, 1810 ; DIED, MAY 8, 1883.

BY the death of this accomplished singer, composer, and teacher, the world of Art has lost one of the few exponents of the true Italian method of singing, and one of the last examples of the true Italian tenor. No one who does not remember the singing of such as he—Mario, Gardoni, and Giuglini—can realize what is meant by a real Italian tenor. The present method of strong, forced upper notes, utterly detrimental to *cantabile*, and generally leading to an unpleasant *tremolo*, differs from the style



of these great artists as much as a noisy torrent from a calm pure stream. A modern tenor may sing an *adagio* tastelessly and incorrectly, but if in the succeeding *cabaletta* he can bring out a resonant high C from his chest, or even (as is often the case) from his throat, he is rewarded by a storm of applause, and asked to repeat, not the song, but the note. The great charm of the tenor voice—the *mezza di voce*—is sacrificed to one single effort, which is simply a *tour de force*. In the real school strength was imparted, when necessary, to the high notes by breadth and purity of emission, but the first and chief desideratum was perfect phrasing. These qualities were eminently possessed by Signor Marras, and he was in the concert-room what Mario was on the stage. His voice was not so powerful as that of the prince of operatic tenors, but as it was rarely used except in small spaces, he kept it longer. For some years past he gave up teaching and singing in public, but still continued to delight his friends.

As a master he was in the foremost rank, and rarely failed to impart, even to the most unpromising pupils, some idea of the "divine art." Those who had voice and musical feeling he rapidly placed in the first rank of amateurs. He published an admirable method, called "*Lezioni di Canto*."

His position as a composer of drawing-room music must not be forgotten, for he produced many charming songs and concerted pieces, always full of what is really the soul of music, melody. An "*Ave Maria*" of his and an exquisite setting of Fiorentino's "*S'io fossi un angelo*" were among his own favourites, and no one who has heard him sing them can forget them.

Signor Marras received his musical education in the Royal College of Music at Naples. He came to England at an early age, where he married an English lady, the daughter of the late Major Stephenson, herself a brilliant amateur; and his only daughter, Madame Schulz, has inherited her parents' gifts, as all who have had the good fortune to hear her sing can testify. To all who had the privilege of Signor Marras' friendship, and to those who remember the pleasant Monday *après midis* at his London house, his loss is a matter of keen regret; from the grief of the family who mourn for him it is not seemly to draw the veil. Signor Marras had been living in the South of France for some time previous to his death, and was buried at Cannes. P.

## Our Play=Box.

### “STAGE DORA; OR, WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN.”

A Burlesque by F. C. BURNAND of M. SARDOU'S “Fédora.” First produced at Toole's Theatre, on Saturday, May 26, 1883.

Loris Ipanoff Atiloff ...	MR. J. L. TOOLE.	Princess Fedora Mama-	
Jean de Siriex ...	MR. E. D. WARD.	zoff ...	MISS MARIE LINDEN,
Pierre Boroff ...	MR. W. CHEESMAN.	Countess Olga ...	MISS ELIZA JOHNSTONE.
M. Dovell ...	MR. AP THOMAS.	Baroness Ockard ...	MISS MILLS.
M. Dummet ...	MR. H. C. PAYNE.	Madame de Klokvarx ...	MISS MINNIE DOUGLASS.
Blessusitz Fiddlelski ...	MR. AUG STANLEY.	Marka ...	MISS MONTAGUE.
Gretch ...	MR. G. SHELTON.		

**M**R. FRANK C. BURNAND is unrivalled in the class of parody of which this little play is an excellent representative specimen. With singular felicity he sees the ludicrous points of every serious performance, and boils down the most tremendously tragic play into a concentrated essence of fun. “Fédora,” like all feverish and high-strung pieces, lends itself to this process of cachinnatory castigation, and there is no use in talking of the unrighteousness or irreverence of the proceeding, when there is a public ready to laugh and applaud a caricature merely of the humours of a first night's representation. Mr. Coghlan's “reserved force,” Mr. Bancroft's supercilious sedateness, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere's passionate fervour, are the strings which Mr. Burnand pulls with such mischievous humour, and, as luck will have it, he is almost as well served by the performers at Mr. Toole's theatre as he was when he parodied “Diplomacy” at the Strand. To see Mr. Toole himself, with a wonderful wig and moustache, a pair of artificial shoulders, and a gloomy Manfredean presence, imitating Mr. Coghlan, is worth all the money of the entertainment. He has worked it up into an excellent bit of fooling; and, what with the actor's overflow of good spirits, his power of mimicry, and his singing, Mr. Toole, as usual, keeps the house in a roar of laughter whenever he is on the stage. But what is a Loris Ipanoff without a Fédora? A most admirable and effective Princess has been discovered in Miss Marie Linden, a young actress of keen sensibility and promise, whose success was foretold in these pages many months ago, when she was playing melodrama and burlesque up at the Philharmonic Theatre in Islington. If one may judge from her intense acting as the comic Fédora, Miss Linden is destined one day to do the stage some service. She is young, intelligent, of a nervous, sensitive disposition, and has evidently a considerable command of power. Since this play was produced, every one is talking of Marie Linden; but, if the truth must be told, she has been seen to advantage in everything

that she has as yet attempted, particularly in "Artful Cards," recently revived at this theatre. But perhaps the most exact parody of all is Mr. E. D. Ward's clever imitation of Mr. Bancroft—the best thing of the kind ever seen. It is not a very lofty form of art, this parroting of peculiarities, but I defy any one to take Mr. Bancroft off better than this promising young actor.

### "RANK AND RICHES."

A New and Original Play, in Four Acts, by WILKIE COLLINS. First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, on Saturday, June 9, 1883.

Duke of Heathcote ...	MR. C. SUGDEN.	Samuel ... ..	MR. A. HELMORE.
Earl of Laverock ...	MR. J. W. PIGOTT.	Bellamy Jessop ...	MR. H. PROCTOR.
Lady Calista ...	MISS LINGARD.	Landlord ... ..	MR. H. COOPER.
Lady Sherlock ...	MRS. BILLINGTON.	Landlady ... ..	MISS HEFFER.
Mr. Dominic ...	MR. G. W. ANSON.	Boy ... ..	MASTER GATES.
Cecil Cassilis ...	MR. G. ALEXANDER.	President ... ..	MR. F. GLOVER.
Alice Rycroft ...	MISS MYRA HOLME.	Secretary ... ..	MR. REDWOOD.
Joyce Woodburn...	MISS TENNYSON.	Senior Member ...	MR. MORELAND.
Matthew ... ..	MR. L. KINGTONE.	Junior Member ...	MR. CROFTON.

A PLAY that only runs a week requires no record, and space in these pages is too valuable to spare any of it for comments on so wild and incoherent a dramatic effort as this. Though Mr. Wilkie Collins failed to please with his new play, his brilliant talent remains just as it was before the curtain drew up on what was predestined for failure. "Rank and Riches" was deservedly and properly laughed at, and had the pit possessed a spark of their old fire, or the gallery a particle of their old ire, they would have hissed Mr. Anson off the stage, then and there, for daring to dictate to the audience what judgment they shall pass on a work deliberately submitted for their verdict, "aye" or "nay."

### "SILVER GUILT."

A Burlesque, by W. WARHAM. First produced at the Strand Theatre, on Saturday, June 9, 1883.

Hackney Wick ...	MR. E. RIGHTON.	Elijah Coombe ...	MR. W. F. HAWTRAY.
Captain Horsley Down	MISS EDITH BRUCE.	Bagshawe ... ..	MR. E. H. BELL.
Jacques ... ..	MR. ROBERT BROUGH.	Tubbs ... ..	MR. T. CANNAM.
Geoffrey Ware ...	MR. J. H. JARVIS.	Hon. D'Alton Downey	MISS T. HASTINGS.
Corket ... ..	MISS NELLIE LYONS.	Gerty Heckett ...	MISS LAURA LINDEN.

IT has been observed times out of number that this is an irreverent age. Much as many of us would like to alter it, we cannot dispute the fact. "The Silver King"—most admirable of modern plays—has suffered the fate of success, and been parodied, and very cleverly into the bargain. It was surely a mistake to mix up the melodramas of Mr. Sims in the burlesque of "The Silver King," which, as long as it follows the one story, amuses everybody. The burden of the play falls on Mr. Righton, a capital burlesque actor, as he has proved times out of number; he has a keen sense of humour, he sings clearly, and he dances wonderfully. But the brilliant success in the way of parody is achieved by Miss Laura Linden, whose "take-off" of Miss Eastlake as the



representative of hysterical heroines is the funniest thing of the kind to be seen anywhere. Quite free from the unintentional cruelty of most caricatures, this very whimsical reproduction of the nervous, agitated manner of a very earnest actress shows that Miss Laura Linden, like her sister, has a great fund of humour and considerable latent power. The young lady has a capital stage face and figure, and it will be surprising if she does not make some mark upon the stage. Capital also is the imitation of old Jaikes by Mr. Robert Brough, the only character causing disappointment being the Spider of Miss Edith Bruce. Here all sense of parody was lost. It is only a clever little actress in male attire—nothing more. Such funniments as these serve their purpose, and then die a natural death. Meanwhile, it is something to enjoy a hearty laugh—the cure for so many ills.

### “THE QUEEN’S FAVOURITE.”

A Comedy in Four Acts, being a new version, by SYDNEY GRUNDY, of SCRIBE’s Comedy, “*Le Verre d’Eau*.” First produced at the Olympic Theatre, on Saturday, June 2, 1883.

Henry St. John ...	MR. W. H. VERNON.	Queen Anne... ..	MISS G. KELLOGG.
Ensign Masham ...	MR. F. C. BINDLOSS.	Abigail Hill ... ..	MISS LUCY BUCKSTONE.
Marquis de Percy ...	MR. HAMILTON KNIGHT	Lady Albemarle ...	MISS ACHURCH.
Sir John Tyrrell ...	MR. PAINE.	Duchess of Marl-	
Officer ... ..	MR. A. DARRELL.	borough ... ..	MISS GENEVIEVE WARD.

VERY little need be said about “The Queen’s Favourite,” produced on June 2, at the Olympic Theatre. It is an adaptation, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, of “*Le Verre d’Eau*” of Eugène Scribe, originally brought out at the Théâtre Française, in 1840. Although it is difficult to see the dramatic value of the piece, yet it has afforded the basis for more than one previous adaptation. In October, 1841, it served as the foundation of “The Maid of Honour,” a drama produced at the Adelphi, with Mr. and Mrs. Yates in the principal characters; and, in November, 1862, Mr. John Oxenford adapted the play for the Princess’s Theatre, under the title of “The Triple Alliance.” It must be confessed that the interest in “The Queen’s Favourite” is of the slightest possible kind. The struggles between the Duchess of Marlborough and Viscount Bolingbroke for the favouritism of Queen Anne are not engrossing in their interest; and the portrayal of a character such as that presented by Miss Genevieve Ward is not very elevating. It is an example of polished art, but it is not a pleasing performance. It is too hard and unsympathetic. Mr. W. H. Vernon, as Viscount Bolingbroke, acts with much spirit. Miss Gertrude Kellogg is successful as Queen Anne; and Miss Lucy Buckstone is charming as Abigail Hill.





HERMANN VEZIN.

'Thou, Nature, art my goddess.'

—KING LEAR.



## Our Omnibus=Box.

"LADIES and Gentlemen, it is not my custom ever to address an audience except on the concluding night of a season, but I fear that on the present occasion were I not to respond to so remarkable an ebullition of public feeling as that which you have exhibited towards me this evening, my silence might be wrongly interpreted. . . . Throughout my life I have coveted the verdict of public opinion, professionally and socially, and this evening impresses on me a most gratifying conviction that my wishes are realized." This was the modest, gentlemanly manner in which actors and artists submitted themselves to their audiences in the year 1858. The speaker was Charles Kean; the occasion was a memorable one. On the eve of the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales with the Prince Frederick William of Prussia, four festival performances were given by command, at Her Majesty's Theatre, which were supposed to include the leading representatives of dramatic and musical art. Strange to say, Charles Kean was not invited to assist at the enterprise, and the public taking umbrage at it, gave him a special reception one night at his own theatre. The first of the four festival performances was "Macbeth," with Phelps as Macbeth and Howe as Macduff. The second was the "Rose of Castile" by the Pyne and Harrison Company, followed by Robson in "The Boots at the Swan;" the third was the opera of "La Sonnambula," with Piccolomini and Giuglini; and the fourth was "The Rivals," by the old Haymarket Company, followed by Wright, Billington, Selby, and C. J. Smith, in "The Spitalfields' Weaver." To ignore Charles Kean on such an occasion was considered an uncalled-for slight, and was resented as such in a very marked manner. Hence the address we have quoted. But what a difference in the manner of the actor towards his audience in the year of grace 1883. Times have changed; the deferential attitude has disappeared. The actor, spoiled by the kindly and generous attitude taken by Society towards his calling, straightway forgets himself, and rushes before the curtain, intemperate and hot-headed, on the smallest provocation. A play is announced by a favourite and popular writer. He submits to the usual conditions of writing for the stage. Successful, he will be applauded to the echo, fêted, caressed, and made much of; unsuccessful, he will be laughed at, yawned over, or hissed—not as an individual, but as the luckless author of an unpopular play. Mr. Anson knows the conditions of play-writing and play-acting as well as any one. He knows well enough that on such occasions the individual is lost in the author or actor. Yet what does he do? When the play unfortunately fails in which he is engaged; when it is very properly laughed at; when the audience, exercising their legitimate right, wish to convey the fact that their time has been wasted, he comes forward, with angry face and threatening attitude, to dictate to the public how they ought to behave, and to place the matter on a totally false issue. To imply that on the occasion of the failure of "Rank and Riches," the audience was laughing at Mr. Wilkie Collins as Mr. Wilkie Collins, or at

Miss Lingard or Miss Myra Holme, in their separate individualities, was to do a very uncalled-for and injudicious thing; and the marvel is, that any audience consented to argue with such a disputant. They were laughing at a play they did not like, and at characters they considered ridiculous on the stage. It is not for Mr. Anson or for any actor to tell an audience that they are to reserve their comments until the play is over, or to assume that laughter and hissing are not just as legitimate expressions of opinion as applause. In America, when they do not like a play, they say nothing and go out. In England they behave differently; they applaud or they hiss. Such a punishment as hissing is very rarely administered, except when egregious bad taste is displayed. Modern audiences are over-generous in applause, and slow to ridicule anything that has the faintest value in it. This scene at the Adelphi that unfortunately went unpunished, coming so soon on a scene equally discreditable to all concerned, on the occasion of the benefit for the Actors' Benevolent Fund, leads to the obvious suggestion that Society is to suffer for the generous reaction in favour of a most honourable and much maligned profession. Time was when, from constant ill-usage, abuse, and misrepresentation, many members of the dramatic profession were far too much inclined to whine and fawn: now-a-days, all is changed, and from many a comfortable couch of dramatic art far too much snapping and snarling are heard. A timely word of caution is, however, necessary. After recent experiences no audience of the future, when gratuitously provoked, is likely to forget the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

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The following is related of "old Massingham," whose valuable theatrical collection of books and curiosities were sold by auction the other day at Foster's, in Pall Mall. "Not less singular is it that old Massingham who had been for a great number of years employed in the Haymarket Theatre, and who, during its season of performances never left it except to go home to sleep, never saw a play or portion of one acted within it. The whole of the morning he was occupied in the Box-office, and throughout the evening he was shut up in the same nook engaged in the issuing tickets and free admissions. Mr. Massingham was subsequently the lessee of the Box-office at the Princess's Theatre during the reign of Keeley and Charles Kean. When employed at what was called "A privilege office," at Drury Lane Theatre, some one consulted old Massingham about Edmund Kean. The answer was startling enough. "I never saw Kean act in my life." "Is it possible?" asked the astonished friend, "that you have attended the theatre every night for so many years, and have you really never seen Kean?" "Never in my life," answered the eccentric Massingham; "in fact, I have not seen a play or a farce for these forty years!"

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Mr. Hermann Vezin, whose photograph appears in this number of THE THEATRE, was born in Philadelphia, on March 2nd, 1829, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1847; being admitted to the degree of M.A. three years later. In 1850, partly through the influence of the late



Charles Kean, Mr. Vezin entered the dramatic profession in England by accepting an engagement at the Theatre Royal, York, under the management of John Langford Pritchard. He played there various subordinate parts, including the character of Balthasar in "Much Ado About Nothing," during Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean's representation of that play at the York Theatre. Afterwards he accepted an engagement at Southampton, during which he had the opportunity of acting with the celebrated Mrs. Nesbitt; and subsequently at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. In 1851 Mr. Vezin joined Mrs. Barnett's company on the Ryde, Guildford, and Reading circuit, playing leading characters,—Richelieu, Claude Melnotte, Young Norval, &c. He made his first appearance in London on Easter Monday, 1852, at the Princess's Theatre, in the part of Pembroke in "King John," when Mr. Charles Kean had the management of that establishment. During the season 1852-3 Mr. Vezin played Chatillon in "King John," Rosse in "Macbeth," and Montgiron in "The Corsican Brothers." In 1857 he visited America. On his return to England in 1859 he took the Surrey Theatre, playing Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, King John, Louis XI., &c. The first most important engagement undertaken by Mr. Vezin was in 1860, at Sadler's Wells, then under Mr. Phelps's management. He played afterwards, with marked success, the character of Laertes, to Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, for seventy-three nights at the Princess's Theatre, in 1861. Subsequently he opened at the Lyceum with Mr. Falconer, as Mr. Arden in his comedy of "Woman; or, Love against the World," and afterwards acted the part of Harry Kavanagh in the same author's drama, "Peep o' Day." After playing various important engagements at metropolitan and other theatres, in 1867 he produced Mr. Wills' play, "The Man o' Airlie," at the Princess's, acting James Harebell, a character with which Mr. Vezin's name will always be associated in dramatic annals.

Another character which greatly increased the reputation of Mr. Hermann Vezin as a painstaking and judicious artist was that of Doctor Davey, in a comedy of that name, adapted from the French "*Le Docteur Robin*." On October 3, 1868, Mr. Vezin sustained the part of Sir Grey de Malpas, in the first performance of Lord Lytton's drama, "The Rightful Heir;" and subsequently the character of Philip Earncliffe in Mr. Burnand's play, "The Turn of the Tide"—a piece which had a considerable run.

In 1869, Dr. Westland Marston's "Life for Life" was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, in which Mr. Hermann Vezin played Murdock Mackane. On July 4, 1870, at the Gaiety, he played Dubosc and Lesurques in "The Courier of Lyons." On September 9, 1871, Mr. Wills' "Hinko" was performed for the first time at the Queen's Theatre, Mr. Vezin undertaking the principal character. In 1872 he played the part of Martel in "The Son of the Soil" at the Court Theatre; during 1873 Robert Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret," and Peregrine in "John Bull;" and in 1874 Sigurd in "The White Pilgrim," and Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In 1875, at the Opera Comique, he played Jacques in "As You Like It." At the Haymarket Theatre, on October 2, 1875, he created the part of Percy Pendragon in Byron's "Married in Haste." During the year 1876 he acted Macbeth, at Drury Lane; Othello, at the Alexandra Palace; the Man o' Airlie, at the Haymarket; and Dan'l Druce (in the first perform-



ance of that play on September 11, 1876), at the same theatre, with very great success. On the production at the Crystal Palace, June 13, 1876, of Sophocles' "Œdipus Colonus," the title *rôle* was assigned to Mr. Vezin, who won distinction by the performance. In 1877 he played De Taldé in "The Danischeffs" at the St. James's Theatre, followed by the character of Sir Giles Overreach. Both were important successes. On March 30, 1878, Mr. Vezin sustained, at the Court Theatre, the character of Dr. Primrose in Mr. Wills' "Olivia," a play which met with remarkable favour, and ran for 136 nights, finishing September 6, 1878. On September 23, Mr. Vezin opened at the Adelphi Theatre as Pierre Lorange in "Proof," Mr. Burmand's version of "Une Cause Célèbre," and continued to play the part till February 1, 1879. At the same theatre, during the season, he appeared as Master Walter, alternating the part with Sir Thomas Clifford, in "The Hunchback," and as Joseph Surface in "The School for Scandal"; and at morning performances he acted Richelieu.

In Miss Litton's revival of "As You Like It" at the Imperial Theatre, on February 25, 1880, he acted Jacques; and in September of the same year he played Iago at Sadler's Wells to the Othello of Mr. Charles Warner. In "Reclaimed," an adaptation by Mr. James Mortimer of Sardou's "Les Vieux Garçons," produced at the Haymarket Theatre on September 14, 1881, he appeared as Colonel Abercombie; and on January 14, last year, he represented Count Lestrangle in "The Cynic" at the Globe Theatre. In "A Shadow Sceptre," a blank-verse historical drama, brought out at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on April 15, 1882, he played Simon Renard; and on September 9 of the same year he appeared at Toole's Theatre as Count de Lys in "Diane." On November 11 he appeared at the Globe Theatre as Edgar in "The Promise of May."

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Mr. W. Lestocq evidently thinks "no small beer of himself." Just read this letter he has addressed to me:—

"I have to-day seen in THE THEATRE a notice of 'Randall's Thumb,' as played by the "Romany Club."

"Having managed that performance entirely, I may claim to know something as to the way the parts were played, and I am much exercised in my mind to decide whether your critic suffered from a want of perception or of independence.

"I do not wish to detract in any way from the praise bestowed on any of the company. I know better than any one else how loyally and hard they worked to attain the desired end; but it is to your critic's remarks upon Miss Woodzell which I take exception as most unfair and unjust. If, instead of trying to find this likeness to Miss Addison, which (having played with Miss Addison many times) I utterly fail to see, your critic had applied himself to seeing how earnestly and conscientiously this lady worked to make acceptable the most difficult of the ladies' parts in the piece (the others all having comic scenes to help them), it would, I think, have been more within his province than to have gone quite out of his way as he appears to have done.

"In conclusion, I wish to say that I know nothing of Miss Woodzell, or

the rest of the ladies and gentlemen, other than meeting them in the business of these performances.—Yours truly, W. LESTOCQ.”

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The performance given by the G. E. M. Amateur Dramatic Club on May 24th was a very uneven one. “Dearest Mamma” sadly wanted rehearsing, the prompter becoming quite a new character in the farce. By the way, the author, Walter Gordon, was amongst the audience. “A Lesson in Love” was better studied, but there were some awkward waits, and the prompter was again audible. Mrs. Lennox Browne made a most captivating young widow; she looked very handsome, and her acting charmingly combined piquante raillery with subdued tenderness. Mrs. De Salis gave a marked character to “Dearest Mamma” and Anastasia Winterberry; unfortunately she mistakes vulgarity for humour, and there is a wearisome sameness about all she does. Miss Dora Burley was a good Mrs. Honeywood. As the two younger ladies of the company did not know their parts, it is hardly fair to judge their acting. Mr. J. G. Mead deserves praise, both as Harry Clinton and Captain Freeman; he has a good voice, and his acting and delivery are natural and easy. Mr. Nowell Sherson rattled through the part of Orlando Middlemark in a brisk and amusing fashion; he has the makings of a good actor in him, but his gestures are not always happy, and a little more polish and refinement of manners would be a decided improvement. Mr. Walter Oldershaw was a satisfactory Nettle Croacker, but character parts are evidently his *forte*. As Babblebrook, the gossiping old bachelor, he was excellent, and gave a real study from life. The performance was in aid of the funds of The Girls’ Friendly Society, and took place at Ladbroke Hall.

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Mademoiselle Clotilde Kleeberg, a pianist, pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, made her *début* in London on June 4th. She gave a recital at the Marlborough Rooms, with a long and varied programme. The young lady is only eighteen, and has talent. Her rendering of the Moonlight Sonata in particular deserves high praise.

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“The Heir-at-Law” was the fare provided by the Momus Amateur Dramatic Club on June the 5th, when a performance was given at St. George’s Hall in aid of the Boy’s Farm Home, East Barnet. This ambitious attempt was crowned with success. Of course it cannot be said that all the parts were well interpreted. Miss Ada Ehrenhoff, for instance, ranted distractedly as Caroline Dormer, and wore a modern dress. Miss E. F. Borradaile was almost inaudible, and Mr. O. Borradaile invariably said his sentences twice over to correct mistakes. As for Mr. E. L. Pontifex it would be kind to advise him to leave acting alone altogether. These were the imperfections, but there was much to be called good, and even excellent. Mr. John Denby made a capital Daniel Dowlas. Mr. W. Dundas Bathurst represented that ever delightful old impostor, Dr. Pangloss, in a very clever and droll fashion, keeping the audience in fits of merriment. His cough might be a trifle less stagey, but that is all. The palm of the acting, however, must be divided amongst three of the per-



formers—Mr. H. N. Dickson, Mr. E. Gordon Taylor, and Miss Alice Cruttenden, who, excellent throughout, were especially good when together, their playing in the three last acts deserving special notice. Mr. H. N. Dickson was the Zekiel Homespun, and a more sympathetic exponent of the character could not be found, humorous and full of pathos, always steering clear of that worst of stumbling blocks, rant. Dick Dowlas was happy in his representative, Mr. E. Gordon Taylor, who, good-looking, and with that easy *désinvolture* so rare in amateurs, won all sympathies by his earnest impersonation of the hero. There was a true ring in the tenderness of his love scenes with Cicely; his struggles between vanity and his friendly feeling for Zekiel, and the sunny brightness of his laugh when teasing Dr. Pangloss, were quite infectious. Mr. Gordon Taylor is an amateur, but he would grace the professional stage. The same may be said of Miss Alice Cruttenden; fresh and sweet as a rosebud she looked as Cicely Homespun, but beauty was enhanced by the archness and great charm of her acting; simple, unaffected, she was not only a lovely, but a lovable little maid. Messrs. Barton Towers, Oldershaw Bathurst, and Lullum Wood were also in the cast.

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On June the 2nd, the funds of the Royal College of Music received a friendly help at the hands of some amateurs, headed by Miss Frederica Chatterton, daughter of the celebrated Harpist. The performance took place at St. George's Hall, and consisted of "The Dowager" and "Poor Pillicody." The farce was by far the best-acted piece. Miss Frederica Chatterton was very good as Sarah Blunt, but The Dowager hardly suited her style. Mrs. Hume was also much better as Mrs. O'Scuttle than in the comedy—by-the-bye, is she not evidently aware that peau de suède gloves with a powdered wig are an anachronism. Miss Kate Erlam was satisfactory in both parts, and Mr. Quintin Turner's Pillicody a most finished and clever impersonation. A word of special praise is due to Mr. George Foss, his bashful Edgar Beauchamp being so natural and free from exaggeration as to make one think him timid in earnest, and it needed all the loud swagger of his Captain O'Scuttle as a contrast to make one appreciate his good acting. Mr. T. C. Forster and Mr. Alexander were also among the performers. We have not yet spoken of Mr. McDonald as Lord Alfred Lyndsay; this gentleman cannot be accused of plagiarism, his reading of the part was entirely original. We have too often heard primo tenori use the tremolo ad nauseam, but to Mr. McDonald we are indebted for hearing it used by a light comedian, every word, accompanied by a shake of the head, vibrated to such an extent that with closed eyes one would have fancied the character was undertaken by a goat. This reading may be original, and we sincerely hope it may prove singular. The playing of the band of the Duke of York's School, under the direction of Mr. A. M. Eleney, was simply perfect.

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"Withered Leaves," and "Plot and Passion," were the plays interpreted by the Hampstead Amateur Dramatic Society on June 16, at St. George's Hall. This was an invitation soirée, and the guests would not only have



proved themselves ungrateful, but also unjust, had they not been truly pleased with so good an entertainment. The comedietta was specially pleasing. We have often stated our opinion of Miss Ivan Bristowe, she is the ingénue par excellence. Mr. A. T. Frankish and Mr. A. Thomas were good in their small parts, but the highest honours were carried off by Miss Ada Mellon and Mr. W. T. Pugh; witty and humorous without the least flavour of vulgarity, the renderings of Lady Conyers and Tom Conyers were marked with natural ease on both sides, and winning grace on the part of the lady. The drama was a greater tax on the powers of the performers, but they went through the ordeal most creditably. The heroine was impersonated by Miss Florence Warden, whose reading of the character is good; she acts with much fire, and her scenes of impatience or indignation are true and earnest. Unfortunately as much cannot be said when pathos is required; her words are well *said*, but she does not seem to *feel* the emotion she is supposed to undergo. This appeared all the more as contrasted to the Henri de Neuville of Mr. W. T. Pugh, who, although he did not know his part half so well as the lady, delivered his lines in a very passionate and feeling manner. The Desmarests of Mr. F. Hoblyn was admirable, even the recollection of Belmore and Toole in that character does not put his performance in the shade. Mr. George Fox was satisfactory as Fouché, and Mr. Wallace Briggs better suited with the part of De Cevennes than with the one that fell to his lot in the comedietta.

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Miss Elaine Verner's fourth Costume Dramatic Recital took place on June 14 at St. James's Hall. She was supported by Miss Maud Verner, Mr. Arthur Lilley, and Mr. Alexander Watson. The musical element was represented by Signor Rix, Mr. Ernest Bernard, and Herr Turmaund Liebich, and, with the exception of Signor Rix, was very bad, Mr. Ernest Bernard accomplishing that extraordinary feat of singing down in his boots, through his nose. Although I consider Miss Elaine Verner a better actress than she is a recitress, it is my conviction that selections from plays are a mistake. However good the fragments chosen, it is impossible for performers or audience to work themselves up to the proper pitch, and to grasp the situation, when one has not been through the scenes that lead up to it. I also think "The Charge of the Light Brigade" unfit for a woman. It wants the strong and even rough voice of a man to give it full power. You ought to be able to fancy it is one of them who is telling the sad and glorious story. Miss Elaine Verner has a tender and melodious voice, but it is wanting in force, and her gestures in recitation are not always appropriate. Her reading of "The Women of Mumbles Head" was disappointing. It was sweetly and tearfully given, but she seemed to miss all the points, and hurried over some of the best lines: it seemed as if she had learned the words and not the meaning. As I have said before, Miss Elaine Verner is best as an actress. I once saw her in "The Lady of Lyons," and the result was much more satisfactory. Mr. Arthur Lilley is stagey to the utmost. His assumed madness in Hamlet and Eugene Aram was a very good representation of a drunken man, and I feel indebted to him for a hearty laugh. The entertainment having concluded before the time stated

on the programme, it was announced that Mr. Arthur Lilley had kindly consented to give another recitation. On hearing of the unexpected pleasure in store for them, the audience took to their heels and fled. The one treat of the evening was the excellent and pathetic rendering of G. R. Sims' "The Lifeboat," by Mr. Alexander Watson.

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Signor Tito Mattei may be congratulated on the complete success of the Grand Concert organized by him in aid of the Earlswood Asylum, Redhill. The programme was rich indeed, comprising the names of such artistes as Mdlle. Marie Marimon, Miss Santley, Madame Mattei, Madame Nadine Engally, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Mr. Barrington Foote, Signor Palmieri, Signor Zoboli, Signor Guido Popini, and Signor Tito Mattei. We are pleased to see Madame Mattei (Mdlle. Colombo) coming forward again after so long an absence. Mdlle. Marie Marimon surpassed herself, and Miss Santley's sweet and sympathetic voice charmed all hearers. We regret to say that Signor Foli was prevented from appearing, having met with an accident. In consequence, Mr. Barrington Foote's splendid voice was heard in an extra song. To give Mr. Santley his due of praise is difficult. To say that his singing is perfect, that his voice is as good as ever it was, that his rendering of the old English songs is most quaintly witty, and his singing of "The Erle King," a masterly and dramatic piece of lyrical declamation, might seem exaggerated to those not present, and his hearers would think it fell far short of his deserts. One of the most interesting features of the evening was the début, in this country, of the Russian contralto, Madame Nadine Engally. This lady, so well known and appreciated by the Parisian public, was the original Méala in Massé's "Paul and Virginia," and her admirable creation of that character is a thing to be remembered. On this occasion Mdlle. Engally chose "Oh Mon Fils" (*La Prophète*) as her principal solo. We recollect hearing her sing it some years ago, and think she has gained much in dramatic power; dramatic singers are rare since the death of the never-replaced Theresa Tietjens. Madame Engally has a splendid voice, and should be welcomed in London; but she cannot complain about her first reception. It is a pity that she did not sing one of Glinka's lovely Russian airs, as they suit her admirably.

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The quaint little Windsor Theatre has recently been the scene of some very pleasant theatricals, that have attracted the attention of the neighbourhood and garrison. Miss Gladys Homfrey has enacted Juliana in "The Honeymoon;" and, following the Cushman and Vestvali precedent, has appeared as Romeo. Miss Marie de Grey was the Juliet on one important occasion. But perhaps the most marked success throughout the campaign was made by Miss Minnie Bell, a vivacious actress, but whose vivacity is tempered by a very sincere vein of natural pathos. This clever lady is well known as an excellent elocutionist, but her performances in "The Bonnie Fishwife" and "The Unequal Match" give her claim to the title of a very clever actress of emotional character.

# THE THEATRE.

*August, 1883.*

## The Autobiography of an Actor.\*

ARRIVED in London, and received with an *empressement* which I scarcely deserved more than the Prodigal Son of Scripture, the first thought of the head of the family was my future. The old objections to certain pursuits and professions, were revived and abandoned. Pride suggested, on the one hand what was pecuniarily impracticable—the cost of a legal training ; *la mia madre* could not afford to gratify her whims, and the maiden aunt would only assist in putting me into a groove that should find its mortal terminus in a bishopric. My own pride revolted at trade or a clerkship. While the subject engrossed the thoughts of the “woman kind” I endeavoured to improve my mind by wandering about the streets of London, stopping at shop windows to read the playbills. Passing down the Strand one afternoon I was hailed with “Hullo, old chap! how are you? where are you going? what are you doing?” This salutatory address came from an old schoolfellow, one Tipling, who had gone into the mercantile-marine service, and though not more than twenty-three years of age, had become, by virtue of the combined potent influences of money and patronage, the captain of a small brig. I was glad to meet Tipling—“Bob Tip” as we used to call him, and sometimes “Old Tip,” from his seniority in the establishment for young gentlemen. In a few words I possessed Tipling with a knowledge of my past experiences on the stage—my present indifference to the *dolce far niente*, and my doubtful prospects of anything in particular. After a little chat over a glass of sherry and a biscuit at the “Golden Cross,”—“I’ll tell you what it is,” said

\* Continued from THE THEATRE for June, 1883.



Tipling, "this sort of thing won't do, you know. You must move up. What do you say to making a voyage to Calcutta, eh?—I can ship you as captain's clerk or purser, and who knows but what you may take a liking to the sea?—Come, at all events!" The idea was new—and therefore agreeable to me. A consultation took place at home; and as I manifested an inclination to accept my sailor friend's proposition, all objections were put aside, the rather, as I suspect, that it was feared if I did not obtain the assent of the proper authority I should go on my own hook. At the next interview with Tipling, to announce my gracious acceptance of his kind offer, he told me that he had made already two voyages to India and had formed several acquaintances at Calcutta, "where, by the way," he added, "they have a fine slap-up theatre, and a lot of good amateur actors, and I shouldn't wonder if they were glad of such an accession as you might become upon an introduction to my friend Colonel Playfair." If there could have lingered any objection in my "heart of hearts" to the office of purser in a brig with a small crew and the confinement of a ship, the dramatic prospect would have dissipated it at once. But I was *sea-primed*, so, after a visit to the London Docks where the brig (the "Jolly Betsy") was taking in a cargo of sundries for the Calcutta shopkeepers, I called on the other owners of the vessel; for Tipling had only a third share and the Captain's profit in private trade, and was duly installed as "purser and captain's clerk," on a liberal salary of two pounds per month, my board, washing and lodging. The voyage was pleasant enough—I learnt something about ships and navigation, and was sufficiently impressed with the idea that if a man wishes to swing his or any other man's cat, he must not attempt the feat in the cabin of a purser of a brig of 300 or 400 tons. Excepting Tipling, who was necessarily much upon deck, absolutely keeping watch (for he had only one mate), I had no companion; but I sometimes put aside my book, studies, and accounts, to chat with seamen who appeared a cut above the rest of the ship's company—ten in number. There was one queer fellow in the lot, Jim Squales by name, who had been to Calcutta, and was accidentally left behind because he was not on board at the time appointed for the sailing of the ship of which he was master-at-arms, Billy Ducks, and captain of the after-guard rolled into one. The fact was, that meeting an old friend, for "auld lang syne" he got a "drappee in his ee" at the

critical moment, and couldn't see his way clearly to the banks of the Hoogly, where the craft lay at anchor. While staying at Calcutta, looking out for another ship, he was tempted to go to the theatre and offer his services as "utility," and they were accepted *sans façon*. From him I gathered some rather imperfect information respecting the amateurs, whom he described as "*ammytoors as was prematoor or himmatoor*." The "Jolly Betsy" anchored in the Hoogly, off Calcutta; a little over four months since we had sighted Land's End. On the day following our arrival, Tip hired a buggy and drove me round the town, a regular city of palaces, each residence of a "somebody" being within a separate enclosure or garden; and having previously reported himself to the agents of his little ship, he called at the office of Surgeon Horace Hayman Wilson and Mr. Parker, a civilian. These were occupants of valuable offices which they filled with great credit. Wilson was a profound Oriental scholar, and ultimately became Sanscrit Professor and Custodian of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Parker was the son of a famous *danseuse*. He had served in the Peninsular War as a commisariat clerk and was transferred to the Bengal Civil Service through the agency of Lord Moira, afterwards Governor-General. Both Wilson and Parker expressed their pleasure at making the acquaintance of a gentleman of dramatic proclivities, and I was instantly invited to fill the part of Sir Richard Vernon in the "First Part of Henry IV.," to be played in a few evenings. I was enchanted. I had played the character once in Bluffin's company, and revelled in the delivery of the description of "Young Harry with his beaver up." Parker, who was stage manager, had me equipped in suitable costume—a helm, a tabard, and leggings of black velvet studded with little silver circlets composed of *coffin furniture*. The same lugubrious material, a portable *memento mori*, was used by Hotspur, the Prince, and the King. Falstaff, in the hands of Colonel Playfair of the Artillery, was well read, but only flavoured a little with unctuous humour. He was of large physique and needed but little artificial stuffing. A couple of weeks later I was entrusted with Careless in "The School for Scandal." A Mrs. Kelley—a sergeant's wife—was the Lady Teazle, and seemed to me as good an actress as I had seen in the provinces. She enjoyed a great advantage in playing with such accomplished men as the Calcutta Amateurs.

As "Tip's" brig had gone into dock to get copper-fastened, or some such operation, I passed my time partly in the society of the town, but chiefly in rehearsing and acting. It was a pleasant vocation, and not the less entertaining because of the numerous blunders and unrehearsed stage-effects arising from the *laissez aller* of the performers. Some of these live in my memory after the lapse of more than half a century. There was a Colonel Doyle, a staff officer of fine figure and expressive features, with a good-toned voice. He was the leader in high comedy—then called "genteel." He acted on all occasions, but was never perfect; for he had a wretched memory and took no pains to study. The prompter was his grand resource. But in one character he had to deliver a long speech, which was the key to the unravelment of the entire plot of the play. He knew so little of it at the rehearsal, that I feared a *fiasco* that night, and entreated him to con it fifty times. "Oh, I shall be all right when we play the piece," was his reply. The night came; the scene was reached. I played the interlocutor, and listened with irrepressible tremor for the delivery of *the* speech. "And, now," said Doyle, giving the words of the part, "I must a fact reveal." I began to breathe more freely, "but"—[my heart was up to my mouth again]—"as we may be disturbed here, come with me into the corridor;" and half dragging me in a state of indescribable alarm and mortification, we quitted the stage together, leaving the audience in awful bewilderment as to the sequel.

There was a Mr. Linton in the company who had once been one of the choristers at Covent Garden. He made a decent livelihood as a music teacher in Calcutta, and was employed at the theatre to conduct the orchestra, and write music for melodramas. He likewise took parts in plays from time to time, but his memory was often at fault. Playing Julius Cæsar one night in Shakspeare's tragedy, and forgetting the words of his *rôle*, he (as Cæsar) addressed Cassius, who stood at a little distance from him, saying, "And pray, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?" Cassius astounded, knowing that it was Cæsar's cue to speak, immediately replied, "if you come to that, what have you, sir, to say for yourself?" "You shall know directly," rejoined Linton, to the great diversion of the audience, while he coolly walked to the prompter, and snatching the



play out of his hand, put on his spectacles and proceeded to read the words!

A Captain Brown, who commanded one of the smaller merchant ships laying in the river, volunteered to sing one of Incledon's or Charles Dibdin's famous sea songs, and dance a hornpipe, between the play and farce. Going to the theatre very early, he dressed himself like a Jack Tar of the approved type; and when I reached the stage I found him walking about in a state of effervescence. "All right, old fellow!" said he; "I've had a bottle of champagne, and am up to the mark." "Good!" I replied; "keep yourself cool until the time comes for the song." We played a three-act comedy. I was stage-manager, but had a part in the piece. Every time I left the stage I found our friend wandering about, "primed," as he called it, with the contents of an extra bottle of Cliquot. He was not tipsy, but "awfully jolly." At length the curtain having fallen on the comedy, the orchestra prepared to play the prelude to "Jack's" song and hornpipe. At the proper moment I said to him, "Now go in and win." He rushed upon the stage, was greeted with a sufficiency of applause, and, as I hoped, was going to astonish the natives. But before he opened his lips, he stared at the crowd of heads and expectant faces, and never having beheld such a sight before, his courage forsook him. "Bless my eyes and limbs," he more than muttered, and bounded off the stage, ran out of the theatre, and was never seen more in that locality. A few years later I met him in the streets of London, and recalling the *fiasco*, he called out, "No more of that, Hal, as thou lovest me." It was a singular case of stage-fright.

An incident not strictly theatrical, but arising out of my connection with the amateurs, may fairly claim introduction here.

A ball was given at Government House on the night following the performance of "Henry IV." the costume of Prince Henry, which part I had been permitted to play (Parker being ill), exhibited my figure, such as it was (I had improved since I left Bluffins), to some advantage, and I took care that the influence which it might have exercised over any susceptible limb should not be dimmed by "plain clothes." So I went to the ball equipped as a light-horse volunteer. For some part of the night I saw the handful of attractive girls and pretty married women monopolized

by fat majors, bedizened and attenuated captains, and men in black coats and white cotton continuations, who were probably judges and their assistants, collectors of revenue, and secretaries to Government. Few of the lot could dance with any grace. They tripped in vales and blundered through quadrilles, to the great annoyance of their youthful partners, who had at least learned dancing in England or France. And this (to me) painful exhibition went on for two hours, by which time all the fogies of the assembly had had their innings. Then came the turn of the young hands. Introduced to a smart aide-de-camp by a gentleman in a high position, with a request that I might be provided with a partner, the aide at once led me up to a fair damsel of surpassing loveliness; dark hair, grey eyes, and all that, and mentioned me as a candidate for her hand in the next valse. If he had extended the nature of my desire I should not have hesitated. Miss Wilhelmina Kalb'sfleisch was exquisitely beautiful. The memory of earlier loves would have been effaced at once if it had not already evaporated. The valse was delicious, and we had scarcely come to a halt when supper was announced in the banquetting-hall, and it was my privilege to escort my partner to the table. Oh! the intoxication of that hour of juxta-position. I helped Wilhelmina to patties, lobster-salad, ham-sandwiches and cakes. We hobnobbed in champagne—I don't remember how often. We looked into each other's eyes until the wine somewhat dimmed their lustre. Under our mutual pull the bon-bon crackers exploded like infantry file firing *à discrétion*. How long the delicious bewilderment would have lasted I could not say, for at a moment of uncontrollable excitement, Mrs. Kalb'sfleisch, *mère*, came behind, tapped her daughter on the shoulder, and intimated that Colonel Twabbertash, as she called Sabretache, had just arrived from Chandernagores, and wished to have the pleasure of dancing with her. She at once sprang up, and I would have done the same, but the champagne had laid hold of my legs, and I arose slowly, offered my arm, which the horrible mother declined, and then moved to the ball-room to feast my optics, as well as I could, on the form which I beheld enclased by a gaunt old ruffian, who capered as only French officers will. I gnashed my teeth, and would have sought an introduction to the fiend simply to quarrel with and shoot him; but he did not give me the chance of fulfilling my deadly purpose. For after the dance he escorted Mrs. K.



and Wilhelmina to their carriage, actually entered it with them and drove off. Half frantic with jealousy and rage, I asked Captain Allsop, the A.D.C., to tell me all about the parties. He informed me that old Kalb'sfleisch, who did not go to the ball, was a judge at the Danish settlement of Serampore, some thirty miles up the river; that he had sent his daughter to Europe to get an education; that she had recently returned with her mother, and was courted by Colonel Sabretache, who commanded the fifty soldiers who formed the garrison and guard of the Governor of the French settlement of Chandernagore, forty miles away. There was no time to lose. Early the next day I hired a barge called a *budgerow*, adapted to river travelling on the Ganges, and went up to Serampore. Arrived at the Kalb'sfleisch mansion in the afternoon, I sent up my card. The servant came back with the Bebee Sahib's (Madame's) *salaam*. I was admitted. Madame was seated, but rose with a faint smile to receive me. Soon after entered Wilhelmina, with my card between her dainty fingers. She looked at the pasteboard and then at me. "Is it possible?" she exclaimed, "that your name is Muggins?" "It is," I faintly replied. "Himmel! What a name!" I did not think it a bit uglier than her own. "I thought your name was Silverton?" "Oh—yes—my theatrical name." I felt at the moment that my cause was damaged in its incipience. I had come to ask her to change *her* name, and adopt that of the descendants of the Norman Mouganivilles. But the expression of her astonishment; not to say her disgust, induced me to postpone the momentous question. After a few observations on the pleasure of the previous night, I ventured to ask if the old colonel with whom Wilhelmina danced was a particular friend. "He is not *so* old," put in mamma, "he is a friend of the family;—a very *dear* friend." I was choked, and stammering out a petition to repeat my visit, was assured, with some show of cordiality, that both mother and daughter would be "*delighted*." I went back to Calcutta not quite crestfallen, but rather disappointed. However, two days later I received a special invitation to dinner and a small musical party at the "Schloss," as Kalb'sfleisch, who was an old German, called his house. Needless to say I was overwhelmed with joy. It was a very pleasant gathering. The ogre—the colonel—was not of the party. When I was about to leave, Madame K. informed me that the judge insisted on my accepting a bed and



becoming the guest of the family. Wilhelmina added her entreaties to her father's desire. I yielded *sans façons*. The door opened to my hopes. I would declare myself at the first favourable moment. I stayed three days. "How merrily the hours of Thalaba went by." Shut up in the house all day, I was scarcely a moment out of the dear girl's society. She played and sang very fairly. German music—the best of all music—was her passion. I said a thousand soft things to her as pioneers of the final appeal. She blushed and sighed, and sighed and blushed again.

It was on the evening of the third day mamma and papa went out for a drive. I seized the moment, "Would she, could she—be mine and mine alone?" She gave no reply, but murmured "Muggins," adding, "what a hideous name!" I quoted Shakespeare—"a rose by any other name," &c. "Yes," she replied, in rather a pettish manner; but "nothing *could* sweeten the name of Muggins." In a paroxysm of love I vowed I would change it for her sake. I would write home and get an Act of Parliament to alter it to any name she chose to select. She said that she would consult *paterfamilias*. When the females of the family had retired to rest that night, the old Judge asked me to walk into the library and have a chat while he smoked his *meerschaum*. I followed him. He ordered a bottle of Rudesheimer and some brandy-and-water. They were brought. After an ominous pause, he said: "*Mein lieber Freund*, you lof *mein Minna*—hein?" I did not hesitate to answer, "*Ya, mit alles mein Herz*." My Dutch or German could go no further. "If I gif my consent you will marry her?" "*Ya, certainement, monsieur*—and no mistake." "You good younker man; you rich?" "Not very," I tremulously uttered. "Vot pay you get?" Here was a poser! It had never occurred to me before that filthy lucre would enter into the arrangement. It never struck me that I had no pay, no position—nothing, in short, but what my mother allowed me, which was rather a limited income, and came irregularly. I scarcely knew what to answer; but as truth always saves a lot of trouble, and is more agreeable to the conscience, I frankly told my "Minna's" father that I had no fixed allowance; but that I did not doubt my mother would increase it on hearing of my marriage, and that with the dowry the Herr intended to

bestow on his daughter we should get on very well together. "Mein Gott!" exclaimed Squaretoes; you got noising den. I have no got one thaler—you are one *teufel*—I am one poor *teufel*—we are two poor *teufels*. Better we break off dis pizness—Gute nacht!" And he went to bed abruptly. The next morning I was left to breakfast alone. The Judge was ill; Madame had a headache; and Wilhelmina "would write to me"! The hint could not be mistaken. I went home like a dog with his tail between his legs. I heard nothing for two days, and then came a missive from Wilhelmina:—

"It is past—the dream is past—the sweet illusion is dispelled. I will not say my heart is broken, for I had no heart left to break, after the fatal night when I first met Adolphus ——. [I cannot write the odious surname.] He vanquished me, and took my heart—nay, my very soul away. And will he return my heart? I know he will. Farewell! Think sometimes of the forlorn

"MINNA."

Well, as her heart was of no use to any but the original possessor, I would have enclosed it to her in an envelope, but the thing was a physical impossibility. And, after all, I only held the figurative heart; and as that could no more be restored than the more substantial article which was still in her custody, I wrote the following tender lines, which, I may confess, were "taken from the French," like the eagles at Waterloo:—

"Give me my heart!" my Minna, pouting, cried—  
 "Reason demands, and must be satisfied!"  
 "Yes, charming girl, the high-prized gift receive,  
 Soft and unsullied, as when first you gave.  
 But, ah! remember in the peepul's shade  
 An interchange of willing hearts we made; !  
 Mingled, since then, so closely they combine,  
 I fear I never can distinguish thine!"

A youth of my own years and calibre having quarrelled with the mistress of his affections, she desired that he would return a lock of hair she had given him. With a degree of unparalleled malice and assurance he sent her a dozen locks, of divers colours (black, brown, red, and grey), bidding her take her choice, for he really could not distinguish hers from the others he had won or stolen on several previous *affaires du cœur*. I could not deal thus with the heart of Miss Kalb'sfleisch. The article was im-

palpable. But it was of little real consequence to her, as she soon captured the heart of the venerable scarecrow, Sabretache, and made use of that commodity instead of her own. I had the supreme satisfaction of hearing, a few months later, that she had severed the connection with the Colonel, after being led formally to the altar, and eloped with a Dutch barber.

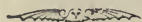


## Ad Amicam Meam.

**I**F through excess of love for you, my sweet,  
My passion did my temperate reason blind,  
If fretful fancy made my lips unkind,  
And words rang harsh, and thoughts were all unmeet  
To make the conquest of yourself complete :  
Forgive me, sweetheart ! Trust me, you will find  
Some day my love deep in your life entwined,  
And tendrilled round your innermost heart-beat.

Into Love's waters have I cast a stone,  
Where gently mirrored lay your face so fair,  
But now the rippling circles, wider grown,  
Have blurred the clear grey eyes and golden hair,  
Love ! can no love for all my faults atone ?  
Should the waves quiet, will you still be there ?

W. C. K. W.





## The Foyer of the Opéra Comique.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

IN one of the pleasantest passages of his delightful little volume "Parisine," Nestor Roqueplan divides the theatres of the Gallic metropolis into two distinct categories, "Chic" and "Pas Chic;" and unhesitatingly classes the Opéra Comique among the latter. Why so agreeable and popular a place of resort should be thus arbitrarily ostracised by a caprice of fashion is not easy to divine; but that the definition is correct, a very cursory inspection of its usual frequenters will suffice to show. The people you meet there—first nights and other special occasions of course excepted—are not the same you are in the habit of meeting either at the Opera or the three or four Thespian Temples more or less legitimately described as "Chic;" its proscenium boxes have little attraction for the butterfly population of the Quartier Bréda, and not even Sam Weller's "double million magnifying gas microscope of extra power" could succeed in discovering a single member of the Jockey Club in its stalls. Everywhere, from box to gallery, the "bourgeois" element predominates; the Chaussée d'Antin is there in full force, and from the placid aspect of the portly dames sedately occupying the "balcon," you might almost fancy yourself in the theatre of some small German Residenz, and instinctively expect them to indulge in the national pastime of knitting when the curtain is down. The patrons of the Opéra Comique, happily for the financial prosperity of the establishment, have nothing of the weathercock about them; they are not to be seduced from their allegiance by the thousand and one novelties cropping up in all directions like mushrooms, and by their number and variety perpetually embarrassing the undecided playgoer, but remain constant to their own spacious and comfortable *salle*; and, considering that they thereby secure for themselves a quasi-monopoly of the most enjoyable music of the French school, it is clear that—"chic" or "pas chic"—they might do worse.

For my first and only introduction to the foyer of the Opéra Comique I was indebted to the courtesy of the excellent tenor and stage-manager Mocker, under whose protecting auspices I was enabled to verify what he had previously told me, that although larger and in every respect more commodious than any

other in Paris barring those of the Opera and the Comédie Française, it had little to recommend it in the way of sociability ; the ladies of the company rarely entering it save for a final glance at the mirror over the chimney-piece before "going on," and strangers, as a rule, being rigidly excluded. "Except Barbier and Carré, and one or two more of our house authors," said Mocker, "we hardly see an outsider from one year's end to another. The last I remember was a provincial, a cousin of the manager, whom he had pestered to let him in ; but, as it happened, he timed his visit rather badly. It was just before the dramatic artists' ball, which, as you know, takes place annually in our *salle* ; well, on these occasions it is naturally our object to dispose of as many tickets as possible for the benefit of the fund, and as soon as the news got about that a stranger was in the foyer, down came Madame This and Mdlle. That and the rest of them like a swarm of bees, and managed matters so cleverly that when the provincial took his leave, he carried away with him at least a couple of dozen tickets at ten francs a piece."

I have a faint recollection of hearing "La Part du Diable" at this theatre as far back as 1843, Madame Anna Thillon being included in the cast. It was not, however, until several years later that I had an opportunity of fairly appreciating the merits of this charming songstress at the Haymarket, in a mutilated version of the "Domino Noir." The only other member of the company possessing the shadow of a voice was Hudson, who seconded her creditably enough ; and any too glaring exhibition of inefficiency on the part of the remainder having been ingeniously obviated by simply cutting out whatever they had to sing, nothing occurred to mar the effect produced by the dulcet tone and luxuriant vocalization of the bewitching Angèle, one of the prettiest women and most graceful actresses it has ever been my good fortune to see. She had left Paris on my next visit to the Opéra Comique ; and Mdlle. Louise Lavoye, a young lady from Dunkirk, reigned in her stead. The new prima donna possessed a soprano voice of considerable extent ; but her style of singing and acting was so coldly correct and distressingly mechanical, that, well-trained musician as she was, she never became a favourite with the public, her qualities and defects having been accurately defined by Déjâzet, who, after hearing her in "L'Ambassadrice," pithily remarked that "even the best wine couldn't bear over-icing." No similar re-

proach could have been addressed to those admirable artists, Chollet and Mdlle. Prevost, neither of whom, unfortunately, I ever heard in their prime. It was a treat to listen to the "Tableau Parlant" and the "Maître de Chapelle" interpreted by them with all the unflagging spirit and humour of the old school, any vocal deficiencies being more than compensated by the excellence of the acting. The lady, it is true, was no longer the slim and elegant representative of Hérold's "Marie," nor had the lapse of years improved the effect of her partner's "Postillon de Lonjumeau;" although the latter contrived to make the most of what little voice remained to him, and when a high note came which was beyond his compass, contented himself with opening his mouth as wide as he could and leaving the orchestra to do the rest.

The mainstay, however, of the theatre at that period was the charming tenor Roger, than whom no more efficient and universally popular artist ever trod the boards of the Opéra Comique. He had everything in his favour—youth, good looks, a deliciously sympathetic voice, and a far greater share of histrionic capability than usually falls to the lot of a singer; a combination of qualities duly appreciated by the principal composers of the day, who invariably prefaced the offer of a novelty to the management by insisting on his co-operation as an essential guarantee of success. Auber wrote "La Sirène" and "Haydée" expressly for him, and Halévy fitted him to a nicety in "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine." To my mind, however, he never appeared to such advantage as in "La Dame Blanche;" even the old *habitués* of the theatre—the most persistent *laudatores temporis acti* I ever met with—allowing that in Boieldieu's masterpiece he *almost* equalled Ponchard. It was an unlucky day for Roger when he succumbed to the temptation of creating Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and abandoned his familiar surroundings for the less genial atmosphere of the Rue le Peletier, an experiment destined to result in the loss of his voice and his premature retirement from the stage. But of this more, perhaps, at some future time. *Ce qui est défféré n'est pas perdu.*

I always held Audran (the second tenor of the company) in high esteem after hearing him sing a couplet in "Haydée" beginning "Ainsi que vous," with such unwonted energy as positively to electrify the audience, who until then had regarded



him merely in the light of a tolerable substitute for Roger. His voice was hardly strong enough for leading parts, and he lacked the easy grace and gallant bearing of his "chef d'emploi;" but in episodic characters, such as the one alluded to, he had no superior. His little comrade Jourdan deserves a word of mention, if only for having almost exclusively monopolized, during the whole term of his engagement, the part of Daniel in the "Châlet;" when he played it with that lively and agreeable *boulotte*, Mdlle. Lemer cier, no more enjoyable "lever de rideau" could possibly be desired. As for Mocker, my cicerone in the foyer, and incomparably the best "ténor léger" the Opéra Comique has ever possessed in my time, I may content myself with endorsing the remark made by a lady after the first performance of Grisar's "Gille Ravisseur," the title-part in which had, as a matter of course, been entrusted to him. "Without Mocker," she said, "the piece would be simply 'Gille ravisseur,' with him it is 'Gille ravissant!'"

The only baritone of any note at that epoch was Bussine, the effect of whose naturally fine voice was constantly marred by his inability to sing in tune; he had not the remotest idea of acting, and except in "Les Porcherons" (also by Grisar), where for once he allowed himself to be carried away by the situation, and sang really well, never pleased either the critics or the public. The basso, Hermann Léon, who had succeeded to the post on the retirement of Henri, was, on the contrary, a thorough musician, an accomplished singer and comedian, and a clever draughtsman to boot; he invariably designed his own costumes, and created quite a sensation by his picturesque appearance as the Capitaine Roland in Halévy's "Mousquetaires de la Reine."

Talking of the composer of "La Juive," reminds me of an anecdote illustrative of his extreme sensitiveness to criticism, however unintentional. He had given his porter a ticket for the first representation of the "Mousquetaires," and asked him next morning how he had enjoyed his evening. "Prodigiously, monsieur," replied Père Mouton, "Monsieur knows I seldom sit up late, but last night I managed to keep my eyes open until the middle of an air in the third act." "Ah," said Halévy to himself, "I always thought that air was too long; I shall have to cut half of it out," and he did so.

A week or two later the same opera was played at the Tuileries by the express desire of Louis Philippe, and the composer was

naturally present on the occasion. Walking home at the close of the performance with a friend, he seemed unusually dejected and moody. "It will be a failure after all," he muttered.

"What do you mean?" inquired his companion. "It went off admirably, everyone was enchanted, and the King complimented you on your success. What more can you want?"

"You remember Darcier's couplet?" abruptly asked Halévy.

"The gem of the opera! of course I do."

"Well, *mon cher*, just as she was beginning the second verse, I saw—mind, distinctly saw—one of the chamberlains yawn!"

It is to be hoped for the credit of the courtier in question that the charge was unfounded, the idea of any such violation of good taste in the presence of the delightful siren referred to being manifestly inadmissible. Mdlle. Darcier was then the recognized pet of the habitués, an exceptional privilege she owed partly to a singularly sweet though far from powerful voice, and partly to a subtle and winning charm of manner peculiarly her own. Without being positively pretty, she had the brightest and most engaging smile imaginable; and it was a sad blow to her admirers when the announcement of her marriage and consequent retirement from the stage came upon them like a thunderbolt, leaving each, we may presume, for the time being at least, in a position similar to that of Calypso, "*qui ne pouvait se consoler.*"

Of a very different but thoroughly artistic type was Madame Ugalde, who, in spite of an unprepossessing exterior and a sharp wiry voice, held for several years a prominent position at the Opéra Comique, and by her strikingly original talent secured a temporary popularity for more than one production of doubtful merit, such as "*Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*" (in which, by-the-way, Couderc, a capital actor whose vocal powers were sadly on the wane, played the "*Divine Williams*"), and "*La Dame de Pique*." Her singing could scarcely be called either pleasing or melodious, but she certainly had the gift of exciting enthusiasm, as those who remember the startling effect of her drinking song in "*Galathée*" will readily allow. In 1851 she came to London, and appeared in Auber's "*Enfant Prodigue*;" the public of Her Majesty's, however, declined to endorse the favourable verdict of our neighbours across the Channel, and the experiment proved an utter failure.

That excellent basso and sterling comedian Battaille made a

highly successful début in Halévy's "Val d'Andorre," and subsequently justified the good opinion of the critics by his admirable performance of the Czar Peter in "L'Etoile du Nord." About the same time—chronological exactness not guaranteed—Mdlle. Henrion, a very pretty brunette, fresh from the Conservatoire, laid claim so bewitchingly to the dormant succession of Angèle in the "Domino Noir" that it would have been an unpardonable act of "lèse-beauté" to refuse her.

The comic element was represented by Sainte-Foy, the drollest of lyrical Jocrisses, who, with Mdlle. Revilly, a stately damsel invariably selected on account of her majestic demeanour to personate queens, princesses, and other ladies of high degree, had been members of the company since 1840. When a second auxiliary was needed for the buffo department, recourse was had to Ponchard *fils*, a most serviceable Proteus as easily fitted with parts as Master Squeers's feet were with boots, who skipped about the stage like a parched pea, and made himself generally useful. Once, on the occasion of a benefit, I had an opportunity of hearing Ponchard *père*, who had volunteered his services. He was received with all the honours due to his ancient reputation; but I must confess that the spectacle of an old gentleman, who ought to have been in bed hours before, twiddling an eyeglass and displaying the remnant of a voice in a trashy "romance," seemed to me neither edifying nor amusing.

It was on these boards that in 1849—where dates are concerned, like Todgers's, I can do it when I choose—Madame Carvalho, then Mdlle. Félix Miolan, inaugurated her brilliant career as the heroine of Adam's "Giralda." Young and inexperienced as she was, the future Marguerite of "Faust" at once conciliated the sympathy of her hearers by the quiet ease of her manner, and that marvellous purity of intonation which has ever been her distinguishing characteristic; and on her next appearance as Isabelle, in the "Pré-aux-Clercs," sang "Rendez-moi ma patrie" with such exquisite pathos as to extort from an old admirer of Hérold the flattering admission that, although he had listened to the air a hundred times, he had never really felt its beauty before. Another promising and equally well-trained recruit was Mdlle. Caroline Duprez, daughter of the celebrated tenor, and the original Catherine in "L'Etoile du Nord." Her voice was naturally thin in quality—a mere thread, in fact; but she



managed it with consummate skill, and her taste and method were alike irreproachable. If she could not be called a great singer, she was assuredly a very pleasing one; and, with the single exception of Mdme. Frezzolini, the most perfectly ladylike actress I ever saw on the stage.

My earliest recollection of Faure dates from the production of Grisar's "*Chien du Jardinier*," which lively operetta may be regarded as his first step on the ladder of fame. How he has gradually worked his way to the summit, and achieved for himself a world-wide celebrity, as by many degrees the most accomplished vocal artist of his day need not be recorded here; but as a proof that even at the outset of his career great things were predicted of him, I may quote a remark made after one of his admirable performances of "*Joconde*" by Lambert Thiboust, the clever vaudevillist who died so prematurely; "*Vous verrez*," said he, "*que ce gaillard là ira de plus Faure en plus Faure, comme chez Nicolet !*"

His wife, better known in the annals of this theatre as Mdle. Lefebvre, was as irresistibly fascinating a specimen of the true Parisienne (in the most eulogistic sense of the term) as Balzac ever described or Gavarni sketched; a more charming combination of grace and witchery it was impossible to conceive. She had the prettiest lisp imaginable, which disappeared when she sang, but gave an additional piquancy to her acting; her voice was fresh, sweet and flexible, and her intonation faultless. She once took it into her head to play "*Un Monsieur et une Dame*" for somebody's benefit at the Vaudeville, and I asked Arnal after the performance what he thought of her. "*Ne m'en parlez pas*," he replied; "*I was so taken up with admiring the little sorceress that I never acted worse in all my life !*"

When Mdle. Lefebvre undertook her favourite part of Zerline, the Fra Diavolo was generally Montaubry, a remarkably good-looking tenor, but rather too conscious of it; as a singer, I infinitely preferred Léon Achard, a thoroughly sterling artist, and by far the best representative of Georges in "*La Dame Blanche*" since the days of Roger.

The revival of Boieldieu's "*Jean de Paris*" introduced us to two lately engaged recruits, Mdle. Boulard, an attractive Princess of Navarre, who warbled that delicious melody "*Quel plaisir d'être en voyage*" very sweetly; and Stockhausen, a fairly-gifted baritone,

but, if, possible, a more ungainly comedian than his predecessor Bussine. Madame Cabel also appeared in "Manon Lescaut;" she vocalized as brilliantly as ever, but her voice had entirely lost its freshness, and become disagreeably wiry.

I must not omit to mention Mdle. Cico, a painstaking and intelligent soprano transplanted to the boards of the Opéra Comique from a café concert in the Palais Royal, and a pleasing Angèle in the "Domino Noir;" she was a sister of Pauline Cico of the Vaudeville, but not nearly as pretty. Her début was followed by that of Madame Galli Marié, the original Mignon in Ambroise Thomas' opera; she sang "Connais tu le pays" charmingly, and it would be difficult to imagine a more exact embodiment of Ary Scheffer's type of Goethe's heroine.

With the production of one of Auber's final efforts, "Le Premier jour de Bonheur," my reminiscences of this theatre will have reached their assigned limits; and an anecdote recorded of this most genial composer will appropriately close them. He was leaving the Opera one evening, accompanied by an intimate friend of nearly his own age, when the latter rather fretfully observed that they were both growing old.

"Que veux-tu?" replied Auber in his usual phlegmatic and take-it-easy tone; "we must make the best of it, for it is our only chance now of living at all!"



## Troilus to Cressida.

"O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!"—*Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. 2.

O CRESSIDA! thou'st brought me nigh to death;  
 The glory of my manhood's strength is gone—  
 My hopes have perish'd with thy broken faith!  
 To know thee *false*! Ye gods, I could have borne  
 Ten thousand maddening martyrdoms for thee,  
 Had I ne'er known the darkening stain that soils  
 The pristine whiteness of thy purity;—  
 Oh, when I look on thee, the fierce blood boils  
 And surges through my veins like living fire,—  
 Yea, thou art beautiful, but thou must die;  
 Ee'n thou, fair Cressid! and with wild desire  
 I long to slay thee, oh thou loveliest Lie,  
 And hurl thy spirit to its native hell,—  
 No more,—I leave thee to thy fate. Farewell!

MARIE CORELLI.



# Mozart in the Theatre and at Home.

BY C. J. STONE.

MICHAEL KELLY relates, in his "Reminiscences," that in 1784 three operas were on the *tapis* of the Imperial Court Theatre of Vienna. One of these was Beaumarchais' French comedy of "Le Mariage de Figaro," which Da Ponte had rendered into Italian opera for Mozart. Each composer claimed the right to have his work produced first. And while the Italian Regini was "working like a mole in the dark to get precedence, Mozart was as touchy as gunpowder, and swore that he would throw his score into the fire if his opera was not produced first." The third candidate, the Maestro di Capello, was also working with crooked wisdom, and his claims were backed by three of the principal performers. Every one of the opera company took part in the contest. "I, alone," says Kelly, "was a stickler for Mozart. He had a claim upon my warmest wishes, from my adoration of his powerful genius, and the debt of gratitude which I owed him for many personal favours."

The mighty contest was terminated by His Majesty Joseph II. issuing a mandate for Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" to be instantly put into rehearsal. "No one," writes Kelly, "enjoyed more than himself the little great man's triumph over his rivals."

Never was opera more strongly cast. The original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. His little, animated countenance lighted up with the glowing rays of genius, till Kelly felt description to be as impossible as the painting of sunbeams. At the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage, with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked-hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Bennuci sang Figaro's "Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso," with such power and animation, that Mozart himself repeated, *sotto voce*, "Bravo! bravo, Bennuci!" When he came to the fine passage, "Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar," which he poured forth with stentorian lungs, the effect was electric. The whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "Bravo! bravo, maestro! Viva! viva! grande Mozart!" And the orchestra long continued to applaud by beating the bows of their fiddles against the music-desks. The



little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, the enthusiastic plaudits. Kelly informs us that he performed the conspicuous part of the stuttering judge. In the sestetto Mozart requested that he would abandon the stuttering for fear lest he should spoil the music. Apologizing for his presumption, Kelly urged that he could produce the due effect without interfering with the other parts. With hesitation Mozart consented to his having his own way; And crowded houses testified to the brilliant success of the experiment. The audience on the first night were convulsed with laughter, in which Mozart himself joined. The Emperor repeatedly called out "Bravo!" and the piece was loudly applauded and encored. When the opera was over Mozart came to Kelly, on the stage, and, shaking him by both hands, said, "Bravo, young man! I feel obliged to you; and acknowledge you to have been in the right, and myself in the wrong." Kelly observes that he had never since seen the judge portrayed as a stutterer.

He states that he was first introduced to Mozart at Kozeluch's, a great composer for the pianoforte. The mighty genius favoured the company with fantasias and capriccios on the pianoforte. He was astounded by the feeling with which he played, the rapidity of his fingers, the great execution and strength of his left hand, and the apparent inspiration of his modulations. At supper Kelly was placed between himself and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady of whom he was passionately fond, and by whom he had three children. He conversed a good deal about Thomas Linley, the first Mrs. Sheridan's brother, with whom he had been intimate at Florence, and spoke of him with great affection. He said that Linley was a true genius, and that, if he had lived, he would have been one of the greatest ornaments of the musical world.

After supper the younger portion of the company proceeded to dance, and Mozart joined them very zealously. Madame Mozart informed Kelly that, great as his genius was in music, he was such an enthusiast in dancing that he often said that his taste lay in that art rather than in music.

Kelly describes him as being a remarkably small man, with a profusion of fine, fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He was exceedingly cordial in his hospitality and essentially kind-hearted. If, however, the slightest noise was made, when he was playing, he immediately left off. He conferred a high compliment upon Kelly's composition of a little melody; but when the latter pro-

posed to devote himself to the study of counterpoint, he said :—  
“My good lad, you ask my advice, and I will give it to you candidly. Had you studied composition when you were at Naples, and when your mind was not devoted to other pursuits, you would, perhaps, have done wisely. Now, your profession of the stage must, and ought to, occupy all your attention. It would be an unwise measure to enter into a dry study. You may take my word for it, Nature has made you a melodist, and you would only disturb and perplex yourself. Reflect that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Should there be errors in what you write, you will find hundreds of musicians, in all parts of the world, capable of correcting them. Do not disturb your natural gift—melody is the essence of music. I compare a good melodist to a fine racer and counterpointists to hack post-horses, therefore be advised, let well alone, and remember the old Italian proverb, “‘C hi sa più meno sa’—Who knows most, knows least.”

Kelly remarks that Mozart was very liberal in giving praise to those that deserved it; but felt a thorough contempt for insolent mediocrity. He was a member of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna and Verona ; and when at Rome, the Pope conferred on him the Cross and Brevet of Knight of Le Spiron de l’Ora.

Kelly relates that his friend Storace gave a quartette party at Vienna, in which the players were tolerable, though not one excelled upon his instrument. Still there was a little science amongst them :—The First Violin, Haydn ; Second Violin, Baron Dittersdorf ; Violoncello, Vanhall ; Tenor, Mozart. After the musical feast they sat down to a very excellent supper, at which they became very joyous and lively. In fact, gay suppers seem to have been a very constant and charming feature of the Mozart period. Kelly observes that the great composer was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage he had seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard-table in his house, upon which Kelly invariably came off second best in numerous games with him.

Kelly relates that when he went to take leave of “the immortal Mozart and his charming wife and family,” he could hardly tear himself away. At parting, both shed tears ; and the volatile, talented young Irishman quitted Vienna with a heart full of grief and gratitude. Mozart gave him a letter to his father at the Court of Saltzburg, whom he found to be a pleasing, intelligent little man.

## Requiescat in Pace!

A DREAM.

LAST night I wakened in a strange sad place,  
 Shadowed in gloom and dreamy mystery ;  
 One stood before me with accusing face,  
 Bearing a scroll inscribed with my life's history.  
 I cried, "Where am I?" Murmurs answered—  
 "Dost thou not know, poor mortal? Thou art dead!"

"I am not dead!—not yet! It cannot be  
 But yesterday, in summer's idle weather,  
 She rested on my heart, and clung to me :  
 If this be so, why are we not together?"  
 But still there came those murmurings that said—  
 "She is not here—'tis finished! Thou art dead!"

"I have not spoken my farewell!" I cried :  
 "I have but kiss'd her lips caressingly.  
 She promised to be with me when I died,  
 To pray for this poor soul of mine distressingly."  
 A waving hand was passed above my head :  
 "Rest thou in peace!—be patient! Thou art dead!"

"There is no peace," I moaned, "for I adore !  
 Dost thou not see my bitter tears are falling?  
 What is the use of life for evermore,  
 When her sad voice upon my soul is calling?  
 When did I die? tell me," I murmured.  
 "What matters it?" they answered : "thou art dead!"

"But yesternight we sat beside the lake,  
 And whispered there of our sweet love's futurity—  
 Our life to come! And then she bade me take  
 From off her lips kisses for my security.  
 We were as lovers, longing to be wed!"  
 "All that is over, mortal : thou art dead!"

Far off I see her, in the land I've left,  
 Her sorrow shed from eyelids streamingly ;  
 A maiden widow of her love bereft ;  
 And I can only hear my darling dreamingly :  
 "Have patience, and endure. Be comforted.  
 "She shall be thine hereafter! Thou art dead!"

C. S.



## Our Musical-Box.

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THREE of the most important concerts of the 1883 Season came off immediately after press requirements had compelled me to shut up my Musical Box last month. On the "better-late-than-never" principle, however, and in order not to leave a too conspicuous hiatus in THE THEATRE'S record of musical events, I venture to accord brief mention to these interesting entertainments. On June 25 (the day also selected by Mr. Percy Blandford for his Annual *Matinée* at St. James's Hall, which, as its excellent programme merited, was fully attended), Prosper Sainton, having completed his seventieth year, and more than half a century of inestimable service to the Divine Art, took an impressive and touching farewell of the London public, his debtor for so much pleasure and instruction during a period of unequalled moment in the history of English musical development. Artists, amateurs, and friends alike rallied round the veteran violinist, filling the vast Albert Hall with such a gathering of social celebrities as can seldom be got together in the height of the season, and gave their old favourite a reception that brought happy, grateful tears to his eyes. Not less enthusiastic was the greeting with which Charlotte Sainton-Dolby was encountered as she appeared upon the platform to sing for her husband on the occasion of his last performance in public. Twenty years had passed away since I had listened to the voice of our peerless English contralto, whose retirement from public life preceded M. Sainton's by nearly that interval of time ; to my delighted surprise, the old richness of tone and perfection of production thrilled and moved me the other day as of yore. Her singing of "Strangers yet," a simple lay by "Claribel," was to me inexpressibly touching, and affected the majority of the audience no less deeply than myself. It was, I do not hesitate to say, the salient attraction of the concert, although Santley sang and Sainton played as only those great artists can sing and play ; and would have been so, for many of those present, even had Adelina Patti and Sims Reeves not been prevented by illness from fulfilling their promises to the *beneficiaire*.

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The concerts yearly given by Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. Kuhe belong to a class of musical entertainment peculiar to this capital. They are formidably comprehensive, and last for many hours at a stretch. Their programmes contain from thirty to forty items, and are executed, as a rule, by the leading vocalists and instrumentalists of the day, thus constituting, as it were, *résumés* of the musical season's special achievements. This year they came off with undiminished *éclat*—the former at St. James's Hall, the latter at Mrs. Sassoon's house in Belgrave Square—and were, as usual, powerfully supported by "Society." Lady Benedict's crisp and intelligent playing was one of the most pleasing features of her venerable husband's concert, at which Pauline Lucca and Edward Lloyd sang most admirably.

Mr. Kuhe's matinée introduced a new dramatic reciter to the public in the person of his second daughter, Miss Georgina Kuhe, who declaimed Clement Scott's stirring poem, "The Women of Mumbles Head," with laudable vigour and pathos. George Grossmith contributed one of his side-splitting "Sketches," and Ovide Musin a brilliantly played violin solo, to the afternoon's entertainment, which, by the very circumstance that it was excellent throughout, triumphantly disproved the axiom, "one cannot have too much of a good thing." Reverting for a moment to the Benedict concert, I cannot forbear paying a tribute of well-deserved praise to the sweet singing of Miss Edith Santley, one of our most promising *cantatrici*, and to the magnificent rendering of Liszt's New Hungarian Rhapsody given by Madame Sophie Menter, who, on the 26th June, played in public for the *fifty-eighth* time during the brief London season, quitting England the very next day laden with splendidly earned honours, not to mention more solid tokens of public favour and private admiration.

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On Monday, July 2, the Richter "Cyklus" for 1883 closed with probably the finest performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony ever heard in this or any other country, preceded by a no less perfect orchestral interpretation of Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor (No. 8), and by a clever, though unequal, rendering of Max Bruch's First Concerto for violin and orchestra, the solo part of which had been entrusted to Herr Ernst Schiever, Hans Richter's *chef d'attaque*. An assemblage of music-lovers that thronged St. James's Hall well-nigh to suffocation—for the weather was unusually sultry—took leave of the great conductor until October next with cheers and plaudits that left no doubt as to the sincerity of their regard for the man and appreciation of the musician. Well satisfied with the result of his labours, Hans Richter is enjoying his summer holiday in the Nasswald, whither he annually repairs with his wife and family (six little ones, the eldest of whom is barely eight years old!), accompanied by his old school-mate and fellow-leader, Josef Sucher, the Kapellmeister of the Hamburg Stadt Theater, and by Rosa Sucher, the leading dramatic *prima donna* of Germany, who took London by storm last year at Drury Lane. I am happy to believe that we shall hear her again next June in several of her favourite parts. Richter will return to London in October for the purpose of giving three orchestral concerts during the *saison morte*, which he alone possesses the secret of revivifying. It is by no means impossible that, ere another twelve months shall have passed over our heads, he will have transferred his Lares and Penates from Wachring to Kensington or St. John's Wood. He is strongly inclined to settle down amongst us for good—for our good, certainly, and I sincerely hope for his own; and, if certain arrangements now under consideration can be satisfactorily concluded by the end of the year, next spring will behold the genial Viennese established *en permanence* in a country he has learned to love nearly as well as that of his birth. I do not despair of seeing, some of these days, a National Opera House in London, flourishing like a green bay-tree, with Carl Rosa for its manager and Hans Richter for its orchestral conductor.

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Amongst the minor concerts of the month that have merited special notice I may mention the *Matinées Musicales* of Signor Denza (July 2), *Mademoiselle Aveglia* (July 2), and the *Contessa di Friggeri* (July 7). Signor Denza, who is well known in London musical circles as a graceful and melodious composer of English songs as well as of Neapolitan *canzoni* and French *chansonnettes*, was vigorously supported by his country-folk on the occasion of his annual concert, the programme revealing only one non-Italian name, that of Carlotta Patti's husband. Consequently, the entertainment provided by him was exceptionally bright and interesting, both in character and interpretation—the more so that it introduced several of his newer works to public cognizance, *entr'antres*, two charming “funniments” in Neapolitan dialect, entitled “Lo Telefono” and “Funicul, Funiculà,” the former of which was sung with great humour by Signor Denza himself. It was, indeed, a “singing” concert—there were only two instrumental numbers—and, all the vocalists who took part in it being accomplished artists, afforded a refreshing contrast to the average “afternoon” of *musica di camera*. It is seldom that one hears at one and the same entertainment such a trinity of songstresses of the good old school as Carlotta Patti, Alice Barbi, and Signora di Friggeri. The last-named lady's concert, at the Beethoven Rooms (July 7), was also an interesting Italian *réunion*; the hearty applause accorded to its successive numbers being strongly significant of the predilection still entertained, in spite of the Wagnerian wave that has of late swept over London musical society, by English amateurs for simple, easily intelligible melodies and skilfully executed *floriture*. Another concert well worthy of mention was that of the gifted violinist, Mdle. Thérèse Castellan (July 6), whose playing has steadily increased in force and improved in quality during the past four years, until it now leaves nothing to be desired. She was ably supported by Mdle. Lablache, George Grossmith, Tito Mattei, and Isidore de Lara, who sang with his usual grace and finish a charming composition of his own, entitled “Only a Song,” which more than kept the modest promise of its name. A few unavoidable words about the Guildhall “function” (July 9), and I have done with concerts until October. Having been gotten up by the municipal magnates at the request of an august personage in aid of the Royal College of Music—for which even Savages tumble remuneratively, and yell to the tune of several hundreds sterling—it drew together a great gathering of City celebrities and afforded a comprehensive display of the Royal Family. As a spectacle, it was memorable; as a concert, it was one of the worst of the season, which is really saying a good deal. Indeed, but for the delicious singing of Adelina Patti—who fulfilled her pledge to the letter, whereas the other stars “schwored off” at the eleventh hour—it would have been a paramount illustration of the “how not to do it” system of arranging musical entertainments. Prominent amongst the failures of the programme was an inexpressibly pitiful rendering of “God Save the Queen,” by Kalozdy's Hungarian Band, the like of which I have never before heard in an English concert-room, and hope never to hear again. Nine-tenths of the numbers were of foreign composition, interpreted by inferior aliens—scarcely what one could have wished or expected in the programme of a concert given to advance an exclusively national enterprise!



The revival of "La Gazza Ladra" at Covent Garden was one of the most intelligent notions that has occurred to the management of the Royal Italian Opera for some years past—so intelligent, indeed, as almost to atone for the production of "La Gioconda." In the first place, "Cats in the Larder" is one of the prettiest operas in existence, and a good play to boot, teeming alike with admirable music and powerful situations; in the second, Ninetta is one of Madame Patti's best parts, affording her exceptional opportunities of displaying her marvellous abilities as a comic and tragic actress—as a dramatic genius of the first order and an absolutely inimitable vocalist. For a wonder, too, "The Maid and the Magpie" was excellently cast throughout, with the exception of the part of Gianetto, to which—although it is the weakest ever written by Rossini for any of his tenor heroes—Signor Frapolli proved altogether unequal. But it would have been simply impossible to select from the ranks of contemporary operatic singers more efficient representatives of Pippo than Madame Scalchi, of Ferdinando than Signor Cotogni, and of the Podestà than M. Gailhard; whilst the minor parts of Lucia, Fabrizio, and Giorgio were quite unexceptionably sustained by Mdlle. Ghiotti, Signor Ughetti, and Signor Raguer. The *ensemble*, in short, was of so excellent a quality as to recall the ancient glories of Italian opera to veteran *habitués* of the Garden, Market, and Lane. I am at a loss wherewith to express my admiration of Madame Patti's singing and acting in the difficult and deeply sympathetic *rôle* of the severely-put-upon servant-maid, whose strictly moral dealings with her father's family plate happen to be so calamitously coincident with the magpie's nefarious abstraction of her kind master's spoons and forks. Ninetta's life-experiences on the stage abound in ups and downs—in striking contrasts and delicate gradations of feeling, which, as rendered by Madame Patti, were perfect exponents of minute and accurate psychological studies. Her girlish light-heartedness in the opening scene, where she appears as the pet of her employers, fellow-servants, and all around her—the playful yet passionate tenderness she manifests to her lover—the fierce indignation with which she repels the Podestà's licentious proposals—her terror on behalf of her fugitive father, and distress at the mysterious disappearance of the valuables confided to her care—her amazement and horror when she is accused of theft, intensified into a very agony of emotion as the circumstantial evidence of her guilt grows, link by link, into an infrangible chain—her utter physical collapse when sentence of death is pronounced upon her by the doomster—the pathetic resignation to her cruel fate she displays whilst bidding farewell to Pippo in the prison-scene, and the glassy stare of ghastly despair she fixes upon the crucifix, held up before her eyes by the priest as she is being led away, more dead than alive, to the gallows—were one and all such presentments of human feeling and passion as can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. During the prayer succeeding the death-march in the last scene, the audience sat pale and breathless, enthralled by the magic spell of her surpassing genius. At such moments, when I see her exercising absolute mastery over a normally phlegmatic and self-controlling public, such as that filling the stalls and boxes of Covent Garden, the verdict pronounced upon her by Mrs. Keeley—probably

the best living judge of acting—never fails to recur to my mind. Talking with that incomparable veteran one day about actresses of the present time, I asked her for a definition of Adelina Patti. "My dear," she replied, without a moment's hesitation, "she is the female Garrick."

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Of the Diva's voice and singing I can only say that they were beyond all praise. The part of Ninetta is an extremely arduous one, being written in Rossini's most florid manner. It abounds in technical difficulties and emotional utterances, exercising a continual strain upon the physical powers of the executant. From the first note to the last she rendered it with unflagging energy and to absolute perfection. Madame Scalchi's Pippo left little to be desired in the way of vocalization, and earned for her more than one well-deserved encore. Nothing finer has ever been heard than her delivery of the contralto solo in the prison duet—the cadence of which, by the way, terminating in a roulade of nearly two octaves, sung in thirds by Ninetta and Pippo, was dashed off with a fine, *brio* and exquisite accuracy that fairly took the house by storm—and I may truly say that she sang every note of her part satisfactorily. But so gifted a musical artist should beware of marring her efforts by unintelligent acting and a too-obvious self-sufficiency. Madame Scalchi has an unpleasant trick of giggling inanely in "situations" of the utmost gravity and pathos. She would do well to remember that, however justifiable her approval of her own talents may be, there are circumstances, in almost every opera, rendering her outward manifestation of that feeling little less than indecorous. With such a noble voice and splendid method of singing as hers, a little more self-effacement and attention to dramatic requirements would entitle her to a far higher artistic rank than that she at present occupies. Since the Podestà of Lablache I have seen none nearly as good as that of M. Gailhard, who was the pompous, lascivious and vengeful village magistrate to the life, and whose singing was throughout quite unexceptionable. So was Cotogni's impersonation of the luckless Ferdinando, whose sins are so heavily visited upon his innocent child. The concerted pieces and choruses were faultlessly given, and the overture—an established favourite of the British public—was brilliantly played and imperatively redemanded.

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In presenting "La Gazza Ladra" to the élite of London society, the stage-management of Covent Garden triumphantly maintained the reputation it has of late years acquired for incompetence and carelessness. As an illustration of the latter speciality, unsurpassable in the most hand-to-mouth, happy-go-lucky of provincial theatres, I may mention that the mechanical magpie, upon whose furtive flight from his cage to the belfry with stolen property in his beak, the most powerful situation in the play—Ninetta's reprieve from death by the cord—exclusively turns, was so negligently manipulated that he never reached the belfry at all, but slipped from the wire that should have conveyed him thither, when only a few yards on his way, and fell plump into a mimic well hard by a cottage-door.

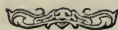


This gross blunder in the "business" stultified the whole action of the *dénouement*, and—followed out to its logical consequence—irretrievably doomed Ninetta to suffer an ignominious death. Of course, Pippo and Giorgio ascended the belfry and there hunted up the spoons in accordance with stage directions; but, the magpie having given them no hint whatsoever of its hiding-place before committing suicide, their search was manifestly forlorn of motive and their discovery void of probability. Again, the "practicable" alarm-bell rung to announce that discovery and stop the execution was seen to swing violently for nearly half a minute before the person entrusted with the real bell behind the scenes thought fit to sound a single peal of his instrument. The mute agitation of the "property" in question produced an unspeakably funny effect; but it also reflected great discredit upon the stage-management. Moreover, it manifestly struck the audience as unusual that even the counterfeit presentment of a massive stone belfry should keep time with its bell in the matter of rocking backwards and forwards, and that with such vigour that one expected every second to see it topple over and fall upon the stage with a crash, following the example of the suicidal magpie. Such absurdities, in an opera house which charges the public higher prices than any other theatre in Europe, are totally inexcusable. It is no joke—or at best a very bad one—to bring a prima donna "on" to dance the shadow dance in "Dinorah," without providing the lime-light that alone can enable her to cast her shadow. Yet this was actually done to Madame Patti at Covent Garden a few weeks ago, and it is only one of many condemnable incidents of the operatic season, due to the negligence and *insouciance* of the authorities behind the curtain.

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Of the vocal music published during the past month, I have nothing pleasant to say, and will therefore leave it "honourably unmentioned." A "Pensée Dansante," by Mr. Percy Reeve (Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.), for the pianoforte, is exceedingly clever and pretty, whilst easy enough to be conquerable by amateur fingers of average flexibility. So is a "Seguidilla," composed by a promising young musician, Mr. Herbert Sharpe (Patey and Willis), who has sustained the Spanish character of his subject very successfully, whilst treating it with sufficient technical elaboration to render it an interesting study to the advanced pianist. I can cordially recommend both these bright and ingenious little *morceaux* to the musical readers of THE THEATRE.

WM. BEATTY KINGSTON.





## Our Omnibus-Box.

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UNTIL recently I was not aware that the duties of an English magistrate included the delivering of an occasional lecture upon the moral tendencies of opera-bouffe and comique from the Bench. The Recorder of Montreal has enlightened my ignorance. When, a few weeks ago, M. Maurice Grau's company arrived in the town on the St. Lawrence, the Canadian sense of propriety revolted at the dissolute tone of such libretti as those of "Carmen" and "La Perichole." One night, when the latter opera-bouffe had to be substituted for the former opera comique, a student named Vaillaincourt so strongly persisted in his expressions of disapproval that the manager was compelled to have him removed to the police station.

The next morning, when the case came before the recorder, Mr. Vaillaincourt's defender developed the thesis that his client deserved the public thanks of his countrymen for having set a highly moral example in hissing "La Perichole."

In which opinion the worshipful magistrate fully concurred; adding that if he, the worshipful magistrate, had been present, he would have hissed and hissed again in order to openly testify his disgust of such an entertainment. And to further mark his admiration of Mr. Vaillaincourt's conduct, the recorder told the lessee of the Academy of Music that he was placing himself without the pale of the law by allowing similar pieces to be performed at his theatre; winding up the proceedings with an enthusiastic acquittal of the rowdy student.

I spare you the comments of the Paris papers upon this piece of Puritanism, which they reproduce from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, the principal Franco-American journal. In the main they are just, though it would have been as well, perhaps, not to credit English-speaking nations with a monopoly of intolerance in matters theatrical. They should remember the reception accorded to Prosper Mérimée's heroine, when she first appeared in the flesh at the Opera Comique in 1875, by the bourgeoisie "of the most enlightened and liberal-minded capital in the world"—the inverted commas are not mine. Apart from the professional cabal against poor George Bizet's work, the story of "Carmen" was responsible for much of the ill-favour with which the whole work was received. The narrow-minded middle classes that supply the great audiences at the Salle in the Rue Favart deemed the brazen-faced cigarette maker of Seville too objectionable a young woman for their virtuous minds. Nor did the incarnation of Mdlle. Galli Marié—albeit it was thoroughly true to the author's conception—succeed in lessening the impression. They would have none of her. With the inconsistency that is so notable a feature in the most logical nation on the face of the earth, they find at present that "Carmen," as impersonated by Mdlle. Adèle Isaac, is not sufficiently accentuated.

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And what of the veto on Sheridan's "School for Scandal," when first it was played in Paris? What of the opinion enunciated by critics and

audiences alike that the Irish wit's masterpiece was too grossly and cynically immoral to please the French playgoer?

What of the objection to "Othello" and "Hamlet," notwithstanding the toning down of Shakespeare's barbarism in the successive adaptations? What of the French Colonel's prohibition to the whole of his regiment to go and see M. de Grammont's latest version of the "Moor of Venice" at the Odéon, alleging that the spectacle of an officer and a gentleman cutting his wife's throat instead of suing for a judicial separation, was unfit for a French soldier? What of that other young Frenchman's dictum—given in all seriousness—that it seemed against all *les bienséances* to hear the Prince of Denmark "rowing his mother as he does?"

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I might multiply instances *ad infinitum*, but I hold my pen. Continentals can be as stupidly narrow-minded as any Englishman—witness whereof Alexander Dumas', the elder, changing the title of his plays and their very author's name, in order to pass them through the licenser's office at Florence—witness whereof the manager of a Stockholm Theatre altering the dénouement of Mozart's "Don Juan," and converting the libertine to a respectable member of society by means of a three-minutes' genuflexion on the grave of the victim he slayed—witness whereof the termination of a German version of "Hamlet" I saw in Hamburg—the town whence Lessing issued his "Dramaturgie," if you please—in which Claudius and Hamlet undertake a pilgrimage to Rome, and make up their differences on the journey. Enough!

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I prefer to come back to the origin of the cat-call, the too plentiful indulgence of which has raised the Canadian student to a sudden position of eminence among his countrymen. The credit of the invention undoubtedly belongs to the French. It was at the première of Fontenelle's "Aspar" (1680) that the disapproving sound was first heard by Corneille.

"Mais quand sifflets prirent commencement,  
C'est (l'y jouais, j'eu suis témoin fidèle),  
C'est à l'*Aspar* du sieur de Fontenelle."

It was not till a century afterwards, however, that the institution was officially admitted amongst French theatrical amenities; but the honour of having improved the pleasing innovation by means of the still more pleasing and material adjuncts of rotten eggs and apples belongs to the English. Both Garrick and Macklin were amongst the earliest recipients of those presents from the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

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Whilst on the subject of presents, Madame Judic, has probably the most miscellaneous collection any actress living or dead could show. During the first four months run of the "Timbale d'Argent," a Wallachian gentleman threw her every evening a bouquet enclosed in a basket composed of twelve cunningly interwoven oriental scarves. One evening the Wallachian was missing from his accustomed place. Madame Judic carefully folded her fourteen hundred scarves, and sent them to a poor girl, who stocked a little shop with them. One of them is in my possession; there are few of



them remaining now, but they have proved lucky to the girl who—thanks to the generous start—is doing well.

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Any of Madame Judic's familiars will tell you that it takes an hour or so to examine her museum of gifts, most of which, unlike the scarves, have been preserved. As a matter of course the ornamental predominates, but the useful is not entirely wanting. In Belgium especially, it is the fashion to offer artistes the adjuncts to daily life as well as flowers. M. Dupuis, Madame Judic's colleague, received one night at the termination of his performance a wardrobe and a dressing-table fitted with drawers. The next night the donor exclaimed from his stall: "M. Dupuis, if you wish to complete the suite, you'll have to give another performance or two. Say it, and I am your man." Madame Judic has no furniture to show, though she has many specimens of the local industries of the towns through which she passed. For instance, at Liège, famous for its small arms' factories, a revolver fell at her feet one night; it was wrapped in a piece of paper on which was written in pencil, "The case has been left with the stage-door keeper."

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Seven towns of Greece formerly claimed the honour of having given birth to Homer; there are as many semi-theatrical establishments in Paris that claim to have hatched the talent of Madame Judic. The manager of the El Dorado, on the Boulevard de Strasbourg, will tell you but for him Judic would still be earning a paltry pound a week in some show on the outer Boulevards. M. Leon Sari, of the Folies Bergères, will stand, as is his wont, will strike an attitude and proclaim to all who care to listen, that he, and none but he, was the original discoverer of Judic's talent. Offenbach swore, before his death, that if he had not made Boulet, of the Gaité, engage Judic, she would never have sung the music of Vasseur. Madame Celine Chaumont, between whom and Madame Judic there is no love lost, will tell you that it was her husband first, and she afterwards, who have made Judic what she is; in fact, as at the building of the Tower of Babel, everyone claims to have had a hand in the raising of what is decidedly one of the most original structures of French histrionic genius. It is like and unlike Virginie Dejazet's, it is like and unlike Celine Chaumont's, but it is most like the incarnation of the escutcheon on her own carriage, a capital I with a grasshopper playing the guitar leaning against it, whilst the birds all round carol in emulation, and the very ears of corn seem to dance. This escutcheon, of the size of a half-crown piece, was designed and invented by Grévin. I remember seeing the original and a little episode connected with its exhibition. A provincial gentleman who had bought a large canvas several feet both ways at a decidedly ludicrous price, but for no more than what it was worth, asked to have the little sketch thrown in—he was nonsuited, of course.

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When Frédéric Lemaître created Robert Macaire he was less known than the late Mr. Sothorn when the latter burst upon the world as Lord Dundreary, less than Mr. Irving when he set the English playgoer talking



about Digby Grant. In spite of the recommendation of his tutor, Lafon, or of the suffrages of Talma, who divined the potentiality of a great actor in the young man, the Odéon refused to engage him, and he found himself reduced to play the part of the lion in a rubbishy melodrama "*Pyramus and Thisbe*," at the Variétés Amusantes at the magnificent salary of thirty francs a month. "I have studied at the Conservatoire the part of Agamemnon, the king of kings, hence I do not lower myself in accepting the rôle of the king of brutes," he said. He was content to wait. His opportunity came, but it was entirely of his own making. When MM. Benjamin Antier, Saint Amand, and Paulyanthe had written the last lines of "*L'Auberge des Adrets*," they, no doubt, flattered themselves that they had given the world a melodrama that would immortalize their names, that the morose, sinister, double-dyed villain, Robert Macaire, and his confederate Bertrand, as they had evolved them from their inner consciousness, were flesh and blood in themselves, and wanted not the breath of genius to make them live. As a matter of fact, they were not even such dramatic puppets as would pass muster with the not over-critical audience of the Boulevard du Temple of sixty years ago, and Lemaître knew it, and told the authors weeks before the catcalls from the gods and groundlings of the Ambigu-Comique confirmed his judgment. But whilst pointing out the disease, he suggests the remedy, to the great indignation of the parents, who, with pardonable vanity, insists upon their bantling going forth into the world "an ill-favoured thing," perhaps, "but all their own."

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I have before me a copy of "*L'Auberge des Adrets*" as it left the hands of the authors. I beg pardon beforehand to Mr. Whiteley, of Westbourne Grove, for taking his name in vain in these notes, but it reminds me of nothing so much, when comparing it to the acting version of to-day, as of the original small shop of that prince of traders. Like Mr. Whiteley's establishment, "*L'Auberge des Adrets*" has from a pigmy grown into a giant, with this difference, however, that the original builders could no longer claim part or parcel in it, that their conception has not even remained. It was knocked down on the first night (July 2, 1823). The hour for Frédéric Lemaître had come and with it the man. The conventional evil-doer of the conventional melodrama vanishes to make room for the scoundrel who affects the manners of a gentleman, who is amiable and polite, who makes you forget for the moment his tattered coat, battered hat, fringed pantaloons, soleless, down-at-heel boots, who is the French prototype of Dickens' Jingle, who, in one word, becomes the deathless incarnation of a merciless satire on the foibles and follies of modern satire, who creates that second night a Don Quixote of crime, accompanied also by his Sancho, whose very dress proclaim the superiority of mind over body, who could have inspired Thomas Carlyle, had the philosopher so willed it, with another chapter on vestal tissue. This is the starting-point of Frédéric Lemaître's reputation. Of the character as played by him it is impossible to convey an idea. The actor's well known eccentricity as well as genius found ample scope in the daily filling up of the frame he had carved out for himself. I know a gentleman, dead but a few years ago,





E. S. WILLARD.

'I am a villain ; yet I lie,  
I am not.'

—RICHARD III.



who had seen "l'Auberge des Adrets," at least fifty times, and who assured me that not twice had Lemaître played it alike.

Two anecdotes in connection with Lemaître's creation. In the first weeks of his success he insisted upon being paid in silver five-franc pieces—his salary was increased a hundred-fold at least—and passing through the crowd that awaited him each night at the stage door, carrying the money in a sack on his shoulders.

The revival of "l'Auberge des Adrets," cut down to two acts at the Porte St. Martin, gave rise to a curious lawsuit. The manager of the Ambigu claimed that the *moral ownership* (say copyright), the poetry and originality of the dresses, or rather want of dresses, worn by Robert and his friend Bertram, belonged exclusively to him, and applied for an injunction against Lemaître and Serres to prevent their imitating them. Of course, he was non-suited. During the trial the cost of the original costumes was stated to have been one franc twenty centimes, a fraction less than a shilling.

Several subscribers and collectors of "Irvingiana" have asked for a copy of the verses written on the occasion of the Irving banquet, and that were not published in the full, special, and detailed account reported in *The Era*—a report that is inaccurate in other respects, but apparently intentionally inaccurate:—

#### A "GOD SPEED" TO HENRY IRVING.

"Ille dies utramque  
Ducet ruinam: non ego perfidum  
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus  
Utcunque præcedes, supremum  
Carpere iter comites parati."—HORACE.

One "bumper at parting," old friend, it is brimming,  
Our chalice of love with red wine from the heart;  
Let us mix it with tears that our glances are dimming,  
Then drink all together, and let you depart.  
If yours be the triumph, let ours be the sorrow,  
For a shade of farewell upon friendship is cast;  
To-night let us banish the gloom of to-morrow,  
That darkens the present but brightens the past.

For a moment the maze of a glad recollection  
Let us thread, with dear memory's aid to the end,  
'Ere you bear to the West our strong grasp of affection,  
And leave us to live on the smile of a friend;  
You will stand as the dream-haunted Aram before us,  
As the grief-stricken Charles, and in features of pain  
Will be written the anguish of Shylock, and o'er us  
Will hover the spirit of Hamlet the Dane.

We shall hear over waste of wild waters, my brother,  
 The glad note of welcome from hearts that are true,  
 And find in its chorus the praise of another  
 Who shares, now as ever, your triumphs with you !  
 When the parting is past, and the dark of December  
 Brings them the weird "Bells" but to us their sad knell,  
 'Tis the best of good fellows we miss, but remember  
 We lose quite the fairest of women as well !

So a bumper at parting, and cheers to the rafter  
 To wish you God speed in a brotherly land ;  
 The pleasure is theirs for the moment, but after  
 'Tis ours to await the warm clasp of your hand ;  
 The fetters of friendship are free, but unbroken  
 The chain round the heart that is link'd with a sigh ;  
 Not a word of farewell from our lips shall be spoken,  
 But a strong "God be with you !" an honest Good-by !

C. S.

July 4, 1883.

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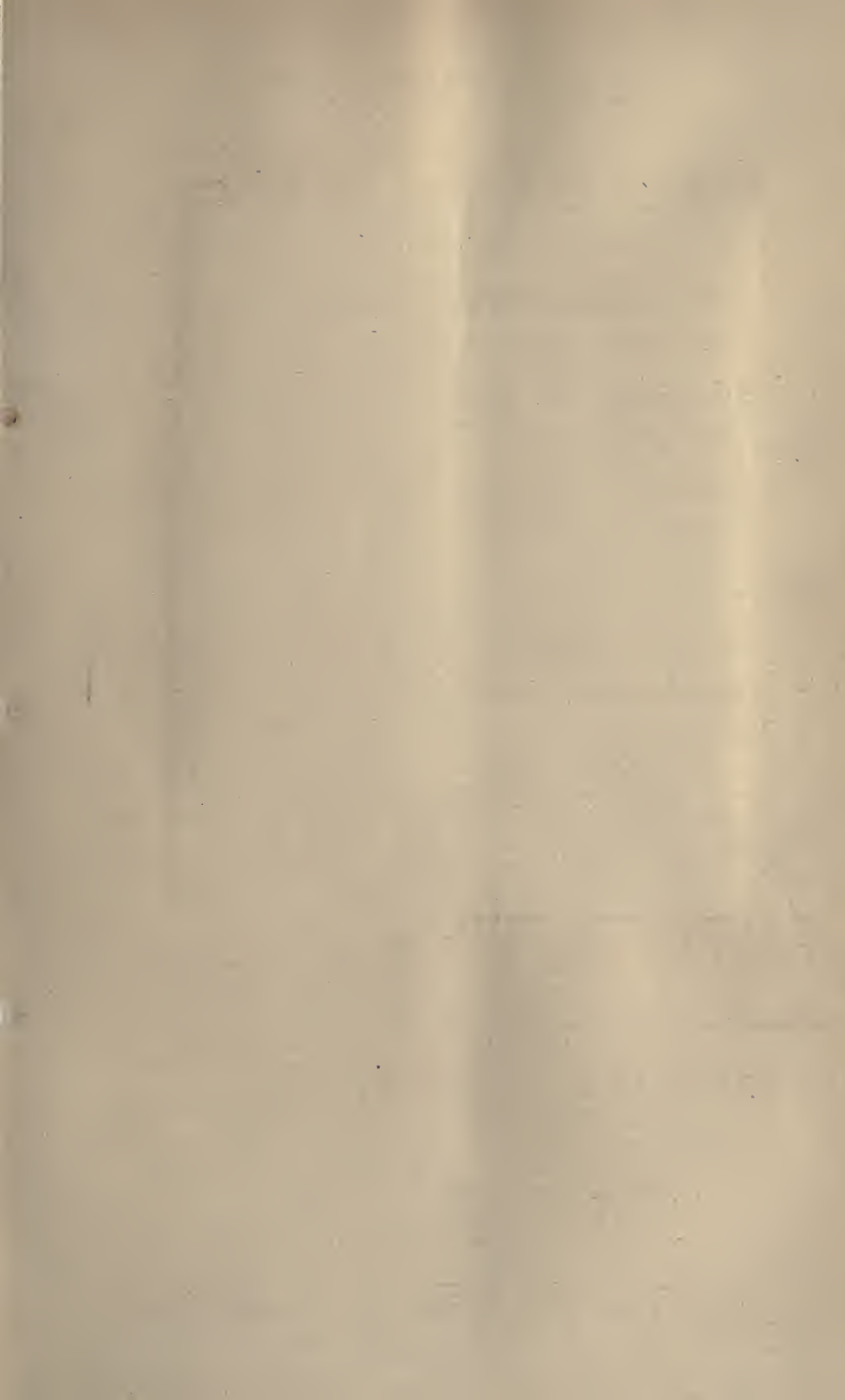
A correspondent writes—"I see by a criticism on the Lyceum reproduction of *Hamlet* that Mr. Irving is quoted as still using the expression "I know a hawk from a handsaw." Permit me to offer you one or two reasons in favour of the alternative "hernshaw." In the remoter parts of Cumberland, where the heron is frequently found, it is still called a heron, or in their dialect a herren-shew or sue. For instance, if you had shot one and were passing along with it—a native would remark, why thee's gotten a herren-sue. I underline the *e* in gotten because in most words their dialect contracts the *o* or *a* into *e*—as gate, which becomes with them gyet. Now as you come south the vowels in the dialect become more open, and what was shew in the north may well have been shaw in the part where Shakespeare's early days were spent.

"Added to this I believe I once turned up an old natural history which, in describing the heron, said 'sometimes called herron-shaw;' but I don't remember the name of the book now, though if it were looked up, I don't doubt the expression would easily be found.

"Add to this, that hawking was a favourite aristocratic amusement, and that it was considered a good falcon which could strike and bring down a heron, and I think Shakespeare's meaning is pretty evident.

"I must apologize for troubling you, but some years ago I gave the inky Dane some thought, and this was one little thing I took the trouble to look into. It is of little importance of course, but I thought, perhaps, this view of it might be interesting to you."

As will be seen from Mr. Irving's acting edition of "*Hamlet*" sold in the theatre, he does *not* use the word "handsaw," but the now accepted "hernshaw." But as I understand it the words mean exactly the same thing, the term "handsaw" being merely a provincial corruption of the local term for a heron or herne. The interesting note in the Clarendon







MISS KATE RORKE.

'To me  
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities torture.'

—CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Press edition of "Hamlet," by Clark and Wright fully explain the matter. It runs as follows:—

Handsaw, is a corruption of heronshaw, or hernsew, which is still used in provincial dialects for heron. In Suffolk and Norfolk it is pronounced "harnsa," from which to "handsaw" is but a single step. The corruption was probably old, even in Shakespeare's time. For the following explanation, given for the first time in the earlier part of this obscure passage, we are indebted to Mr. J. C. H eath, formerly Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The expression obviously refers to the sport of hawking. Most birds, especially one of heavy flight like the heron, when roused by the falconer or his dog, would fly down, or with wind, in order to escape. When the wind is from the north the heron flies towards the south, and the spectator may be dazzled by the sun, and be unable to distinguish the hawk from the heron. On the other hand, when the wind is southerly, the heron flies towards the north, and it and the pursuing hawk are clearly seen by the sportsman, who then has his back to the sun, without difficulty knows the hawk from the hernsew. A curious reader may further observe that a wind from the precise point north-north-west would be in the eye of the sun at half-past ten in the forenoon, a likely time for hawking, whereas "southerly" includes a wider range of wind for a good view.

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Our portraits this month represent Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. E. S. Willard. Miss Kate Rorke, who is a younger sister of Miss Mary Rorke, made her first appearance on the stage in the spring of 1881, when she played Madge, in the provincial tour of "Where's the Cat?" On December 15, of the same year, she appeared at the Criterion Theatre, as Lottie, in "Foggerty's Fairy." On March 4, of the following year, she acted Fanny Simpson, in "Fourteen Days"; and, on September 2, Minnie, in "Little Miss Muffit." Going to the Court Theatre at the beginning of this year, she acted, on March 24, Sally Brotherhood, in "The Rector;" and, on April 24, Mary Rivers, in "All for Her." Miss Kate Rorke's acting is always distinguished by a natural grace and a winning simplicity of manner.

Mr. Edward S. Willard made his first appearance on the stage in 1869, being then only sixteen years old, at the Theatre Royal, Weymouth. The earlier years of his professional life were passed in the provinces, where he has done some excellent work, appearing with success as Eugene Aram, Iago, and as Lesurques and Duboscq. For nearly three years he was a member of Mr. Wm. Duck's "Our Boys" company. At the Princess's Theatre he acted, on September 10, 1881, Clifford Armitage, in "The Lights o' London;" on June 10, 1882, Phillip Royston, in "The Romany Rye;" and, on November 16 last, Captain Skinner, in "The Silver King." It will surprise few good judges of acting if this clever young artist eventually takes a very distinguished place in his profession. Every personation he presents is instinct with thought and intelligence, and he thoroughly absorbs his individuality in each representation. Mr. Willard's King William in "Clancarty" is a brilliant specimen of his skill.

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Diderot's "Paradoxe sur le Comédien" may be called the counterblast of Talma's essay on the art of acting. The one having been published and devoured, why not the other? The one having been precluded with a preface by Henry Irving, why not the second? Henry Irving having endorsed

warmly Talma's views as to the value of "sensibility" in the actor's art, why should he not be called on to demolish the heterodoxy of the keenly argumentative and philosophical Diderot? Why not, indeed, asks Mr. Walter Herries Pollock who has enriched the dramatic library with a very admirable translation of Diderot's treatise, and considerably added to its value by some very scholarly and complete notes concerning the actors, actresses, and theatrical incidents directly alluded to by the controversialist. This is a little book that any one interested in the art of acting should read, whether they agree with Diderot or with Talma. It is a literary stimulant, whether nauseous to the palate or not, and, however considered, is good and sound critical food. Henry Irving's objections to Diderot's hobby are neatly and cynically expressed, and his introductory essay is necessarily of considerable value as giving the opinion of an experienced actor as against that of a brilliant theorist. This clever little volume, just published in a very neat dress by Chatto and Windus (Piccadilly), should not only find its way to every dramatic library, but should be in the hands of all who discuss the art of acting. And where is it not discussed?

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In a recently published volume of clever miscellaneous essays, by Mr. John Hollingshead, entitled "Footlights," are some remarks, written many years ago, and published, I think, in the *Broadway Magazine*, on dramatic criticism, that agree with what was recently urged in these pages on the same subject. The volume opens with the "Dead Fair," already quoted in THE THEATRE magazine, and, to my mind, as graceful a fancy as Charles Lamb himself could have conceived. But listen to Mr. Hollingshead on dramatic criticism, after describing the dramatic critics of some fifteen years ago:—

These are the chief critics of the London daily press, and it is their misfortune to work at a time when the drama is not much respected by intellectual people. Some editors, who have very lofty notions of the place they occupy amongst the governing powers of the world, affect to speak of actors as those "people," and pretend not to care much how their dramatic reporting is done as long as they are not troubled with complaints and corrections. The critics who are blessed with such mighty editors, of course, are encouraged in that lazy habit which puts off a notice until the next day, or the next, and, as far as the drama is concerned, turns an otherwise well-conducted daily newspaper into a retrospective review. A critic who is not able to write his notices on the first nights of new dramas is evidently not strong enough for the place, and ought to resign in favour of more robust if less clever men. The readers of a daily newspaper look to their journal, first for news, and secondly for style. The critic who can leave a theatre at midnight, rush to his office, and give a clear and amusing account, one column in length, of a new three or four-act drama, tracing it to its source, apportioning praise and blame with unprejudiced pen, and, above all, spelling the names of the actors correctly, is a treasure to his journal, and the proper critic for a daily newspaper.

All hair-splitting and the Anglo-German style of criticism may be left to the weekly newspapers. Editors who know what a daily journal ought to be, will support a critic who never shuffles out of his work with the following paragraph:—"The play did not conclude until a very late hour, and we consequently reserve our remarks for a future number." It would be difficult to believe that such confessions of incapacity could creep into a well-conducted journal, if other similar confessions of failure were not frequently observable. On the nights of a heavy debate, or some equally expected event, we often see the following humiliating sentence:—"In consequence of the great pressure on our space, we are compelled to omit our law report and many articles of intelligence." A



manager of a paper who puts such a paragraph into type may well say that he is compelled to dispense with intelligence. In plain English, he tells the public that his machinery, his writers, his printers, and his management, have utterly broken down, but hope to resume their labours in the course of a day or two !

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One of the funniest "Dogberryisms" that has recently occurred in print will be found in some priggish advice that has recently been given to Sara Bernhardt on the subject of her love for acting and disregard of her health. Out of pure good nature and regard for her friend, Mr. Mayer, who has encountered an unprofitable season of French plays, Madame Bernhardt undertook to play more frequently than was on the whole advisable, and though her first performance was the best that she has ever given in London, the later ones showed signs of fatigue. Whereupon Dogberry sagely remarks, "That the immensely admired actress *aspires to genius* we have over and over again heard ; but this, she may be sure, *cannot be obtained without occasional repose and moments of reflection.*" This is the first time we have ever heard that genius could be obtained by steady sleep and early hours. We had thought it a gift from God which no soothing syrup could purchase or reflection could ensure. If Sara Bernhardt were to abjure sleep altogether, and to play fantastic tricks enough to make the angels weep, she would still be a genius—would she not ?—you dear old Dogberry, you comical old Boycotter.

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A foolish, unaccountable, but very obvious error crept into page 49 of the last number of THE THEATRE, where the name of "H.R.H. the Princess of Wales" was substituted for that of "H.R.H. the Princess Royal." It has been kindly pointed out by some, ungenerously and savagely by others. All I can say is that I regret very much so foolish a blunder, which was literally a slip of the pen that escaped many sharp eyes before it appeared in print.

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So the Bancrofts *déménagent*, and yet another association of the theatre henceforth belongs to Berkeley Square.

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It is, I suppose, pretty generally forgotten that this locality was once graced with an equestrian statue of the third George ; so that it will be doubtless no better remembered that the name of the sculptor who invested that statue with artistic merit, a hundred and twenty years ago, was Wilton.

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The original devisor, in 1833, of No. 18, was Lord Segrave. The title has long since ceased to be familiar in the mouth ; but the first and last Baron was the occasion of a good deal of talk in his time. For he was the claimant in the Berkeley Peerage case of 1811. He was then described as William Fitzhardinge Berkeley, Esq., eldest presumed legitimate son of Frederick Augustus, fifth Earl of Berkeley. It was not disputed that the lady who was undoubtedly William Fitzhardinge's mother had been the lawful wife of William Fitzhardinge's father since the 16th of May, 1796. But William Fitzhardinge happened to have been born some ten years previously. Both the Earl and his wife, however, gave positive testimony as to a former

secret marriage solemnized between them at Berkeley Church in 1785. In the result, the House of Lords decided that William Fitzhardinge had not made out his claim. The fourth William, *en revanche*, made him Baron Segrave in 1831. Her present Majesty created him Earl Fitzhardinge in 1841, while Providence, kinder than either, endowed him with messuages and tenements in Berkeley Square.

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Wilton aforesaid is not the only sculptor to whom this square is indebted for a distinguished inhabitant. Primarily, at any rate, a certain Caius Gabriel Cibber had something to do with supplying one. For it was here that an actor—also a unique impersonator of the Hawtrees of his day, also superlatively successful as a manager—it was here that the author of the “Careless Husband,” the creator of Lord Foppington, King George’s Laureate, and “King Coll” of White’s, passed the last years of his long and lucky life; the co-mate of Sheffield and Chesterfield, of Cholmondeley and Oldfield’s Churchill, of Devonshire, and Rockingham, and Walpole; and yet himself his own best witness still against his arch-lampooner, even unto the very end. Here it was that, in the memorable year that saw Byng, *pour encourager les autres*, done to death on the quarter-deck of the *Monarque* by the “aspen Duke,” who was Prime Minister of England—that saw Plassey won, and “my son Cumberland ruin me and disgrace himself” at Kloster-zeven—a mightier than Mr. Pope’s great Anarch let the curtain fall for ever. And hence it was that, one December afternoon, to make his grave with kings and heroes at Westminster they bore the player.

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Mr. Cibber had slept in Westminster about a quarter of a century, when there came to reside in Berkeley Square a lady who had been born just about a year after he died. The father of this lady belonged to the order of philanthropist known as fool, and had muddled away a fair fortune in futile attempts to make proselytes of certain astute Esquimaux. In due course, Mr. Darby’s daughter was left, destitute, to her own devices. Now, she had been educated, after a sort; she had had Hannah More for a schoolmistress. She is said, too, to have possessed an adorable *taille*, and, if contemporary portraiture is to be trusted, her face must have been amongst the fairest that the sun of those days shone on. So, when she discovered, or when it was discovered for her, that the shortest way out of destitution was through the stage-door of Drury Lane, she met with a by no means discouraging reception from Garrick. He saw, he told her, the makings of a new Cordelia in Miss Darby; and—eh?—well now—what?—in Cordelia, to his own Lear, she should come out. Unfortunately, a thorough-paced young blackguard, Robinson by name, talked and swaggered the poor child—she might be fifteen, perhaps—into marriage, and ruin, and the Fleet; and Mrs. Robinson never played Cordelia to anybody’s Lear. Garrick, *en retraite* then, had not forgotten her though; and Sheridan was prompt to reopen the question of a *début*. The question was as promptly settled. Garrick set to work upon his last pupil. On the 10th of December, 1776, she made a first appearance in Juliet, which was perfectly

successful, Romeo being played by Mr. William Brereton. The success was to cost master and pupil dear. In his then state of health, the heavy labour Garrick persevered in, day after day, at the rehearsals, even until he sunk down exhausted with fatigue, proved more than he could bear. A very little more than a couple of years later, the master was on his deathbed. Exactly one week short of three years from that début, his pupil made her stage name her own one night, and became thenceforward "Perdita" Robinson for good, and bad, and all.

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It was the night of the 3rd of December, 1779. "The Winter's Tale" was to be played "by command of their Majesties." In the green-room, Leontes, *qui s'y connaissait*, was contemplating the most charming Perdita that even he had ever seen. And just as she was going on, Mr. Smith invoked great Jove to witness that Mrs. Robinson was handsomer than ever; and prophesied she would make a conquest of a Prince other than the Prince Florizel of Mr. William Brereton. So, alas! it proved. By-and-by, on the stage, "some flattering remarks which were made by his Royal Highness as I stood near his box, met my ear, and I was overwhelmed with confusion." And, a day or two latter, there came to call upon Mrs. Robinson that useful young Malden, who lived to be old Essex, the same who

"Caged our nightingale,  
And ended thy theatric tale,  
Enchanting Kitty Stevens."

And I suppose Mrs. Robinson was again "overwhelmed with confusion" when she heard what this useful young Malden's errand with her was. He had brought her a letter from his master, signed, with a delicate appropriateness, "Florizel," sealed with a: "Je ne change qu'en mourant," and containing a repetition of the "flattering remarks" couched in even warmer language. And it was young Malden's business to gently reassure the lady, to rid her of such scruples as might obtrude themselves, and to put matters *en train* generally.

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His task presented no insuperable difficulties. The husband was a thoroughly consistent character; and who could resist Florizel? Perdita presently recovered from her confusion sufficiently to be able to attend to details. A princely bond for £20,000 prepared the way for those meetings at Kew and elsewhere, which ended as we know. One fine morning, H.R.H. Florizel cut his Perdita in the Park, and repudiated his royal sign-manual. Mr. Fox intermediated, and managed to secure the victim £500 a-year. That was all that could be got out of "deathless love."

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It was certainly not enough to pay for those remarkable and varied toilettes with which Mrs. Robinson was presently astonishing the town. "To-day," we are told, "she was a *paysanne*, with her straw hat tied at the back of her head. Yesterday, perhaps, she had been the dressed belle of Hyde Park—trimmed, powdered, patched, painted to the utmost power of rouge and white lead; to-morrow she would be the cravatted Amazon of the riding-house;" and so on. Neither would £500 a year keep up



the establishment over which Mrs. Robinson then presided in Berkeley Square. It was said, however, that Mr. Fox charged himself with that; while another than Mr. Fox would hand poor Perdita into the "high phaeton" of the period, "three more candidates and her husband" acting as outriders. "And this," says scandalized Miss Hawkins, "this in the face of the congregations turning out of places of worship!"

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For a while this sort of thing lasted, and the hats of the fashionable promenaders swept the ground as she passed by. But by-and-by the "outrageously extravagant *vis-à-vis*" was seized by the builder; the establishment in Berkeley Square was broken up; the one man of them all whom she loved deserted her when there was nothing left for him to squander; and, pursuing him "one night, in the dead of winter, in a coach with the windows open," the unfortunate Perdita, one is not much surprised to learn, "lost the use of her limbs, and could never afterwards stand or walk."

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Then she seems to have "become literary." She wrote "poetry" in the *Morning Post*; she was the Laura Maria of Della Crusca Merry; in her praise future poets were to "pour their melodies divine;" she was the nymph of Peter Pindar's heart; she was Mr. Tickell's "British Sappho." Alas! the uncompromising Hawkins shows us what Sappho and nymph and Laura Maria were like. Here is the little picture Matilda has drawn, *con amore*, one would almost say:—

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"On a table in one of the waiting-rooms at the Opera House was seated a woman of fashionable appearance, still beautiful, 'but not in the bloom of beauty's pride;' she was not noticed except by the eye of pity. In a few minutes two liveried servants came to her; they took from their pockets long white sleeves, which they drew on their arms; they then lifted her up and conveyed her to her carriage. It was the then helpless, paralytic Perdita."

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Helpless and paralytic she lingered on till she was past forty—old age for her who had begun and exhausted life so early. She suffered terribly at the last. One of her daughters, Mary, was with her. She was quite forlorn else, and quite penniless. They found, you know, after she was dead, amongst her papers, the copy of a letter she had written to a certain noble lord who had "borrowed" money from her in the old time. The poor thing asked his lordship of his great goodness to repay her—not the whole sum, only a part, only enough to enable her to journey to Bristol, and try "the one remedy that presents to me any hope of preserving my existence." His lordship, however, never belied himself; he never answered that letter.

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In the last week of the last month of the last year of the last century, Mary Robinson died. Hannah More dealt like a tender-hearted but highly-respectable schoolmistress with her old pupil's memory. Horace

Walpole "made the greatest allowances" for her. It was the Siddons who said the right thing. "Poor Perdita," sighed immaculate Sarah, "I pity her from my very heart."

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The things theatrical of the *World* should really be left to Mr. Dutton Cook. Here is somebody writing to Helen Faucit's husband, of all people, about "the full-bottomed wig of Garrick" in "the part of Julius Cæsar."

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On the stage, Mr. Garrick wore many wigs. He is here before me at this present writing, in the tousled black "head of hair" of his Richard, in the grey of Lear, in the white of Lusignan, in the brown "shock" of Druggier, the "too insignificant" Ramilie of Hotspur, the regulation powder that he wore with the regimentals of Macbeth; the tye-wig of the period he seems to have affected for Tancred and Don John; and so on.

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Off the stage, up to, and beyond, the time of his marriage, he seems to have preferred his own hair, brushed back, profusely powdered, curled elaborately at the sides, and tied with a very full bow of black ribbon at the back. Later on, he invented a wig of his own for wear in private life. That was the "Garrick five-curl." It has been preserved for us in that plate—a head—which John Keyse Sherwin did one Sunday for Davies' "Life," when John's "eternal want of pence" made Tom's fifteen guineas a matter of prime necessity.

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The "Garrick five-curl" continued fashionable long after its inventor had done with wigs. About its last wearer must have been that "eminent wine-merchant," punster, and picture-monger, Caleb Whitefoord, once so famous for his

Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the Press,

and famous still as the putative author of those eight-and-twenty lines of self-laudation which formed the postscript to the fifth edition of the "Retaliation."

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But, off the stage or on it, Garrick no more wore a full-bottomed wig than he played Julius Cæsar, or any part in the play of that name. Brutus, indeed, he had once thought of. But the part was identified with Quin, and James was bad to beat in it. So that during the whole term of Garrick's management, the play was never once in the bills of Drury Lane.

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"The grandest production of the century," the lessee of "The National Theatre" said, some little time ago, was to be seen nightly upon his stage. Such being the case, I was not unprepared for the further statement that the receipts were "the greatest since the days of Edmund Kean." Edmund seems always to be quoted as the "best on record" somehow.

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But what were the Drury Lane receipts in Kean's day? They were undoubtedly very great during his first season, after his first night, the memorable 27th of January, 1814, when—the new Shylock having made his mark—it was a matter of wonder to Mr. Oxberry "how the devil so

few of 'em" (the audience) "contrived to kick up such a row." During this season Kean played in all sixty-eight nights. He did Richard, Shylock, Othello, Hamlet, Iago, and Luke. The gross receipts amounted to £32,942 12s. 6d. The nightly average receipts were £484 9s.

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Now, Kean's Drury was the Drury that now is; but in his day Beazely and Winston had not narrowed the proportions of stage and auditorium. The house then would hold 3,110 persons. The prices of admission were: Boxes 7s., Pit 3s. 6d., 1st Gallery 2s., 2nd Gallery 1s. At present prices, how nearly do the average nightly receipts of the house, as it is at this date, approximate £484 9s.?

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But Kean's average is by no means the "best on record" it is customary to consider it. On December 10, 1804, William Henry West Betty commenced his "first town season" at Drury Lane. Between that date and April 22, 1805, he played twenty-eight nights. His characters were Douglas, Hamlet, Barbarossa, Romeo, Tancred, and Frederick in "Lovers' Vows." These performances produced a total of £17,210 11s., or a nightly average of £614 13s. 3d., being £130 4s. 3d. per night more than Mr. Kean's.

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*Per contra*, it should be remembered that the "Young Roscius," played in the "Apollo" Drury—Holland's house, the most spacious, as well as the most beautiful, of any. The "Apollo" was capable of holding 3,611 persons, or 501 persons more than its successor. But the price of admission to the boxes was 6s. instead of 7s. To other parts of the house the prices of admission were the same in the case of both theatres. A full house at the "Apollo," with "no orders," meant £771 6s. It would thus appear that even Master Betty's extraordinary attraction could not absolutely fill this enormous building; or that even he must have played to a good deal of "paper" in his time.

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Mr. Kuhe's annual morning concert took place this year at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Sassoon in Belgrave Square. Signor Foli, owing to his accident, was still unable to sing. Madame Marie Roze was also prevented from appearing; but Madame Trebelli—a host in herself—not only the most talented of singers, but also the most amiable of women, at once volunteered to sing another air, and chose Gounod's "Berceuse," charming all her hearers. The violin obligato was played by M. Ovide Musin in his usual and perfect manner. It was a treat to hear Mr. Santley and his charming daughter together. Mr. J. Robertson sings with much taste, and Mr. W. H. Brereton has a fine voice. M. Hollman, the violoncellist, has real talent, but his friends ought to make him understand that the length of his hair in no way adds to it. Miss Robertson has a fresh voice. But it is impossible, in this restricted space, to do more than indicate the names of the numerous artistes who took part in the concert. The remaining were as follows: Mdlle. Henriette Polats, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Fanny Robertson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Trelawney



Cobham, Mr. Barrington Foote. Conductors: Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. W. Ganz, Mr. A. Randegger, Mr. Kuhe. Miss Georgina Kuhe made her first appearance in London and recited "The Women of Mumbles Head." She is very young and very much in earnest, pretty, clever, and sympathetic. Miss Kuhe has already appeared with success on the stage, which will be the gainer in so refined and graceful a lady. Mr. George Grossmith appeared in his clever musical sketch, "The Drama on Crutches," and Mr. Toole, who was among the audience, volunteered to give three extempore lectures on chemistry, astronomy, and the history of China, which were much appreciated.

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Madame Mathilde Zimeri gave a grand evening concert at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on June 20, and her fine fresh voice and handsome presence were greeted with much applause and many flowery tributes. Madame Sophie Menter played splendidly. It is a pity that such astonishing mastery over the most intricate difficulties of mechanism, should not be allied to a little more feeling and expression. Monsieur Ovide Musin, that prince of violinists, surpassed himself, delicacy of refinement and vigour always combine in his play, and the tone he draws out of his instrument, made the deficiencies of a violoncellist, who was making his *début* that evening, all the more apparent.

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On June 21, at the St. George's Hall, the Philothespian Club repeated W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged," this time in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children. We have already noticed their performance of this comedy last April, and pronounced it very good; we are glad to be able to repeat the same verdict. There were a few alterations in the cast. Miss Webster took the part of Belinda Trehern, and was replaced in that of Minnie by Miss Ivan Bristowe. Mr. F. Sherbrooke was the Symperson in lieu of Mr. F. Harley, and Mr. B. Webster filled the place of Mr. H. Partridge as Balvawney, and was decidedly good; but all did well, and the ensemble was remarkable. The comedy was preceded by "Monsieur Jacques," Mr. George Phillips taking the part of the poor old Frenchman, not for the first time; but on the former occasion the tickets did not reach us in time, and we were unable to review his interpretation of this most trying rôle. Mr. Phillips must be congratulated; he at once struck the true chord, and brought mingled tears and smiles on the faces of his hearers. His acting was pathetic, and free from exaggeration. Mr. B. Webster, Mr. C. Hayden Coffin, and Miss Ivan Bristowe, who filled the remaining characters, were equally good, and the little play went off without a hitch.

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Miss Rosa Kenney gave an afternoon recital, on June 22, at the Marlborough Rooms, and scored another success. Whoever the fairy god-mother was, who presided at her birth, she was lavish in her gifts. Beauty and grace combined, with the fire and soul of an artiste, are seldom found in one so young. Miss Rosa Kenney is, perhaps, sometimes too ambitious, but surely this is a fault on the right side. If Corneille's "Curse of Camille," as adapted by Charles Lamb Kenney, is rather a heavy weight

for her young shoulders, her conception of it is good and true. Her excellent delivery of Tennyson's "Lady Godiva," was fragrant and pure as the white flowers she wore. We regret that the lateness of the hour prevented our staying to hear her "Guinevere." She was assisted by Miss Ada Cavendish, who gave an admirable reading of the "Spanish Mother," by Sir Francis Doyle; and by Mr. Herbert Standing, who recited "The Women of Mumbles Head," with simple pathos and great artistic power. He was recalled twice, and gave an amusing travestie of the first speech in "Richard the Third," and also some clever imitations of popular actors. Madame Edith Wynne was much applauded in the grand air from Gounod's "Reine de Saba," but we should have preferred her in an English ballad, which she sings to perfection. Mr. Isidore de Lara's singing of his own compositions also met with approval.

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A concert was given at Dudley House by kind permission of the Earl and Countess of Dudley, on July 2, in behalf of the St. Peter's Hospital. The programme was long and the artistes were numerous. Those who call for special notice are:—Miss Carlotta Elliot, who has a nice voice, and whose Italian training shows with good effect. Mr. Barrington Foote was recalled, as was Mr. Santley after his admirable rendering of "The Devout Lover." Miss Agnes Zimmermann is a pianist of much merit, and pleased her audience. We regret that M. Libotton, the eminent violoncellist was prevented by illness from taking part in the performance; however, he was only put down for a trio, so the disappointment was not so great as if one of his masterly solos had been missed. "The Spanish Mother" was the one recitation given by that excellent elocutionist, Mr. Hermann Vezin.

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Miss Calhoun, who has lately undertaken Mrs. Bancroft's part in "Fédora" deserves a sincere word of praise for the very creditable way in which she acquits herself of that difficult task.

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My friend, "G. A. S.," who has recently returned from Moscow and the coronation of the Czar, sends me some interesting notes concerning the disputed accuracy of the stage arrangement of the first act of "Fédora," which has given Mr. Bancroft so much care to mount and so much anxiety faithfully to prepare. An eye fresh from Russian scenes is quick to detect these trifling inaccuracies:—

"I took, as you know, general exception to the decorative detail in the scene in the house at St. Petersburg. I went away in too great a hurry to particularize them, but here they are:—

"(1.) The statuette of the saint. The Russo-Greek Church expressly prohibits the use of graven or plastic images. A Russian ikon is as flat as a pancake.

"(2.) The coachman with a spiky moustache. Every Russian coachman wears a full beard, when he can grow any beard at all.

"(3.) The girl in the background (when the servants come up to be examined) in national peasant costume. In St. Petersburg the only women who wear the national peasant costume are the *wet-nurses*.



"(4.) The window flung open in the depth of winter. In the first place Russian windows, in upper-class houses, are *always* double. In the next place they are never, by any chance, opened in their entirety in winter-time. When it is thought necessary to admit a little fresh air to an overheated room a small trap or 'judas,' called a 'vasistas,' in the angle of one of the panes, is opened.

"(5.) The coats of some of the gentlemen are trimmed with fur. No Russian gentleman would appear in a drawing-room with a single atom of fur about him. He leaves his huge fur-lined 'schouba,' reaching from his head to his heels, in the vestibule, together with his goloshes."

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The last days of May and the first week in June saw the representations of the "Tale of Troy" at Cromwell House, of which, now that an even balance may be struck between criticism and exaggerated praise, some record might here be placed. There were two Greek evenings (May 30 and June 4), and two English afternoons (May 29 and June 6). Most of the actors appeared in both the Greek and the English representations, but some of the principal parts, such as those of Helen, Andromache, or Ulysses, changed hands on different nights.

Of course the performances were not faultless; but there was certainly very little amiss with the spirit in which the thing was done. This character or that was not adequately represented; it was a pity that such and such a person had been chosen for such and such work—somebody else could have done it better, and vice versâ; one was not very audible, another need not have been quite so loud; but, on the whole, there was far more to praise than to find fault with, and if now and then a laugh was raised, it was a perfectly kindly one. The arrangement of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," by Professor Ware, with whom the idea of this "Greek play," as it has been miscalled, originated, was distinctly satisfactory, and his English version of the arranged passages tolerable, if nothing more. The scenery was admirable, designed (much of it) by Mr. Poynter, and painted (all of it) by Mr. O'Connor, and all the adjuncts and properties were in keeping with it and with each other. The labours of Professor Newton, whose knowledge and love of Greek art is unsurpassed, ensured the correctness of every detail, and placed in the hands of the artists who had tableaux to arrange, the very best materials. The tableaux were charming: Sir Frederick Leighton's of the "Pledge of Aphrodite," on which the curtain rose, and the Grotto of Calypso, in which Mrs. Bram Stoker won all hearts—"Ulysses would have forgotten Penelope," said the audience, who as yet hadn't seen Penelope—being those which we recall with most pleasure, though others may well have had different favourites. The music, too, and the singing of it, was tuneful and sweet, Mr. Lawson conducting his little orchestra with spirit.

As for the actors and actresses, no one will grudge the highest, though by no means the only, praise to Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, whose Greek Helen and English Andromache could hardly have been improved. Her lament as Andromache over Hector, really affected the audience; and what better proof of success than the smallest sign



of feeling from a drawing-room audience, who so rarely let the repose that stamps the caste desert them, could there be? Miss Coxon's Cassandra and Miss Cobden's Hecuba were also excellent; and, in fact, of the spoken scores, this last of the "Lament over Hector" was perhaps the most successful. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree played the English Hector, and in some ways had the advantage over his Greek rival (Mr. J. K. Stephen), who was, however, *facile princeps* in the declamation of Greek.

Of the scenes from the more romantic "Odyssey," that of "Nausicaa and her Maidens" was the most effective; and the grouping of so many figures on so small a stage without confusion was a notably clever piece of stage management. In this part, the Penelope of both Miss Harrison and Miss Kohnstamm, and the Ulysses of Mr. Ionides and Mr. Lionel Tennyson were well given.

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Altogether, then, Cromwell House scored a real success; and whatever be the subject of Lady Freake's next production, the memory of this one would alone secure her a full house. On the four days of the "Tale of Troy" the little theatre was crowded, the audience here and there including some distinguished guest. Mr. Gladstone devoted himself one evening to this novel method of studying Homer; Lord Dufferin came, and came again; the Dean of Westminster got through a Greek performance with the help of Mr. Ware's "crib;" and on the fourth occasion Mr. Ruskin, who is said to be nothing if he is not critical, came, and forgot to criticize. At the close of the last performance the *corps dramatique* assembled in the green-room to present a testimonial (a copy of Shakespeare) to Mr. George Alexander, their stage manager, which Mr. Ruskin consented to hand to him, with a few words of which Mr. Alexander may be proud. Certainly no one worked harder; and that an amateur troupe, whose fancies and rivalries are not always easy to control and adjust, should all unite in gratitude to their manager, as having "given the touch that made the vision clear" (so ran a sonnet that accompanied the gift), is of itself the most eloquent praise.

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"Morley's Universal Library" promises to be a Godsend to lovers of the stage and theatrical art. The first volume of the series appeared in the shape of a complete and accurate edition of "Sheridan's Plays," with an introduction by Professor Morley. It is a neat and handy little book in a pretty bluish grey cover, and can easily go into the pocket of any playgoer who desires to consult the true text of Sheridan, so often and so cruelly improved on by irreverent players. From the same enterprising firm—George Routledge and Sons—has recently been issued Molière's plays by Dryden, Wycherley, and Fielding, a delightful volume, and we are promised, best of all gifts, Goethe's "Faust."

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I have also received the "Henry Irving Birth-day Book," compiled by Viola Stirling, from the plays that Mr. Irving has enacted and the speeches

he has made. Young ladies will be delighted with it, and daily fill up the neat pages devoted to memoranda in this clever illustrated volume.

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Cleverness, readiness, and application, have not often been more brilliantly shown than in the new novel called "Fédora" (John & Robert Maxwell), founded on Sardou's remarkable play, now being acted at the Haymarket Theatre. It must be remembered that the author of this very clever book, has never seen one line of Sardou's text, seeing that it has never been published, and yet from his mental notes he has compiled a most interesting romance as accurate as it is interesting. The volume, which will well beguile a summer's railway journey, is dedicated to Mrs. Bernard-Beere "in sincere admiration of her power as an actress, and in grateful remembrance of her most successful realization of Fédora."

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Another of the friends of long ago has gone to join the companions at whose open grave he stood. First of all went Jeff Prowse to make a gap in the ranks; he rests at Cimies, near Nice; then amiable, beloved Paul Grey, followed him; then went Jack Brough and Thomas W. Robertson; then we separated from the leader of the band, Tom Hood; then we had to mourn George Rose (Arthur Sketchley). Suddenly enough has been taken away Harry Leigh, the intimate friend of all who went before him, and one of the most constant attendants at those celebrated Friday nights in South Street, Alexander Square, Brompton, where, under the roof of Tom Hood, the genial editor of *Fun*, the next number of that periodical was amiably discussed by the young staff of contributors. Harry Leigh rivalled his friend Jeff Prowse here in clever conversation, and he was ready, when called upon for a song at the piano, when the music-stool had been vacated by Paul Grey or James Molloy, now the most popular composer of modern drawing-room ballads. There never was such an age as this for clever and workmanlike verse-making. In point of humour and finish, Mr. H. S. Leigh was scarcely second to Mr. W. S. Gilbert himself, with whom he worked side by side on *Fun* for so many years. He took extraordinary pains with his compositions, polishing a stanza or correcting a couplet for days and weeks together. No man yet ever wrote verse with such elaborate labour; and no man's verse when completed was so exquisitely turned out or in so artistic a form. This is proved by the fact that when called upon to write an opening address for the Savage Club Entertainment—a task that would have occupied an ordinary writer a few hours—Mr. Leigh conscientiously took a trip to the seaside in order to accomplish his task. The small competence that Mr. Leigh was known to possess, was the drag-wheel on his life. Had he owned nothing at all, his industry would have been more constantly stimulated. As a poet, I cannot help thinking Mr. Leigh would have been more popular had his sensibility been greater and the subjects of his verse less trivial. He wanted that one gift of "heart," without which most verse-making is vapid. There is scarcely a tear in one of his compositions; his stanzas are destitute of feeling and emotion. As a workman he had no rival; but as a singer he never took the first place. The best of this kind of occasional verse is inspired by natural emotion,



or adorned with what is called good scholarship. Mr. Leigh had no very deep feeling or pronounced culture. But as a firm friend, an unselfish companion, a pronounced wit, and a charming clubbable man, Harry Leigh will be remembered when many more successful men are forgotten. Mr. Leigh was always ailing for fifteen years and more, but was never seriously ill until the attack came that proved fatal. He was buried at Brompton Cemetery, on Friday, June 22, 1883.

Some verses that originally appeared in this Magazine, called "Last Night," have been admirably set to music by Mr. Isidore de Lara, the popular minstrel of society, whose compositions are so much in request.

Very soon will be published the promised life of "Henry Irving," that has been prepared with most praiseworthy care and systematic diligence by Mr. Austin Brereton. The volume will have far more interest than the valuable pictures inserted will procure for it, and I expect that many will be astonished at the number of parts Mr. Irving has played during his career in the provinces and in London. I have been permitted to see some of the proof sheets of the book, and I take it to be quite as interesting a work as that on the Jeffersons by William Winter. At any rate, it will have the great and rare merit of accuracy. As such it will be invaluable to the theatrical library. Mr. David Bogue, the publisher, proposes to issue two editions of the work, one at fifteen shillings, and one, only available to early subscribers, on large hand-made paper—in fact, an *édition de luxe*—at three guineas. The last will be very welcome to such as collect memoranda in connection with Mr. Irving's career.

Mr. Wallworth gave a recital at the Steinway Hall, on Saturday afternoon, July 16. The principal production was "Kevin's Choice," an opera brought out with success at the Adelphi Theatre, in March, 1881. A miscellaneous concert, in which Mrs. Crawford distinguished herself by her rendering of Bishop's "Where art thou, beam of light," preceded the opera.

My excellent friend, Mr. E. Y. Lowne sends me the following very interesting letter extracted from his valuable "Macreadiana":—

Birmingham, November 28, 1813.

"MY DEAR SIR,—This large sheet of paper will frighten you, but I have so much Coventry business to write upon that less, I fear, would not answer. In the first place, as to your expenditure; it seems very little, from your own calculation. Our men that I know positively of are—Bartley, Dobbs, Mason, Barnard, Walter, Benwell, Grove, Bland, and, I suppose, Turpin, Middleton, and who else? *Ladies*—Mrs. Wrench, Mrs. Dobbs, Mrs. Grove, Mrs. Jarman, Miss Donaldson (a pretty girl *we must have*: if she sings a little, the better); and, perhaps, Mrs. Turpin, Miss Franks. Your band, I fear, will be a little higher than we calculated upon. Your calculation amounted to £7 2s.

"I have spoken to the musicians there, and find we shall not be able to get them for so little. This will be it, I fear:—



Bullock . . . . .	£2	0	0
Erskine . . . . .	2	2	0
The ONLY Violincello <i>to be had</i> seems a very gentlemanly man, whom every one respects; perfectly acquainted with Theatres; and lives four miles off. He promises to do his duty <i>faithfully</i> , but will not take less than S. Kemble gave him, which was . . . . .			
A Tenor . . . . .	1	11	6
First Horn, or <i>any instrument, flute excepted</i> —a man from Sadler's Wells . . . . .	0	15	0
A seemingly clever young lad has offered himself as Second Horn, and to trumpet at all times behind the Scenes, for 10s. 6d. I think you had better have him . . . . .	1	1	0
These with a flute (who is likewise a clarionet) would do . . . . .	0	10	6
	<hr/>		
	£8	0	0
Flute besides. . . . .	<hr/>		

or you might dispense with second horn, and have flute instead, engaging a trumpeter as wanted.

"Mrs. Mehan has made an offer well worthy your consideration; she wishes to have a regular salary, and for £2 per week would undertake to clean the *whole of the Theatre here*, wash the linen and dresses of the Theatre, and dress in one room—this certainly would save you a great deal of money here, but she would require the same salary elsewhere for the same work. In Coventry she must keep the whole clean, wash and dress. I do not know whether you remarked a man of the name of Wheeler who assists Medlam here, and delivers bills, &c. He appears very sober and attentive, and if you have not engaged a property man, I have, upon your answer to this, made the foundation of an agreement with him, that he shall deliver *part of the bills*, clean and look to the lamps and chandeliers entirely, and be the property man, for £1 5s. This I think reasonable, and he appears to be dependable, honest and sober. There is a young man, a house painter in Coventry, who is assisting Andrews in the decorations, with his apprentice, and he wishes to know if you will give him an admission to the Theatre for his work, he not making any charge. He fitted it up for Watson, and appears theatrical enough to be repaid in that way—he is of great use. I was asked by two or three the price of season tickets; do you mean to have any, and upon what terms? I very much doubt whether your six chandeliers will light the theatre: observe, they can only be hung between the upper and lower boxes, and the space from the orchestra to the front boxes is immense; there are NINETEEN SEATS in the PIT! The house is long and narrow, the hardest one in the world to light. I fear I shall be obliged to have some chandeliers in addition from here. I have decided to have ten float-lamps, and three at the first wing on each side, and two at the other wings; this will be as little as possibly can be done with.

Where are we to get our oil? and will you send Kensington candles from London? What will you have done with the keys of the Birmingham Theatre? They should be left on the spot. I was thinking if you committed them to Knott, he would be a proper person, as, in the event of your letting it for any purpose, he could talk to the folks about it. I have endeavoured to arrange my week's plays for Hill as well as I can (I mean the Coventry 1st week). "Pizarro" and "Love Laughs," to begin with "Fontainebleau" and "Love, Law and Physic" (which I have procured a copy of); 2nd night—"Peasant Boy" and something easy; 3rd night—"Foundling of the Forest" and "Turn Out" on Friday; by which I have Hill in "Love Laughs," in "Fontainebleau," in "Peasant Boy," and "Turn Out." Miss Donaldson must be ready in the "Fly-away Trio" and music of "Pizarro," Lydia, in "Love Laughs," Rose, in "Fontainebleau," and Olympia, in "The Peasant Boy." If Lydia is any trouble to her I can relieve her from it, as Mrs. Dobbs has done it here the other night; and I suppose you will have Mrs. Turpin, she can do it likewise. Turpin must be the Sentinel, Risk Lepoche, in "Fontainebleau," Gabian in "Peasant Boy," Looby Log in "Love, Law and Physic," Le Clair, in "Foundling of the Forest," and Gregory in "Turn Out." Mrs. Turpin, "Fly-away Virgin," Marinette, "Fontainebleau," Mrs. Hillary, "Love, Law and Physic," Marinette, "Peasant Boy," and Rosabella in "Foundling of the Forest." Can you let me have for "Pizarro" (for the supers) six pair flesh stockings, six cloaks, and six pair sandals. I have shirts and belts and head-dresses, also two Peruvian and two Spanish banners. As you have been doing it lately, you can, I suppose, spare me these, which is all I want. Respecting Faulkner, I told you my sentiments long since. I do not think it would be worth his while to come to Coventry; he could act in very few plays with me there; *many*, one of us must be out of, for instance he would not act in "Pizarro;" but, do as you like; if he comes he shall be well treated, for I have a long-standing and sincere respect for him. The characters I have played here, of course I shall keep here and elsewhere. Will he play Montaldi in the "Peasant Boy," and Captain Epaulette? Lewis was our Colonel, and if he does not go to Coventry, I shall want one. In the difference of expenditure I forgot to mention the 6s. a thousand upon bills. The Coventry people appeared to think you were to be there all the season, consequently I have put the regulation of the theatre on the same footing as in Birmingham in the general advertisements, and that will surely satisfy them, and tell them they have as much of you as the Birmingham folks. You will receive a paper with this. Who shall attend the box, book there? Bowes has a situation in London. Horton would be useful in Coventry, as he does *anything* I put him to. I have no music for Pizarro. I will now revert to my own affairs. I have had an offer which I am not inclined personally to accept, as it would grieve me to leave Birmingham, where I am so comfortable, and in the society of so many kind friends; nor do I now make this a plea to you for writing upon my affairs, but merely to answer you upon what you spoke to Grove, when he and you were in Bristol. To say I can live upon my salary with the deductions I must make, and which my circumstances



require, would be useless. I cannot. The situation I am placed in, the lodgings I must have, the company I must keep, are beyond my means. I think these considerations ought fairly to weigh with you; and something more you should allow; and surely a clear benefit for the eternal devotion of my time is no more than justice *in all places* I should be in with you. You will remember when I asked this of you on our first agreeing, you said if you knew how the scheme would answer, you would not hesitate upon a point that would be immaterial in success. The success surely will warrant it now. I know you are implicated with the proprietors here to give fifty guineas for every benefit announced, but I am *well convinced* that it would be a point they would willingly concede, and I have no objection, if *you* have none to speak on the subject, and let it be a clause of your agreement; nor in giving the clear night, should you have any objection to give me any aid that was not *actually expensive* (such as I had last year). Remember, you are likely to have the theatre for some years, and I am *willing to devote the prime of my life to your service*, and surely I ought not only to be put in a situation to relieve present difficulties, but also to make a little profit, and be somewhat beforehand in the world. This is my idea, and what I think you will not consider unreasonable or improper. Should you agree, I have then a further request to make, in which your *friendship* will be concerned, but till I know your decision it would be useless to trouble you. Nor do not imagine I am at all wavering about Coventry. If we enter into a long agreement it must *commence* now; but I am willing to go to Coventry *even if you were to reduce my income*, but if I return to Birmingham our agreement must commence at once! I have been explicit on the point, for fear you might imagine I had driven my proposal to the last moment, and meant to take an unfair advantage, which I hope you will ever find me incapable of. I am much surprised I have no letter from you to-day. I am now in uncertainty about Wednesday, and certainly I would not announce the night upon other terms than the one I proposed. As to hazarding expenses, 'tis out of the question. On Friday we had £85; if to-morrow makes £160 'twill be the extent. I am in much doubt of her singing at all, for yesterday she was very ill in bed. Let me have your answer to as many of the Coventry questions as possible by return.

"Yours very truly,

"GEO. BARTLEY.

"Addressed—For R. W. Elliston, Esq.,

Surrey Theatre, London.

"Single Sheet.—Haste."

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Mr. William Beatty-Kingston has sent the following bit of "plain English," too late for insertion in its proper place in "Our Musical-Box": "It has for two or three years past been *de rigueur* in society, as well as in the columns of the daily and weekly press, to find fault with Ernest Nicolini; and I observe that a cabal against him has been organized in the galleries of Covent Garden, from certain benches of which his every appearance behind the lights is greeted with hisses, vehemently renewed



whenever his fine voice and spirited singing elicit applause from the unbiassed portion of the audience. This treatment of one of the first vocal artists of the day is not only unjust but stupid. *Suum cuique tribuito*; and I would ask the critics, as well as the sibilant snobs above alluded to, to mention any singer amongst the tenors of Europe who can equal Nicolini as Alfredo or Almaviva—or, for that matter, as Faust and Romeo. It would be well, until they can find a better than he, or even as good an one, that they should abstain from carping at him in print or insulting him in public. He is a clever and careful actor, handsome, and of a picturesque presence. I have heard him, more than once during the past season, sing quite admirably—I may say, unexceptionably. We have not such a large and varied choice of *primi tenori*, either “robust” or “lyric,” that we can afford to persistently snub the ablest of them all. Rather should we be grateful for such gifts as the gods provide; above all, it should be remembered that at least the same measure of courtesy is due to a Nicolini that is freely accorded to a Mierzwinski or a Frapoli. I may be told that Signor Nicolini is hissed upon grounds altogether foreign to his artistic merits or demerits. It is true that a certain percentage of fools and hypocrites is to be found in every gathering of human beings; possibly, therefore, this element in Covent Garden audiences may be held responsible for the semi-silly, semi-malignant demonstrations in question. People who hiss an actor because he has the supreme good fortune to be beloved by a beautiful and gifted woman are more likely to be prompted by envy than by virtuous indignation. But, within the walls of the theatre, applause or its converse have to do with the actor's performance on the stage, not with his private adventures—a fact which British opera-goers of all social classes cannot be too earnestly reminded of, inasmuch as they are far too apt to let their prejudices interfere with their taste and judgment, to the extent of exhibiting them in a singularly unfavourable light to all true lovers of art, native as well as foreign.”

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The success obtained by the clever play “Confusion” at the Vaudeville is thoroughly well deserved, and if, as may be assumed, Mr. Joseph Derrick possesses the valuable gift of skill in constructing plays he has a great future before him. It is in the art of construction and the knowledge of stage effect that our dramatists are so conspicuously deficient. There are at least one hundred good writers to one clever constructor. My experience tells me that half the failures on the stage are due to the neglect of the study of the stage and the temperament of audiences. Not, indeed, that “Confusion” is or was intended to be a very high class of work. It is an amusing play, the spirit of the fun is well sustained, and it has the great advantage of not boring people in an age when most playgoers are easily bored. With the same skill in his possession, Mr. Derrick might turn his attention to a wider and perhaps nobler field of action. Not a little of the success, also, of “Confusion” is due to the admirable acting it brings out. One and all have caught that serious treatment of comical subjects on which Mr. Gilbert insists, and that was so much fostered by Mr.

Charles Wyndham at the Criterion Theatre. Mr. Charles Glenny follows in the immediate footsteps of Sothern and Wyndham in a class of play that deals largely in mock heroics. This young actor has evidently a strong sense of humour. Admirably contrasted with his nervous forcible style is Mr. Charles Groves, whose comedy is of a broader kind, and in this play both Miss Sophie Larkin and Miss Kate Phillips are seen at their very best. Miss Winifred Emery is fast becoming one of our most charming actresses of comedy, and this is sufficiently proved by her acting in "An Old Master" with Mr. Thomas Thorne. This pretty little play, by Mr. H. A. Jones, has been very happily revived, and Miss Winifred Emery gives in it a sketch of a jealous maiden, that is absolutely true to Nature.

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The dramatic editor of a popular American paper, who might be well advised to leave the record of the drama in this country to his correspondents, who at least know something of their subject, announces that Mr. John Raymond has bought a play of Mr. A. W. Pinero, called the "Rocket." Unable to resist a vulgar witticism, he commits himself, however, to an unworthy disparagement of a clever and successful author. He says that "All of Pinero's original plays have gone up like a rocket, and come down like the stick." From a schoolboy point of view, this, no doubt, is vastly witty, but it is obviously untrue. If Mr. Pinero required any witnesses to disprove such folly, they would be readily found in Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal, the managers of the St. James' Theatre.

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A business and artistic partnership has been formed between Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil, who will henceforward be the managers of the Court Theatre, and they will start their career with the good wishes of their friends and of the public generally. The theatre will open at the end of September with a new comedy by Mr. J. W. Godfrey, the clever author of "The Parvenu," and the young managers have a stock of good things in reserve. One of the new features of the Court Theatre is to be a series of dramatic afternoon teas from about four to six. Pretty little plays, clever songs, and excellent music, and, of course, cheap prices, are the main features of the plan. The idea is not at all a bad one, and, considering the convenient situation of the Court Theatre, it may prove a success with society. An autumn afternoon might be worse spent than in Sloane Square with two such clever and courteous hosts.

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If it had been possible to place a voting box in the hall of the Lyceum Theatre during the whole of the revivals now brought to a close with the regretted farewell of Henry Irving, I cannot help thinking that the greatest number of white balls would have been found in favour of that actor's brilliant and masterly performance of Louis the Eleventh. In this character America will see Irving in the full richness of his style and the plenitude of his power. We have heard till we are sick of hearing of his mannerisms, his tricks, his affectations, his gestures, his angularity, his address, and Heaven knows what, simply because no actor of our time, or perhaps of any

other time, was so closely watched, or has compelled his audience so persistently to keep their eyes on him. But in Louis the Eleventh the style of the actor—and no actor would be a good actor without style, any more than a painter or a writer—is subordinate to the subject-matter in hand. Irving vanishes, and we are in the presence of a nervous, restless, tyrannical, vain, cruel and death-fearing old gentleman. For my own part I have never seen this actor to such conspicuous advantage as in the scene in the second act, where Louis gives an audience to the haughty envoy from the Duke of Burgundy. Art can do no more than that; it is stretched to its furthest limits. And it is not only in the art of expression that Irving excels in the play; he displays more power here—more real power—than in the “Bells.” His terror-stricken description of the phantom murderer, and his death in the royal robes of France, are by far the finest moments in all the acting of Henry Irving that we have seen. He is a better actor now than he ever was in his life, and if he plays Louis the Eleventh as he did a few nights before he bade us farewell, he will command the admiration of all who have studied and understood the art of acting. After this exhibition of strength and subtlety the “King Lear” must come, as a matter of course. In fact, the “King Lear” that is to be was curiously foreshadowed in this very remarkable performance. We saw him in the throne-room scene: we saw him in the regal death. His personation will haunt the spectator now that the actor has said farewell, and has been sent on his mission of art. It has been said, and truly, that the play of Louis the Eleventh wants female interest; but the fact that it is made interesting without female aid, is due entirely to Henry Irving, who completely fascinated and held his audience.



## “For this Night Only.”

A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE.

AN Irish sea-coast, silent save  
 For the wild bird's cry to the mate she left,  
 And the sorrowful wail of the western wave,  
 Singing a dirge through the mountain cleft.

And as the evening gently falls,  
 And the saucy stars wink out the day,  
 I think of my critical friends in their stalls,  
 Sitting in judgment upon the play.

It's an odd conceit, but your THEATRE view  
 Of life, dear Scott, sets my thoughts in motion,  
 And I wonder what you and the rest would do  
 Were you here to criticise rocks and ocean.



Grey clouds for "flies," black crags for "wings,"  
And a "footlight" gleam as the wavelets dash on.  
(Lime cylinders, trust me, can't do the things  
Dame Nature works in her own stage fashion.)

"Black-cloth" of mountains, "practical" moon,  
"Profile" of pine-trees, "traps" of turf,  
The Sun's "red float" turned off too soon,  
"Murmurs outside" in the sough of the surf.

Let me steal a glance round the empty house,  
Why, bless me! Is this a freak of wizard?  
The critics *are* here! There's one like a grouse,  
And a sapient snipe, and a learned lizard!

There's one flutters by—an observant bat,  
And here by my side is the portly *corpus*  
Of an editor purring like tamest cat,  
And out there at sea rolls a dainty porpoise.

And the critical cohort on sea or land  
Are turned into fish, or beast, or bird,  
Whilst I, like Alice in Wonderland,  
Seriously study what's quite absurd.

Then something crosses the moon's clear light,  
(There's an extra dip in the candle-box)  
I hum the "Ghost Melody": *enter right*—  
A cormorant flapping across the rocks.

Now the play's begun, here's a stone for stall,—  
Note the effect of his black wing's curving;  
Flap! flap! he's certain to get a call,  
And he strongly reminds me of Henry Irving.

Bravo black hero! How fast he skims  
The stage (that is sea) with outstretched beak!  
O for a heroine! G. R. Sims,  
You know the sort of a cast I seek.

But Sims is silent, Jones-Herman hushed,  
The Reades won't murmur, nor Grundy care,  
Tennyson trembles, Buchanan's crushed,  
And Wills is off for a change of Eyre.

O for a heroine! Dion, be civil!  
Send me a colleen, a something "aroon,"  
For this Arrah-na-Cormorant, Dion, ye divil,  
Sure you're not going to waste that Moon!

But no heroine came to my yearning wish,  
Though under and over the sea I sought her  
Till splash ! rose a beautiful silvery fish,  
Trustingly nearing the top of the water.

Delicate, sinuous, gracefully light,  
She paused as she swam, I believe she panted :  
(And here I think it is only right  
To confess that I took her sex for granted.)

A bar of silver below—above  
A black cloud hov'ring ; the situation  
Strongly suggestive of murder, and love,  
And the present state of the Irish nation.

To the play. He swooped with a raucous scream—  
One glance as though she would crave forgiveness.  
He struck—she vanished away as a dream ;  
“ ’Twas right well timed,” quoth the bat, “ that business.”

Warner-like was his guttural rage,  
And the lines he gave were really heathenish ;  
He looked up like Neville, then took the stage,  
Vindictive, violent, vicious, and Vezinish !

But she to a cool sea-cave sank still,  
And toyed with a hermit-crab in his cot ;  
And the fury of barnacles, death of a brill,  
And three beautiful bream formed the under-plot.

Act II., she rose ; poor glittering thing,  
Deserting her faithful deep-sea lover,—  
’Twixt me and the moon came the great black wing,  
A struggle, a splash, and the act was over.

Queensberry-like I rose in my stall,  
And swore aloud I would stand no more,  
Quick aim ! flash ! bang !—and that was all,  
For the O. P. barrel was close choke-bore !

Then, like the Lily maid Elaine  
Steered by the dumb, she drifted away,  
The curtain fell on the western main,  
And that, dear Scott, was the end of the play.

W. W.



# THE THEATRE.

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*September, 1883.*

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## A Queen's Adventure.

BY R. DAVEY.

ONE rainy evening, towards the close of April, 1791, a ponderous old travelling-coach, toiled wearily up the hill, the summit of which is crowned by the ancient town of Jougne, on the road between Lons-les-Saulniers et Besançon, the capital of the province of Franche-Comté.

There were two women in the vehicle ; one, tall, handsome, and exceedingly elegant, occupied the seat facing the horses ; the other, who sat opposite to her, was a young person of sprightly countenance, whose simple costume and deferential manner at once announced her to be either a waiting-maid or a "dame de compagnie." From time to time, one or other of the two travellers would thrust her head out of the carriage-window to urge on the postilion, or look back down the road, apparently to see whether any one were following. Notwithstanding the entreaties of the ladies, and his own best endeavours, Maître Jacques, the postilion, failed miserably in his attempts to induce his two heavy Flemish horses even to get into a trot, let alone a gallop. The road was so bad, the rain so blinding, the ruts were so many, the mud was so deep, that the best the poor beasts could do, in response to their master's oaths and loud cracks of the whip, was to give an occasional jerk forward or a stumble, and then resume their wonted funereal pace.

"Heaven help us, Susanne! This dreadful journey will never end! We cannot possibly reach Besançon to-night," observed the lady who sat with her face to the horses. "Mon Dieu! how I wish we were well over it and safe!"



"Madame is too nervous! That gentleman on horseback we have seen at the three last stations, and who has followed us, has frightened her. Believe me, I am sure he is no spy! he is too nice-looking for that. I am persuaded he is only instigated by madame's charms, and has not recognized her. Oh! he is no more a 'sans-culotte' than I am!"

"It matters very little what you think about him, I have my fears, and my reasons for having them. Put your head out once more, and see if he is still in sight."

Susanne did as she was bid, and presently shutting down the window as quickly as she could, to prevent the rain from pouring in, gave her mistress the reassuring news that not only had the obnoxious stranger disappeared, but also that the gates at Jougne were close at hand.

"And, madame, through a break in the clouds, I saw the mountains of Switzerland; so, you see, we are approaching the frontier."

"That is well; we will stop for supper here, at the "Lion d'Or," and then hasten on to Besançon this very night," said her mistress.

In a few moments more the carriage rumbled through the narrow streets of Jougne, and presently stopped under the "Porte-Cochère" of the "Golden Lion."

"Will the ladies get down?" said the jolly innkeeper, as he stood with the half-opened carriage-door in one hand, and his cap in the other, bowing with extra civility to his two new guests, and delighted at the prospect of their being detained all night under his roof, for travellers had become very rare in these troubled times. "Will the ladies get down? Supper will be ready at a moment's notice."

"Certainly; we want it at once, and let it be a good substantial meal, for, I can assure you, we are really hungry," answered the tall lady, as she jumped out; and, turning to the postilion, inquired if it were possible to reach Besançon before midnight.

"Perfectly impossible, madame; the roads are in a shocking state. We should only run the risk of a breakdown, half-way."

"And that would be intolerable. Allons! Susanne, get down, and bring in with you all the shawls, pillows, and rugs that you can find; for since we must sleep here, we may as well make ourselves at home."

Susanne, loaded with rugs and satchels, followed her mistress

into the house ; and the two travellers, emerging from the shade of the hall, entered the brightly illuminated dining-room.

A fire crackled cheerily on the hearth, and the large apartment, with its many little tables covered with snow-white cloths and shining glass, looked quite cosy. The ladies, taking off their wraps, seated themselves by the fire, and presently the landlady drew in front of them a table, on which she placed two steaming bowls of excellent broth. The bright light of the fire threw its cheerful glare on the countenance of the tall lady, and showed her to possess such rare and stately beauty, that the worthy lady, on returning to the kitchen, proclaimed to her satellites, that she had never before seen so queenly a personage. "*C'est une véritable reine* (She's a perfect queen). I'll warrant she's some fine Court marchioness on her way to the frontier," said she ; "and, poor soul ! I would be the last to prevent her flight !"

Indeed, the lady justified these encomiums. Her figure was graceful and commanding, her features were regular, her eyes bright and vivacious. Her hair, in which still lingered traces of powder, was drawn up high over her ample forehead, whilst one heavy curl hung down on her shoulder. Her complexion was singularly brilliant, and varying constantly on the least emotion, gave the lie to those of her enemies who declared she used paint. The only fault that could be found with this otherwise perfect face was that the lower lip, slightly too thick, protruded a little beyond the upper one, as is frequently observed in the portraits of the Sovereigns of the house of Austria. Her costume was simple, consisting of a grey petticoat, and flowered chintz overskirt, made in the fashion once so popular, and styled "Dolly Varden." Her attendant, whom she called Susanne, was a pretty and unpretending young woman, belonging to the sprightly class of French serving-maids immortalized by Molière and Beaumarchais as "Soubrettes."

The two travellers had scarcely tasted their first spoonful of soup, when the doors of the apartment were thrown open, and a "fonctionnaire" of the provisional government, wearing his tri-coloured scarf, entered. Striding up to the table at which the ladies were seated, he drew from his pocket a letter, and, fixing his eyes with avid interest on the tall lady, made a mental comparison between her countenance and that of some one described in the document he held in his hand.

"What is your name, citoyenne?" he asked suddenly, in a tone of authority.

"May I first ask, sir, who it is I shall have the honour of answering when I do give my name?" returned the lady, who, although she had become exceedingly pale, retained her self-possession in a remarkable manner; for it was no joke for women of position to fall into the hands of "*fonctionnaires*" in those days.

"I am the Mayor of Jougne."

"In that case, M. le Maire, I am Madame de Pryné."

"Have you no papers about you—no passport?"

"Mon Dieu, yes—no; that is, of course I have: but in my trunk," answered the lady. "We are only going to Besançon. This is my maid Susanne; we are travelling in France; and for that I had no idea passports were necessary, M. le Maire."

"You said you had one in your trunk. Very well, Madame le Pryné, allow me to see this passport."

"Willingly! Call in your men, and let them bring my largest trunk, all my papers are in it."

The order was given, and the box was opened.

"It is at the bottom of all," said Madame de Pryné, rising as if to search herself.

"It is useless your troubling yourself, citoyenne. See! look at these grand trains; these alone suffice to prove that you belong to the Court, and intend emigrating into Switzerland," cried the Mayor, as he threw out of the box on to the table several magnificent robes of velvet, one of which was lined with ermine. "And here—here, my suspicions are more than confirmed. Ah! ah! Madame de Pryné, you wear a crown, do you?" exclaimed the Mayor, as he suddenly rose from his inspection of the box's contents, brandishing triumphantly in one hand a crown studded with large gems, and in the other a sceptre. "Ah! ah!" laughed he exultingly. "Madame, so you were going over the frontier with the crown-jewels of France? I know who you are!"

"Who?" said the lady, as pale as a sheet.

"You are Marie Antoinette, sometime Queen of France."

"Is the Queen expected to pass this way in her flight?"

"She is—and you know that better than any one. In the name of France and the law, I arrest you!"



"Without any further proofs?"

"Certainly—I do not require them."

"Will you not at least look at my passport?"

"Bah! a borrowed passport!" said the Mayor in an impatient tone. "You had better give yourself up, madame, without any further trouble. Believe me, it will be the best."

"Then, sir," said the lady, rising majestically from her seat, and assuming an imperial attitude—"I am the Queen!"

It would be difficult to imagine a more noble figure than that of the unfortunate lady, as she spoke these four words. Seeing that Susanne was impatiently about to interrupt her, she silenced her by an imperative gesture, and then reseated herself with much dignity in her chair. So queenly did she appear at this critical moment of her existence, that, staunch republican as he was, the Maire of Jougne forgot all about *égalité*, bowed low before the fallen Sovereign, and retired at once to give the necessary orders for her Majesty's detention, and to announce the news of her capture to his fellow-citizens. A few moments after his exit, two "gens-d'armes" were sent to mount guard at the doors of the salon, and the unfortunate Queen, concluding a few words of conversation with Susanne, threw herself on her knees, and prayed earnestly for Divine assistance.

In less than an hour the Mayor returned, accompanied by a dozen or so of members of the municipality. They found the Queen calm, and even cheerful. She acknowledged their deferential manner towards her, with regal grace; and when informed that the upper part of the hotel was placed at her service until further instructions were received from Paris, followed them thither, with so quick and even gay a step that several of them afterwards remembered it as an unusual instance of self-command.

When once the Queen was safe, and a guard placed at her door, the Mayor of Jougne gave himself up to a transport of revolutionary joy. He had "the Queen of France under lock and key." On him, before three days were over, would be fixed the eyes of the world. His name would descend to posterity, and live for ever in the annals of his country. Having assembled his fellow "fonctionnaires" in the salon of the inn, he made them a patriotic speech, in which he invoked the spirits of Brutus and of Cato, and wound up by proposing "that the patriots of Jougne,

should form themselves into a battalion of true Republicans, and placing Marie Antoinette of Austria in their centre, lead that arch-traitress before the National Tribunal. Possessed, as they were, of her crown, sceptre, globe, and royal mantle, they could carry these emblems of fallen despotism in their triumphal procession, and offer them as a holocaust on the altar of liberty." An address to the National Assembly stating their intention, and giving the most minute details of the Queen's arrest, was forthwith written and signed by the entire conclave, and despatched immediately to the capital. To this letter was added a private one from the Queen herself, but so artfully sealed that, do what they could to read it, not one of them discovered a word of its contents. Having dismissed the council, the Mayor went once more to the Queen, to inform her of what had been determined. Being a kind-hearted man, however, he spared her the knowledge of the manner in which he proposed to conduct her back to Paris. While he was conversing with her Majesty, a gendarme hurriedly entered the chamber in a state of great excitement, "M. le Maire! M. le Maire! we have arrested Polignac or Lamballe!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the Queen; "it is that young man."

"What young man?" inquired the Mayor.

"A gentleman who followed our coach, that is all," answered, she in some confusion, seeing that she had evidently committed an imprudence by this last observation.

"Let him be brought up here immediately," ordered the Mayor, and in a few moments a tall and very handsome young man was dragged into the apartment by two guards. His clothes were dripping wet, he had lost his hat, and his soiled cloak dragged on the ground behind him.

"It is the same," whispered Susanne; "perhaps he may help us."

"Please God!" murmured the Queen.

No sooner was this young gentleman disengaged from the hands of his captors than, throwing himself upon his knees, he raised her hand to his lips. "Pardon me, madame. Had I but suspected it was the Queen of France to whom I presumed to raise my eyes, I would have died rather than have so far forgotten what was due to my Sovereign, especially in her hour of trouble. I am a gentleman by birth, the Count de Maillettes. Unaware of your Majesty's true rank, I followed your carriage, struck by

your surpassing beauty and enslaved by its power, hoping, through my persistence, to be favoured with one glance of pity, if not of love. Now that I recognize my error, as your Majesty's most humble servant and subject, my life is at your service, and I crave only your gracious pardon."

"Oh! you have it, Count; I grant it willingly; and only see in your conduct," answered the Queen, smiling, but with an evident meaning—for she fixed her keen eyes on the kneeling gentleman in a manner that forbade his answering—"I see, sir, in your conduct only a proof of your desire to serve an unfortunate woman and a fallen queen——"

"It is well," broke in the Mayor.

"Notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, this young man evidently forms part of your cortège, madame. He is arrested, and shall share your apartments. The chamber at the end of the corridor, sir, is yours. You have, however, the right of free access to the Queen when she desires your presence. Mesdames, I wish you a very good night; *Citoyen, bon soir!*" and, bowing civilly, the Mayor withdrew.

When the door was closed, the Count was about to withdraw also; but the Queen prevented his doing so, entreating him to remain and partake of her supper, which was presently served. During this meal Her Majesty became exceedingly lively, and the merry laughter of the imprisoned Sovereign and her new friend, being heard outside, led the guards to observe that "Her Majesty was a singularly fearless woman; for, in spite of the danger she was in, she laughed like a true daughter of Momus, and was having a fine time of it with the prince, who was evidently her lover."

It is unnecessary to tell how the imprisoned Queen passed her time in her confinement at the "Lion d'Or." We are compelled, however, to record, that her intimacy with the Count became so great, that once, the guard at the door, spying through the keyhole, actually saw him kiss her before retiring for the night. The sixth and last day of her captivity at length arrived. The answer from the National Assembly reached Jougne towards noon, and the Queen was at breakfast with the Count and Susanne when the Mayor entered her presence, followed by the whole municipality and several guards. The good Mayor was flushed with excitement, and, in his hand, he held the as yet unopened document.



Arranging all his colleagues, according to their various official grades, in a semicircle around him, he addressed the Queen who rose to hear him with a stately air. "Marie Antoinette of Austria, we have this morning received the following answer from the Government of Paris, and hasten to communicate to you its contents." Here the worthy magistrate broke the seals and read: "Citizen Maire, Marie Antoniette is still in Paris, and has never left it. Let Mademoiselle Sainval of the Théâtre Français, pass on without hindrance to Besançon, where she has an engagement."

Had the earth opened at his feet, the Mayor of Jougne could not have looked more dumbfounded. "So you have played us a trick, have you, Mademoiselle Sainval?" he said furiously.

"My dear M. le Maire, allow me to remark," answered the quondam Queen, "that it is you who have played me a trick. Had you but examined my passport, as I told you, you would have found, that although I have been Queen of Tyre, Sidonia, Greece, Jerusalem, Rome, and Mesopotamia, I have never, up to the present time, laid claim to the throne of France, even for one single night. You, however, have forced me to play a part which does not belong to me for six successive days and nights, and an irksome rôle it has proved. I confess, now, that it is not my fault, if you mistook the crown and sceptre of Mesopotamia for that of Gaul. But, since, I am free to proceed to Besançon, perhaps you will order my carriage to the door, for, as soon as I have finished breakfast, I intend to be off. Bon jour, messieurs," she added, bowing to the mortified council as she withdrew. Suddenly recollecting herself, she cried out, "Eh, may the Count come too?"

"To the devil if he likes," answered the Mayor snappishly, as he slammed the door.

Mademoiselle Sainval turned gracefully to the Count, and said, as a sweet smile illumined her charming face, "And you, my dear Count, when you have done justice to that omelette, perhaps you will give me your arm, and lead me down to the coach? Oh, how I wish that the poor Queen had indeed left Paris whilst I was enacting her part; which I did, in the hope, that these people, believing the paste to be a real diamond, would have let the true jewel pass! Poor! poor Queen! Allons, Susanne! let us go! Count, you have served me as Sovereign of France; will you not still continue to be my squire as tragedy queen?"

The Count, bowing low, raised the fair actress's hands to his lips. Then leaning on his arm, and followed by her faithful maid, Mademoiselle Sainval swept down the staircase to the carriage, in which the Count took his seat opposite Susanne.



## The Autobiography of an Actor.\*

A YEAR'S absence from England made me rather curious to learn what changes had meanwhile taken place in the theatrical world—the only “world” in which I really took an interest. I still had an eye to an appearance, but I felt disposed, *au pis aller*, to relinquish the dignity of a leader in high tragedy or “genteel” comedy, if I could only get a footing at Drury Lane. R. W. Elliston was manager at the time (1826), and Macready was *facile princeps* in the company. He had recently added to his *répertoire*, “*Virginius*,” then a new tragedy, written by Sheridan Knowles; and I was so entirely fascinated by the play and Macready's acting, that I called on Jem Wallack (the father of Lester, of New York fame), whom I had known in earlier times, and asked him to get me engaged as a lictor, or Roman soldier, or anything, in short, that would bring me before a London audience. Wallack was the Julius of the play; it would have been difficult to find a more dashing representative of the lover of Virginia. Macaulay's beautiful “*Lay*” was not before the public at that time; but I have never read the now-famous poem without recalling the fervour with which Wallack appealed to the Quirites to be “men that day.” He “stamped his foot and rent his gown” with overpowering vehemence. Poor George Bennett, who died lately in his eightieth year, was a fine specimen of an old Roman legionary as Siccus Dentatus. Maria Foote, who had survived the Berkeley and Joe Hayne scandal, was still beautiful, and nicely suited to Virginia. Wallack spoke for me to Elliston, and I obtained a position as super at Drury Lane, watching anxiously for an opportunity of making my mark in a speaking part. It came! One morning, at a rehearsal of “*Henry IV.*,” Macready, who was cast for Hotspur, was in a towering rage (no

\* Continued from THE THEATRE for August, 1883.

uncommon thing with him) because there was no one at hand to answer his inquiries regarding Gilliams and Butler and "the roan," the crop-eared horse which was to be his "throne." Seeing me at the wing, he called out, "You, sir—what are you?—who are you?—what are you doing?" I told him him I was really nobody and doing nothing. "Well, you shall do something for your bread.—Mr. Elliston, let that young man play the servant;" adding, with a grim smile, "I dare say he has *under-studied* the part.—Have you?" I told him that I was familiar with the words allotted to the serving-man, and could play the rôle without a rehearsal. It amounted to—"He is, my lord," "One horse, my lord," "It is, my lord"—not a very arduous undertaking. It was rather disgusting to a man who had played Prince Henry at Calcutta to be relegated by a malicious fate to the mediocre position I occupied; but it was something to be admitted to the *arcanum* of the Drury-Lane stage, which Kean had erewhile triumphantly trodden, and I was not without hope of promotion. Elliston was the Falstaff of the night—a memorable night, for it was the last of that versatile and once distinguished actor's appearance. His decadence from the position he occupied six years previously, and had held for twenty years as a delightful comedian—unrivalled as the Duke Aranza, effective as Octavian ("The Mountaineers"), and brilliant as Doricourt, Charles Surface, &c.—was painful in the extreme. A life of excitement, stimulated by wine, was approaching its natural termination. Still, he had vigour enough left to render Falstaff more effectively than any actor since the days of the great Henderson; but medicine was nevertheless requisite to sustain him in the task, and on the evening when I appeared as Hotspur's menial he was overcome, and fell to the ground, professionally to rise no more. It was in the fifth act that the melancholy incident occurred. He had just uttered the words, "Hal, if thou seest me down in the battle and bestridest me so," when he was vanquished by fatigue and fell on his side. Wallack, who was playing the Prince, said, "Why, Jack, you are thinking so much of what may happen in the field, that you are down already!" But Elliston could make no reply. He only grunted and growled. The audience waxed angry, and "Drunk!—off, off!—take him away!" proceeded from different parts of the house. Wallack went to a wing and summoned four men (I was one of them) to bear Elliston to his room. Wallack



then addressed the audience. I well remember the words:—“Ladies and Gentlemen,—I come not to apologize, but to explain——” “Good!—all right!—proceed!” “The extraordinary exertions of Mr. Elliston during the last few days have so overpowered him——” This was too much for John Bull. Laughter, jeers, and the cry of “Drunk, drunk,” accompanied by hisses, compelled Wallack to leave the stage. Macready, whose Hotspur, by-the-by, fitted one of his irascible temper exceeding well, has declared, in his “Memoirs,” that Elliston was not “in drink.” He had really been ill, and was compelled to resort to anodynes, which, however, were insufficient to give him strength enough to go through the enterprise.

It was difficult in 1826 to maintain an interest in the “legitimate drama,” as the five-act plays were called. Erato was treading upon the heels of Melpomene and Thalia. Carl Maria von Weber had driven Europe wild with the charming music of “Der Freischütz,” and only during the summer had the “pensive public” a chance of laughter. “Paul Pry,” in the hands of the mirth-provoking John Liston, had fairly grasped public opinion. *Furore* would be a mild word for the enthusiasm the comedy evoked. Whether it was the strange originality of the character, the oddity of Liston’s costume, or the pertinacity of Paul’s curiosity, accompanied by the apologetic “I hope I don’t intrude,” that fixed attention, it is not easy to determine. Perhaps the combination, crystallized, as it were, by the charming imperturbability of Liston, who preserved, apparently, a delicious unconsciousness of the fun he provoked, may have accounted for the marvellous popularity of the farce—for it deserved no higher title. The print-shop windows were covered with portraits of Paul Pry; omnibuses were named after him; his head furnished signs for inns all over the country; his figure in wax and plaster decorated mantelpieces and surmounted sugar-plum cakes; he supplied material for comic songs; quadrilles bore his name without much affinity; newspapers came out, professing to adopt his facility of penetrating the affairs of society;—in short, he enveloped all England during the summer, and continued to maintain his hold after the Haymarket Theatre had been closed. “Paul Pry” had become what our American friends would call an institution, and to this hour his fascination is perpetuated in the personation of that admirable comedian, J. L. Toole. Edward Wright, of the

Adelphi, found the part suited to him some forty years ago, but the Liston rage was never revived. It was the dazzling meteor of the hour.

Weber having tickled the English ear with the "concord of sweet sounds," operas, in a national dress, were destined to fix attention in every theatre open to the public. Malibran witched all hearers no less by the exquisite quality of her voice than her rare dramatic talent. Braham was still in good condition, and sang the "Death of Nelson" and the tenor part in "All's Well" as effectually as he had achieved them thirty years previously. Henry Phillips surprised audiences as a baritone of singular power and good taste, and there was Miss Paton (afterwards Lady William Lennox), and then Mrs. Wood, who's "Jock o' Hazeldean" imparted a new vogue to Scottish music. English Opera, as it was termed, came into fashion, and Tom Cooke sang the songs of Henry Bertram on a cold winter's night upon a bleak heath, in white pantaloons, and a blue dress coat of the most approved pattern. Heartily sick of Macready and the subordination of my histrionic powers to the ceremony of announcing that dinner (in the stage sense) was "served," or accomplishing the feat of cock-crowing in doing salutation to the morn in "Hamlet," I thought of asking Bishop (Sir Henry), who had married one of the daughters of old Rivières, my drawing master, to engage me as a gipsy in "Guy Mannering." Could I sing? Did I know anything of music? Ah! there was the difficulty. Nature, bountiful in other respects, had denied me a voice of the proper quality, and music had not been cultivated in "our school." I was thus thrown back upon Macready, to my great vexation. If he continued to satisfy audiences who were growing fine by degrees and (anything but) beautifully less, he had acquired a thorough dislike of the whole of the corps dramatique associated with him. His temper, as he confessed to his regret in his "Memoirs," was vile; his pride intense; his contempt for the humble followers of the profession profound and undisguised. Some of the actors and actresses shrunk from contact with him, others played him tricks and maliciously blunted his points, and tried to make him ridiculous. The story of the murderer in "Macbeth," who stopped him in the banquet scene on the pretext of hunting for a brass-headed nail, which was to indicate his stopping place on his entrance, has long been known, but the incident which caused him more annoy-

ance than any other of the recorded anecdotes was the affair of the candles in "Hamlet." After slaying Polonius, Macready was accustomed to take two candelabra from the table at which his mother sat wringing her hands and go to the arras where his dresser usually stood, powder-puff in hand, to impart a paler aspect to his master. One night, the dresser was absent from his post, no one being visible but a scene-shifter. Macready uttered the few words pertaining to the situation, calling impatiently for the powder-puff. "Thou wretched (puff!) rash (puff!) intruding fool (puff!) farewell! I took thee (puff! puff!) for thy better (puff! puff! puff!)" The poor scene-shifter, whose ideas on the subject were confused, fancied that Macready merely wanted a puff of breath, so he blew out the candles, and the enraged Hamlet walked back to the stage while the snake from the snuffed wicks streamed behind him like the smoke from the funnels of a steamer. Despairing of obtaining a theatrical engagement of any kind in London, I was advised to turn my attention to Bath. The old city had not quite ceased to be a good nursery for actors, or it would be more proper to say a "reserve," where if needed, good comedians could be drawn. There was a charming woman then leading at the Theatre, a Miss Jarman. I have seen many Rosalinds—Rosa—not Rozza, as it is still commonly pronounced on the stage, but I do not except Mrs. Charles Kean (Miss Ellen Tree), when I pronounce Miss Jarman the most perfect Rosalind of the century. I have seen them all, from Mrs. Jordan to Mrs. Langtry. Miss Jarman became a London favourite, but she married one Ternon, who scarcely (*on dit*) appreciated her. James Vining, who afterwards made his mark in London, was at Bath in 1826; he was the Jacques of the comedy, and a popular favourite, named Woulds, enacted Touchstone. I saw a better Touchstone in Compton thirty years later. His dry style seemed peculiarly adapted to the philosophizing "fool."

Woulds was a good-natured humorist. Making his acquaintance at the pump-room one morning, I disclosed to him my histrionic penchant, and asked if I could be engaged for "general utility." "Everybody," said he, "begins in that way, and it seldom makes a good actor. Take a line—better still take one character—study it well and defy competition. You may drive a large business on a small capital in that way. Macklin had a monopoly of Shylock." "But what character would you advise my adopting?" He looked at me for a moment—asked me



to recite a short speech (there was no one else in the pump-room at that early hour),—and then said “Go in for Romeo. Nearly all stage-struck girls want to come out as Juliet; but there is much trouble in getting a Romeo. It would be a great thing for you if you work at it. Be advertised as the ‘Ideal Romeo,’ and your fortune’s made.” Mr. Woulds may have been quizzing me, but my vanity was fired, and I determined to follow his advice. A legacy following to me at that juncture, I took the opportunity of going over to Paris in order to study the ways of the actors in that centre of the arts, and in the meanwhile to penetrate the mysteries of Romeo. . . . Two years preparation in this pursuit qualified me. I fondly supposed that I should make an impression. I returned to London. Calling on the dramatic agent, I found that there was a Miss Eugene Mandeville (in reality Matilda Higgs) who was anxious to ‘come out,’ but experienced the usual difficulty in getting an opportunity. Introduced to her, I proposed a co-operation, the pecuniary reciprocity being all on my side. She assented vivaciously. The little theatre in Tottenham Street was then to let—it was always to let before Miss Wilton got possession and changed the name—it was a theatre of experiments, with which no one then succeeded. I engaged it for one week, and got together a scratch company and four jolly fiddlers. We opened (and closed) with “Romeo and Juliet.”

“JULIET, by the celebrated Miss Mandeville!

“ROMEO, Mr. Silvester Silverton,

“The IDEAL ROMEO!!!”

A generous distribution of orders, and an invitation to nearly all the visitors to a supper, secured a house. Nine shillings and sixpence was taken at the pit entrance. Mercutio was very drunk; Capulet failed to come. The Nurse was a miserable old driveller, who had played the part in Yorkshire for fifty-four years, and would not have been contradicted if she had professed to be Juliet’s great grandmother. The whole thing was a farce; and a paragraph down in a corner of an obscure paper pronounced my Romeo a “mistake.” It said that the term “ideal” was very properly applied, for the performance was remote from all possible preconceptions of reality. “*Va te coveter, Basil!*” was, in spirit, the cruel epigram with which the paragraph concluded. I might have been “scotched”—I was

—I felt that I was—but I did not feel that I had been “kilt entirely.” However, the time never arrived when I hoped I should be in demand. Fanny Kemble, a year later, was at great loss for a Romeo, but no one brought the “ideal” to her notice. Helen Faucit (now Lady Theodore Martin), at a later period, was equally nonplused. I would have gone to her, but time had done its mischievous work. I was no longer the “ideal,” and being ill-suited to anything else, I forsook the stage for ever!



## Realism.

BY PHILIP BECK.

THE almost universal craving for Realism just now is one of the most curious signs of the times. It is one, however, for which it is not difficult, in some measure, to adduce certain reasons. With a higher appreciation of art, attributable, without doubt, in some degree, to the much abused and equally misunderstood æsthetic movement, with extended facilities for travel and observation, with an improved standard of general education and literature in its many branches brought within the means of the million, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that with this general tendency in one direction, the age should demand on the stage, in the light literature of the library, and the columns of the daily press, a Realism of which our forefathers never dreamed, and even had they done so, would doubtless have deprecated. The present has been styled the Age of Progress, but it might with equal truth be termed the Matter-of-Fact Age. This being the case, it is only natural that this matter-of-fact feeling should find expression in our amusements as in other concerns of our daily life. Indeed, Realism on the stage is but the application of this same matter-of-fact principle, which demands that objects should not seem to be that which they are not, but that they should actually be what they seem. And, so, as the stage is the clearest reflex of the time, it is in matters dramatic that we first recognize the realistic tendency of to-day, although it exists co-equally in other directions.

It is not here claimed for Realism that it is of modern birth. It is merely held that its rapid growth and great development are of comparatively recent date. Who, five-and-twenty years ago, would have bestowed upon the series of incomparable comedies of modern life from the pen of the late T. W. Robertson, that scrupulous care, that attention to the most minute detail, that unstinted expenditure of time, trouble, and money, lavished upon them by the Bancrofts at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre? Who, fifty years since, could have conceived that a series of superb revivals, replete with archæological research and artistic instinct, faithful echoes of the past, truthful transcripts of by-gone times, could reach the point attained by the productions of the late Charles Kean at the Princess's, and even in a superlative degree in our own day by Henry Irving at the Lyceum—a series, culminating in such triumphs of Realism as the revivals of "Romeo and Juliet," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Who, in the palmy days of "Monk" Lewis and his melodrama manufacturing successors, would have believed it possible to realize on the stage such sensation scenes as have been successfully interpolated into plays of the type of "Pluck," "The World," "Youth," "Drink," "The Lights o' London," "The Romany Rye," "Taken from Life," and "Freedom"—plays that have brought not only fame to their fortunate fabricators, but the far more substantial reward of fortune?

The primitive method of indicating the nature of various scenes by affixing boards lettered "This is a wood," or "This is a castle," has, of course, been abandoned ages ago. It has been usual for nearly three hundred years to delineate on canvas the semblance of the scene in which the action is supposed to take place. For a long time, however, these scenic displays were of the simplest nature, and it is not until we reach comparatively modern times—say, for instance, in the productions under the severe and exact eye of Macready and the florid revivals by Charles Kean—that we find scenery fulfilling those conditions which we now regard as indispensable. But if Macready and Charles Kean were apostles of scenic realism, surely Madame Vestris was a high priestess of the craft. Under the direction of Vestris (the sweet-voiced) and Charles Mathews, the embellishment of Planché's witty works, with such exquisite scenery, perfect appointments, richness and completeness of general effects, and, above all, such improvements



in the mechanism of the stage—as in wings, flies, rises, bridges, and a thousand other details—caused as much wonder and commanded as much admiration in those days, as the most complete productions of the last few years have compelled in ourselves.

It is no longer ago than the time of Garrick that it was customary to apparel Hamlet in silk stockings and pumps, knee-breeches and full skirted coat. Why, it seems almost impossible at this moment to imagine the melancholy Dane meandering about the stage in a full Court costume, and declaiming philosophical soliloquies presumably begot in a brain beneath a full-bottomed wig. It is to such men as Kemble, the elder Kean, and Macready, that credit is due for the earliest attempts to correctly clothe those characters, which, by their genius, they endowed with life. But it may be presumed that even they could scarcely have foreseen the day, when the costuming of the various characters of a Shakespearean comedy, from the principal players in their importance to the scores of supernumeraries in their insignificance, would have commanded the care and entailed the enormous expense now bestowed upon ensuring absolute correctness in this particular. That, to this end, picture galleries would be paraded, black-letter books perused, MSS. searched, museums rummaged, diligent search made in all directions, and the services enlisted of some of the first scholars and foremost antiquarians of the age.

Among some of the most curious relics in connection with the earliest form of dramatic representations are those bills for the “properties” introduced into the old miracle plays, and which indicate an inclination, even at that remote period, on the part of the monks who impersonated the sacred characters, to lend as true an air of realism as was possible to their religious mummeries. It would be interesting to place one of these accounts of expenses beside the bill for the “properties” introduced into some one of the more elaborate productions at a West-End theatre of the present day. Where the priests accounted for pence, there is now involved the outlay of pounds—and many hundreds of pounds, too. Nor, to come nearer the times, would the British public now-a-days rest content with the real pump and two washing-tubs which the immortal Vincent Crummies purchased cheap at a sale, and of which he thought so highly as to commission Nicholas Nickleby to write a new drama, especially with a view to their introduction in the last act, placed in the centre of the stage, and accompanied

with an appropriate illumination of blue fire. On the contrary, it now demands entire rows of real tubs, with real suds, real soap, real thumb blue, real washing-powder, and real hot water for the mutual drenching of two real irate females.

The recent visit of the Saxe-Meiningen company taught a lesson in the management of stage crowds. That the lesson was conned with advantage may be readily demonstrated by a reference to the quarrel between the rival houses of Montague and Capulet, which formed one of the prominent features of the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum last year. Here were some fifty or sixty men inducted into the mysteries of *carte* and *tierce* to add to the realism of one scene—an undertaking, in the magnitude of its design and perfection of execution, without parallel. Different in its means and effect, but alike in its aim, striving after true realism, was the street crowd manipulated with so much skill in "The Lights o' London." It is impossible to obliterate the impression created by this bit of living London lifted straight from the street and placed before the footlights.

Vast improvement, too, has been manifested in those mimic combats so essential to many melodramas and tragedies. Time was, and not long since, when a combat generally consisted of what is technically known as round eights, singles, threes broken fives, primes (pronounced preams), double primes, and passes. Very popular was a mysterious combination known as the 'Glasgow Tens ;' so also was another desperate encounter, carefully arranged, and called "The Gladiators," this last being a combat fought to music, each blow being struck to its accompanying note or chord in the orchestra. Nor must the glory of the transpontine drama be forgotten, the sailor combats of the T. P. Cooke time, when Jack Tar—armed literally to the teeth—with a combat sword in each hand for use, and a third between his teeth for ornament, encountered and overcame with ease eight "piratical skunks," seven slain with bloodless slaughter, the eighth contemptuously discomfited with a "quid o' bacca." *Nous avons changez tout cela.* Taught by McTurk, many actors now fence brilliantly—"one, two, and the third in your bosom," and for the broadsword combat of yore, they now receive instruction in the regulation cuts and thrusts.

Examples might be multiplied without number to show the advance of Realism on the stage, and it is mostly without offence ;



but, when we come to the Realism of the romances of Zola and his imitators, and the only less objectionable work of some of the lady novelists of the day, and regard the craving after the most minute and oftentimes sickening details of the murders, massacres, mysteries, and other sensational subjects, with which the columns of some publications teem, the wholesome tone is absent, and the question arises, With what putrid pabulum will this morbid appetite find satiety? So far as the stage is concerned, one cannot question but that, so long as dramatic Realism is true and without offence, so long as it is used to give effect to the work of the author and the effort of the actor, so long as it is restrained from gaining such prominence as to smother the words of the playwright and stifle the work of the player, so long may it be given its way without let or hindrance, and be permitted to fulfil its legitimate mission. As for the less desirable phase of Realism to which allusion has been made, there can be little doubt but that, when it once oversteps that margin, so easy to *divine*, so difficult to *define*, it will at once be crushed out of existence beneath the iron heel of public opinion and popular resentment.



## A Word on the Amateurs.

BY AN AMATEUR.

THIS Magazine has so often shown itself to be a kind and generous exponent of the cause of the amateurs, that I am tempted to note down a few thoughts which have been suggested to me by recent performances, on the disadvantages under which amateur actors lie when compared with regular actors, and, on the other hand, on a certain superiority which, in some matters, their acting undoubtedly possesses. In writing, as I certainly do, from an amateur's point of view, I do not wish it to be thought that I am blind to the many defects which amateur companies generally display, or that I am seeking unduly to exalt the claims of amateur acting. I am only anxious to show that, instead of being blamed for doing badly, the wonder is, in many instances, how they do so well, when the circumstances under which they



act are taken into consideration. It is all very well, and no doubt, in the hands of a clever and sarcastic critic, can be made the occasion of much fun, to describe the efforts of the actors in an amateur company to catch the various cues, many of which are never given, and to portray the awkward appearance of a gentleman in a bag wig with Lord Dundreary whiskers, and a sword that *will get* between his legs ; but it must always be taken into consideration that the performance is that of an untried company acting a piece in public for the first time. The great majority of the theatre-going public are not first-nighters, and only see plays when they have been performed so long that the actors are quite familiar with their parts. Were most of the persons who are accustomed to sneer at the efforts of amateurs in the habit of seeing first-night performances on the regular stage, they would find that there is a material diminution of the ease and correctness which characterize subsequent performances. The appearances of amateurs, besides being all practically first night, take place under many other disadvantageous circumstances. In most cases the whole theatre, even to the putting up of the proscenium and the footlights, has to be seen to by members of the company themselves ; it is not for them to come placidly to the place of performance, a quarter of an hour before the rising of the curtain with the comfortable conviction that everything is being duly attended to by the large and well-trained staff of a regular theatre, and after having had several careful rehearsals on the stage itself with the appropriate scenery. No ; the experience of the amateur is generally as follows : he attends a certain number of rehearsals, which generally take place in the back drawing-room of some obliging friend, to the accompaniment of afternoon tea, or, if it is the evening, sandwiches and champagne. However careful the stage-manager may be, there is pretty certain to be at least one absentee from each rehearsal, whose part has to be read by somebody else. The act of rehearsing, too, seems to exercise a curious influence for the worse on the temper of the actors—usually, amiable young ladies pout in corners because a few of their lines have been omitted in order to shorten the piece ; while the peppery little low comedian bursts into explosive wrath because the unfortunate lover has “cut” one of his best points. Suppose the rehearsals to be done, however, and the day immediately preceding the performance to have arrived, a dress rehearsal is

called for the afternoon ; but, when the company arrive at the hall, or house where the play is to be acted, it is found that the scenery has not arrived, and the carpenters have just begun to erect the stage. The rehearsal is scrambled through, amid the noise of hammering, and the shouts of workmen. As a matter of fact, the scenery does not turn up until next day, and, by the time the stage is properly set, it is too late to have a rehearsal at all, and the effect at night is not unnaturally that the performers are rather hazy about their entrances and exits, however carefully these may have been gone over before without the aid of scenery. This, of course, is an extreme case ; but, as a rule, there is little opportunity for amateurs to have rehearsals on the stage on which they are ultimately to perform.

I think that, considering the inexperience of amateurs, what some of them manage to do is wonderful. The most ardent amateur will not probably appear on more than fifteen or twenty occasions in the year at the outside. What is that compared to his professional brother's experience in appearing night after night for years ? Of course it may be urged that inexperienced persons have no right to presume to interpret the leading parts of celebrated plays ; but, on the other hand, we must recollect that inexperience does not preclude the existence of ability. Given the same amount of ability, the experienced actor will out-distance the inexperienced amateur in any part ; but we may have an exposition of a character of very high ability though lacking experience, and this, I think, is not less worthy of commendation than the stage art of a practised actor who conceals his deficiency by means of his experience.

There is one point also where amateurs have decidedly an advantage over professionals. Of course I am speaking of fairly competent amateurs, and not mere "sticks." They are more true to Nature in their various actions. If an amateur of fair ability plays, for instance, the part of Capper in Theyre Smith's charming little play of "Which is Which?" he will not make it nearly such an amusing part as the late Charles Mathews could have done, or as, say, Mr. Arthur Cecil could now do. Either of these gentlemen would probably keep the audience in a continual titter from beginning to end. But it would be a titter at very funny things which, though quite legitimate as part of the actor's art, no artist in real life, situated as Capper is supposed to be in the play, would

ever think of doing. The amateur whom I am describing would act in a way in which it is much more likely that an artist in the circumstances represented would act. His performance would probably not be nearly so funny, but it would be truer to life. In many cases, too, the amateur would behave with more regard to the manners and customs of society than some classes of professional actors do, though, happily, we are becoming more and more accustomed to see the parts of gentlemen played by gentlemen on the stage.

I would conclude these desultory observations by adverting to one point where professional actors have a distinct advantage over amateurs, and that is in the value of the criticism they receive. The public press do, on the whole, notice the appearances of actors with strict impartiality ; or, if there is any favouritism or the reverse on the part of any one paper, it is easy to discover the really strong or the really weak points of an actor's performance, by comparing the remarks of one critic with another. But with the amateur it is very different ; if his efforts are noticed by the public prints, it is too often in terms of contemptuous disparagement, or sometimes in those of indulgent condescension. If he turns to his friends for their opinion, he will no doubt receive numerous assurances of "never enjoyed ourselves so much," "quite too charming," and such like, which, to an amateur who loves his work and really desires honest criticism, are worse than useless. I am convinced that it is this honest criticism which is desired by very many amateurs. They wish to be given credit to for any ability which they may possess, but, on the other hand, that their faults be pointed out judiciously but unsparingly. If more journals followed the excellent example set them by *THE THEATRE* in this respect, it would tend very much to raise the standard of amateur acting in this country. Of course, there are many vain persons who think themselves perfection, and who would be indignant at any remarks save those of the most laudatory kind being made upon them ; these, however, are, I hope, comparatively few, and as an amateur of many years standing myself, I think I may speak for a large proportion of my brethren, when I say that honest and discriminating criticism is really what we want.





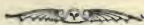
## Two!

TWO on a cliff, with the kiss of the sea  
Filling their hearts, and their lips and their hair.  
Two without shelter of rock or of tree,  
Facing pure peace, or the sands of despair!  
But one in the soul that can lift them along;  
One in the spirit, and one in the touch;  
One in the melody, one in the song:  
Who can wish more, or dare ask for as much?

Two in a boat on the toss of the tide;  
Two in the sight of the leaf and the land;  
Two on the breast of the waves that are wide;  
Two on the narrow gold strips of the sand.  
But one on the ocean of love and at rest;  
One midst the rush, and one in the roar;  
One like a bird winging home to its nest:  
Who asks as much, or dare hunger for more?

Two in the gold of the sun as it sets;  
Two close together at death of the day;  
Two in the world that forgives and forgets;  
Two with the joy of the beach and the bay.  
But one in the kiss, and one in the prayer;  
One in the heaven, and one in the blue;  
One in the light, and the life, and the air:  
Who can ask more! O! my darling, can you?

C. S.

By the Sea, *August*, 1883.

## Two "First Nights" in the Provinces.

BY W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

THE week ending August 18, 1883, ought to be a tolerably interesting one in the history of provincial theatricals, for not only was Mr. Grundy's farcical work, "Hare and Hounds," produced for the first time at the Princess's Theatre, Edinburgh, on Monday the 13th;\* but, on Tuesday the 14th, Mrs. Langtry appeared at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, for the first time in England, as Galatea, in Mr. Gilbert's "mythological comedy," and, on Thursday the 16th, Miss Wallis appeared at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, for the first time on any stage, as Isabella, in "Measure for Measure."

Mrs. Langtry has not yet made good her claim (if such a claim exists on her part) to be regarded as one of our chief actresses; but her theatrical career has been of such a kind—has been surrounded by so many novel circumstances, and has on that account excited so much notice—that it is impossible not to feel considerable interest in her artistic progress. As everybody knows, she has had much experience and success on the American stage, and I confess that, when I saw it announced that during her brief stay in England she was to appear at Manchester as Galatea, I had much curiosity as to the result: She had not played the part before in England, and her performance in it might be taken as a test not only of the extent to which her method had improved by practice, but of the extent to which she was likely to succeed in future in the higher histrionic rôles. In some respects, of course, Galatea is an easy part to play, and Mrs. Langtry, in essaying it, may be said to have displayed much judgment. Given a handsome and graceful woman, who is also a lady, who has intelligence and aptitude for the stage, and who has become more or less accustomed to the boards; and in the hands of such a woman, Galatea can scarcely be a failure. The rôle acts itself. Galatea is given such things to say, and is put in

\* "Hare and Hounds," unfortunately, is not worthy of the pen which produced "Mammon" and "The Snowball." The dialogue is often smart and amusing, but the intrigue is old and weak, and the action lacks the swiftness and variety of movement necessary in farces of this sort.

such situations, that an actress who is at once personally attractive and tolerably accomplished, can scarcely help making the impersonation acceptable to her audience. On the other hand, the part is one which enables the spectator to differentiate at once the first-rate from the second-rate performer. Theatrically "effective" as it is, it can only be perfectly realized by one who is an artist in the true sense of the term. It is mainly a comedy part; but it contains passages which can only be thoroughly and admirably surmounted by an actress who has at her command all the resources of her art; whilst the whole character is set in the midst of an atmosphere of poetry, which can only be made patent to an audience by an actress of exceptionable endowments.

It may be imagined, therefore, how Mrs. Langtry fares in the presentation of this rôle. That she has come back much improved as an actress may be heartily conceded. Her Rosalind, for example, is a much more finished performance than it was—still lacking very much in spontaneity, and marked by distinct artistic errors; but, nevertheless, considerably less amateurish than it used to be. Mrs. Langtry has evidently not been spoiled by her financial triumphs, or by the soft nothings murmured by susceptible censors in the West. She is still anxious to do her best, and there can be no question not only that she does it, but that her best is much better than it was a year ago. At the same time, her appearance as Mr. Gilbert's heroine shows decisively that, in two directions at least, her histrionic capacity is limited; nay, more, it would seem to indicate that the limits in question are not likely, so far as can be judged at present, to be over-passed. There is, of course, much in the impersonation that is very pleasing. It is unquestionably agreeable to see Mrs. Langtry figuring as Galatea. The actress is certainly by no means at her happiest, so far as personal attraction goes; for the necessity of preserving a species of marble hue in the complexion, and the further necessity of wearing conventional drapery, considerably detract, in my opinion, from the charm of her appearance, which, if I may say so, depends so much upon facial expression and grace of figure. Nevertheless, the charm in question asserts itself even under the most inimical circumstances; and, after Galatea's opening speech—spoken by Mrs. Langtry almost *sotto voce*, and with scarcely a movement of any kind—the actress begins to give pleasure if only by the elegance of her posing and the classic contour of her features.



But she does more than this. Mrs. Langtry has a voice which it is always enjoyable to listen to ; whilst her enunciation is much superior to that of many actresses of much more experience and power. Moreover, it would be unfair not to admit that, in the purely comedy portions of the part, Mrs. Langtry is excellent indeed. The scenes with Chrysos and Leucippe are both more or less " risky " in their way ; the Galatea must be evidently ingenuous and naïve, or the dialogue becomes in the one case almost unpleasant, and in the other almost absurd. But Mrs. Langtry successfully avoids both difficulties. Nothing could be better in its way than her artless questioning of Chrysos and her timid shrinking from Leucippe. Neither is affected or overdone. Admirable, too, are the lighter passages with Pygmalion, in which Mrs. Langtry's tones and motions are both all, or nearly all, that could be desired. When, however, the actress is required to express passion or pathos, as at the conclusion of the first act and of the third—when, in the first instance, she implores Pygmalion not to banish her from him, and when, in the other, after listening to his avowal of his love for Cynisca and of his bitter feeling towards herself, she resigns herself to reconversion into marble—at these points Mrs. Langtry wholly fails to represent to us the real Galatea. One becomes conscious at once that she is acting. It is all very clever, all exceedingly well considered ; but, although the actress is immensely aided by the passion and the pathos of the situations, there is something in the tones of the voice which prevents the hearer from giving way, as he should, to the illusion. Here, where Mrs. Kendal has been wont to sway us at her will—here, where an accomplished lady like Miss Rose Leclercq is, as by instinct, most effective and most touching—Mrs. Langtry convinces us of her present incapacity to draw tears from her hearers. We recognize the grace, the intelligence, the earnestness of the performer ; but we also recognize her inability to sound the required depths of feeling. That inability may be conquered in time, though I doubt very much if, as an emotional actress, Mrs. Langtry will ever take high rank. At the present moment, light comedy seems to be her *forte*, and it will probably prove to be her definite *métier*.\*

\* The Chrysos of the occasion described was Mr. F. Everill, that sound and admirable comedian. Mr. F. Cooper made, in all but the more serious passages, an excellent Pygmalion ; Miss Kate Hodson showed herself a humorous Daphne ; and Miss Agnes Thomas displayed power as Cynisca.

The performance at Nottingham on the 16th had a double interest. Not only was Miss Wallis to appear in a rôle quite new to her, so far as public representation went, but she was to appear in a play which is virtually new to English audiences. It is true that we have in Mrs. Dallas-Glyn an artist who gave a certain amount of vogue to *Isabella* some thirty or thirty-five years ago, and it is equally true that *Isabella* was a rôle in which Miss Neilson figured more or less successfully within the last few years, playing it both in England and America. Virtually, however, "*Measure for Measure*" is strange to the English boards; and I must say for myself, if not for others, that I cannot profess to think the fact regrettable. The chief merit of the play is, of course, obvious to every student of the work. It is studded with some of the most elevated sentences to which Shakespeare ever gave utterance. The description of mercy supplied by *Isabella* cannot, indeed, be favourably compared with that which is put into the mouth of Portia; but elsewhere the poet is frequently in his highest and his mightiest mood. Nay, it will not be denied, even by the severest critics of the play, that it contains some powerful situations; and that *Isabella*, *Mariana*, *Angelo*, the Duke, *Lucio*, and *Pompey* are all—from the point of view of the theatre—"effective" parts. That of *Isabella* presents some specially good opportunities for the exhibition of anguish, indignation, and the like; and, so far, it is not difficult to understand what has induced Miss Wallis to add the character to her extensive *repertoire*. *Isabella* has some fine lines to declaim; she is the central figure in some good stage pictures; and, for the purposes of a "star," the rôle may be said to be, in these respects, desirable.

At the same time, it is easy to comprehend why, notwithstanding these advantages, the part has rarely been essayed. *Isabella* is to a certain extent a good stage heroine, but only to that extent. Without going quite so far as Mr. Grant White, who calls her "a pietest in her religion, a pedant in her talk, a prude in her actions, and a prig in her conduct," one must admit that she is not a specially sympathetic character. She is, of course, quite right not to yield to *Angelo's* detestable proposals; and yet one feels that there is something callous in the cold-blooded austerity with which she exhorts *Claudio* to prepare for death. Moreover, for so severe a moralist, it is remarkable how ingeniously she can argue in excuse of the sin for which *Claudio*

has been condemned. The play, too, has many other blemishes. Claudio is but a shadow ; the Duke is by far too roundabout in his devices, delaying the *dénouement* almost unto tediousness ; Lucio is of a familiar Shakespearean type ; and Elbow, as Hallam truly says, is but a pale reflection of the much more admirable Dogberry. There is humour in the play, but it is almost always based upon the most unmitigated coarseness. Many gross things are attributed—perhaps in some cases unjustly—to the pen of Shakespeare ; but in no play is the poet (if it be the poet) more gross than in this “comedy.” The whole drama is steeped in an unpleasant element. “There is,” as Hazlitt says, “an original sin in the nature of the subject, which prevents us from taking a cordial interest in it” ; and though, of course, Miss Wallis, in the version which she produced at Nottingham, and which she proposes to produce elsewhere, has used the knife with anxious care, still even now there is in the structure and in the dialogue of the play much which cannot but be offensive to the refined. The motives of Angelo cannot possibly be hidden, however the language be “cut” and modified ; and if all the suggestiveness were taken from the humour, there would be next to no humour left.

Miss Wallis has done her best for the play, but I venture to think that, intelligently as she has gone to work, she has not succeeded in putting together a drama which will achieve general and permanent popularity. She has condensed the five acts into three ; she has made her first act end with Angelo’s submission to temptation, and her second with Isabella’s indignant repudiation of her brother’s cowardly suggestion ; and, by the latter arrangement, she has secured that the curtain shall fall upon a specially “fetching” situation. Nevertheless, to be quite frank, I must say that I found the performance dreary. It is not only that Miss Wallis’s third act is too long—though that, in itself, is a mistake. Considerable as is this lady’s knowledge of the stage, and clever as is, on the whole, her treatment of the text, she cannot get rid of the essential nauseousness of the piece. She cannot get rid of the sombreness of the subject, of the atmosphere of coarseness among which the characters live, move, and have their being. Nor is it, I think, in her power to bear the play, with all these drawbacks, upon her own shoulders as an artist. Miss Neilson did not do so, and I fear Miss Wallis will not do so. People will go to see the play through curiosity, and



Miss Wallis may be able to retain it in her programmes—if only performed occasionally, it may draw good audiences, and Miss Wallis herself may obtain much *kudos* as the heroine—as, indeed, she will, no doubt, deserve to do. But not even an artist of the highest genius could make Isabella wholly interesting and “Measure for Measure” even fairly acceptable. Miss Wallis has many qualifications for the part. On the first night she was, in the earlier passages, too deliberate in her utterances and too monotonous in her representation of grief; but in the second scene with Angelo, where she defies him, and in the scene with Claudio, where she repudiates and scorns him, she rose to the occasion, and gave forcible and impressive expression to Isabella’s feelings.\* Miss Wallis has greatly improved as an emotional actress, and her latest rôle is well within her means. As she becomes more and more acquainted with it, she will lose the artificiality which marred the first performance, and her innate intelligence and acquired knowledge will have full scope. Her Isabella will be admired and applauded; but, I repeat, I doubt if the “comedy” will be made widely and perpetually popular, even by Miss Wallis; and I doubt, too, if it is at all desirable that it should be.



## After the Season.

THIS month I have refrained from heading my contribution to THE THEATRE with its customary title, governed in this abstinence, I humbly hope, by a sense of the fitness of things. For the *raison d'être* of a Musical Box is surely that it should contain music; an empty Musical Box, but for the name, is as futile a receptacle as a footless stocking without a leg; and a Musical Box filled with politics, the drama, or Holloway’s Pills, would be an anomaly, an absurdity—a very monster amongst boxes, to be reckoned in the same category as the Seven-headed Twin or the Laughing Eucalyptus. On the other hand,

\* Mr. C. Vandenhoff was the Duke, Mr. W. H. Pennington the Angelo, Mr. F. Rodney the Claudio, Mr. V. Sternroyd the Lucio, Mr. Allen Thomas the Pompey, and Miss Oliph Webb the Mariana; and all did excellently save Mr. Pennington, who did not realize for his audience the Angelo of Shakespeare.

the French proverb truistically remarks—"Où il n-y-a rien, le Roi perd ses droits"—and one of our own minor poets informs us that

" Nothing can come of nothing ; an assertion  
Called by the ancients necessary truth."

There is no music going on in London during the month of August—none, at least, of sufficient importance to furnish me with a tolerably plausible pretext for calling my readers' special attention to it ; and nothing is something that cannot be readily put into a box of any sort—not even into one unsubstantial, a mere technical term of a box. I fear this sentence may be objected to on the ground that it is extravagantly paradoxical, and a thought more transcendental, to boot, than is consistent with limpid intelligibility. Perhaps it is ; but I have lately been put through an uncommonly severe course of German parliamentary speeches—chiefly consisting of parentheses arranged on the "veels vithin veels," or Japanese toy-box principle, and packed together in sentences of from thirty to sixty lines in length, with the key-word to the meaning of the whole stowed away furtively in the last line ; of verbal compounds professing to represent abstract notions or impersonal qualities, and obtained by the simple process of welding three or four substantives together, and arbitrarily assigning to them a meaning which is chiefly remarkable for having next to nothing in common with any one of its component parts ; and of eminently successful experiments in the direction of diluting a drachm of fact with a gallon of verbiage—and shall, consequently, claim indulgence for whatever confusion of thought may make itself manifest in these lines.

London, at this time of the year, is as forlorn of musical performances as Russia of a constitution, or the Great Desert of water-cress all the year round. At street corners after dark in the West End, and up courts in the City, may be heard the hoarse cornet à piston, the quakesome flute, and eke the twanging harp, in trinity of dissonance ; music halls, suburban glass houses, and aquaria provide their patrons with vocal and instrumental entertainments admirably calculated to afflict refined men of tolerably cheerful dispositions with deep and abiding melancholy, and to lure the naturally low-spirited into an abyss of unfathomable despair. These musical deliverances are not even divertingly immoral, like those of the Cafés Chantants in Paris, of the "Tingl-

Tangl" Berlin ditties, or of the broadish Volksaenger lays of Vienna ; they are, as a rule, deadly dull and vilely vulgar. The stage of the Opera House is a howling wilderness ; grass grows luxuriantly on the platform of St. James's Hall ; the patrician mansions in Belgravia and South Kensington, so frequently thrown open to concert habitués during the season, have been abandoned to " caretakers " by their owners, and exhibit the gloomily forbidding aspect that is imparted to the physiognomy of dwellings by an uniform display of drawn blinds or closed shutters. German bands, like the poor, are always with us ; but to speak of their strident utterances as " music " were to confess oneself a dangerous melomaniac. In the absence, therefore, of any current musical material suggestive of description or comment, let me pad out the space allotted to me by my friend the Editor with miscellanea, picked up here and there, without system or order, in the hope that a *pot-pourri* of musical and dramatic *ana* may not prove utterly devoid of interest to THE THEATRE'S subscribers.

Some quaint details of Richard Wagner's boyhood have been published by a life-long acquaintance of the great Saxon, the chief companion of whose childish sports and studies was his half-sister, Cecilia Geyer, an intelligent and adventurous little girl, two years his senior. The two children, except during school hours, were always together ; they shared one small room by day and by night, and were for several consecutive years mutual martyrs to one another's constitutional restlessness. To darkness they both entertained an unconquerable aversion, having at a very early age contracted the gruesome habit of peopling it with every variety of blood-chilling apparition. Often in the dead of night they would lie awake for hours, Richard describing the ghosts conjured up in his imagination in all four corners of their bedroom, and Cecilia impersonating the spectres to the extent of " speaking their words." A dark and narrow staircase led to the apartments occupied by the Geyer family (Wagner's mother, shortly after his father's death, espoused a Herr Geyer *en secondes nocces*), on the top story of an old-fashioned house in Dresden ; and young Wagner was so afraid of ascending this staircase after nightfall that, although strictly forbidden to ring at the great house-door, he would constantly do so with the object of bringing down his mother or her one servant with a light. When scolded



for this act of disobedience, he would exclaim : " Ach Gott ! I was only playing with the bell-handle, and all of a sudden the stupid thing began to ring"—an excuse which was open to the objection that nothing short of putting forth his whole available strength enabled him to ring the bell at all. One evening the two children had to return to Dresden on foot from Blasewitz, where they had been spending the day with some school friends. Their road, as they remembered with horror just after starting, skirted two churchyards in succession. That portion of the journey, *per pedes* and after dark, was not to be thought of. What were they to do ? Whilst they were deliberating, with bated breath, upon this tremendous question, a cart came rumbling along in the direction of Dresden, and Richard, inspired by the courage of cowardice, hailed the driver with, " Pray take us up ; we have no money, but we are not very heavy !" The carman proved amenable to this piteous appeal ; and, as they were being driven past the dreaded spot, Richard pointed it out to his sister triumphantly, exclaiming : " See, Cili, there is the churchyard with all its ghosts ; but they can't catch us now !" Such abject terror of the supernatural was, oddly enough, one of the leading childish traits of a great genius, destined to people the German stage, in his Nibelung Trilogy, with demons, sprites, giants, and monsters innumerable.

Another old friend of the deceased composer has published a graphic account of an episode in the 1849 revolution at Dresden, in which Richard Wagner played a leading and highly conspicuous part. " At 4 A.M. on the 8th of May," writes this gentleman, " I was sent to the Town Hall from the barricade at the end of the Ostra-Allée, to ask the Provisional Government, there sitting *en permanence*, to grant us reinforcements wherewith to hold our own against the Prussian troops, who were pressing us closely. I found the Government established in the Council room ; it consisted of the advocate Zschirner, the tanner Bierling, Bakunine (the Russian socialist), an artist whose name I forget, and Richard Wagner. Three men were soliciting permission to set fire to the old Opera House. Bakunine granted their request without hesitation ; but Richard Wagner protested vehemently against the Russian's decision. His words still ring in my ears : " My good people and fellow-citizens," he exclaimed, " you must not do this thing. Costly treasures—treasures that, once destroyed, can never be replaced—are preserved in the old Opera House ;





MR. JOHN HARE.

'Pray don't restrain your mirth on my account :  
it does not hurt me at all !'

—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.



close behind it, moreover, stands the Zwinger, with its precious collections of curiosities, the like of which, should they perish in the flames, no amount of money can ever again purchase. I therefore implore you, in the name of our mother country, of the people, and of science, not to set fire to that building." The three delegates of the mob went away, apparently convinced; but shortly after eight o'clock the Opera House was wrapped in flames and burnt to the ground, as well as that portion of the Zwinger containing the mineral cabinets and the Clinic Museum; whereby, as Richard Wagner had warned the would-be incendiaries, an irreparable loss was inflicted upon Saxony.

Whilst upon the inexhaustible and ever-interesting subject of Richard Wagner, I cannot forbear from quoting a few extracts (dealing chiefly with the differences existing between the musical characteristics of the German and Italian peoples) from a letter addressed by him about twelve years ago to Arrigo Boito, the gifted poet-musician, who ranked amongst his most earnest apostles in the Peninsula. After recounting some of the disappointments and vexations he had encountered in Germany with regard to the production of "*Lohengrin*," he goes on to say: "I have numerous reasons for believing that, under similar circumstances, I should have encountered feelings of quite another character in the Italian public. Rossini told me, during a conversation that took place between us in 1859, that 'the cause of his reluctance to compose any new works was the degeneration of musical taste amongst his countrymen.' I do not believe that reluctance to have been founded on fact. There was no proof that the Italians had remained insensible to the lofty revelations of art disclosed to them. When I observed what an impression Beethoven's music made upon Bellini, whilst the latter was attending a complete series of performances of Beethoven's works in Paris, I was enabled to appreciate the capacity of unprejudiced and extremely delicate receptiveness characterizing Italian musicians. Moreover, I have always admitted the incomparable fruitfulness of Italian genius, to which our epoch, from the time of the Renaissance to the present day, owes all its art . . . . Goethe, when he was in Italy, used to complain of having to wrestle with his Muse in the German idiom; it seemed to him that the Italian language would have facilitated his labours in the most delightful manner. Only in the most private details of his

life can be discovered the real reasons prompting his return to our sterile Northern land. How it is that I have repeatedly sought a new Fatherland in Italy, but have invariably been dragged away elsewhither, I can explain to myself, but scarcely to any one else. Perhaps I may succeed in imparting my feelings to you. When I first arrived in Italy, I failed to hear resounding through the piazze those popular, *naïves* tunes, which so deeply enchanted Goethe ; what the workmen were singing, as they strolled homewards from their ateliers, &c., was nothing but mawkish operatic phrases, wretchedly harmonised. I do not believe that such phrases were ever inspired by either the free manly genius of your people, or by its graceful womanly genius. Perhaps the sad and sickly temper of mind I was then labouring under made me over sensitive. Whether it be an Afreet or a Genius that guides our steps in the most decisive hours of our lives I know not ; but, as a matter of fact, I soon quitted Spezzia, where I had conceived the idea of my Rheingold music, and hurried back to my gloomy native country, in order to devote myself exclusively to that gigantic undertaking. It has been frequently observed that the creative force of a people puts itself forth in the direction in which Nature has been a niggard of her gifts to it, rather than in that pointing to lavish liberality on her part. That, for a hundred years past, the Germans have exercised so mighty an influence upon the perfection (*Vervollkommnung*) of music, can be accounted for from a physiological point of view in more than one way ; amongst others, for instance, by the fact that they lack the true methodical voice-gift, and, therefore, have been compelled to dedicate themselves more absolutely to the study of tonality than you Italians have—in this respect resembling their own religious Reformers of old, who purified the Faith of the Gospel by renouncing the splendours of church pageantry, in order to give themselves up to pure psychical spiritualism. Emancipated thus from the fascinations of Beauty and Form, we have been enabled to take a more ideal view of the world than other peoples. Nevertheless, a secret inspiration teaches us that we are not yet possessed of Art's complete entity ; an inward voice tells us that the productions of Art are bound, at some time or other, to become accomplished facts that will make a man's every nerve vibrate, and will dash down upon him like a shower-bath of joy. Certain it is, that German women have brought sublime geniuses

into the world : it remains to be seen whether or not the German people's capacity of appreciation is worthy of these noble children of fortunate mothers. Perhaps it would be desirable that the geniuses of different races should be wedded anew ; were that the case, what more admirable matrimony could we Germans aspire to than that which should unite the genius of Italy to that of Germany. If my poor Lohengrin could only be the herald of these ideal nuptials, what a truly wondrous mission of love would be vouchsafed to him !"

About three weeks ago my old acquaintance, Franz Doppler, the celebrated flautist and composer, died at Baden, near Vienna, in his sixty-third year. When I first made his acquaintance he occupied the distinguished position of second Kapellmeister at the Hofoper, and was invariably to be seen at the conductor's desk when comic operas and ballets were performed in that magnificent theatre. He was also Professor of Orchestration at the Vienna Conservatoire. Four of his operas were deemed worthy of production by the Imperial management, and I had the pleasure of hearing them, one and all, excellently given under his personal direction. "Ilka," the most important of his operatic works, became a popular favourite on both sides of the Leitha, and earned for him the title of "the Austro-Hungarian composer," its music being remarkable for an exceptionally happy blending of German and Magyar characteristics. A strain of Polish melody ran through his second opera, "Wanda," which, as well as its successor, "The Two Hussars," added greatly to his local reputation, though I believe neither has ever been played outside the black and yellow frontiers. "Judith," his last work of any magnitude for the lyric stage, only obtained a *succès d'estime*, and has not been performed for fifteen years past ; there is some talk in Vienna and Pesth of reviving it in honour of his memory. Some of the best ballets in the Vienna Hofoper *répertoire* owe their existence to Doppler. No less than ten works of this class composed by him are established as *pièces de résistance* in the Kaiserstadt. The scene of one of them—a comic ballet intituled, "The London Chimney Sweep"—is laid in our metropolis, and contains some pleasant reminiscences of English, Scotch, and Irish airs, besides some inimitably funny episodes of what Doppler, drawing largely upon his inner consciousness, imagined to be London life. The plot of "Der Kaminfeger von London" is founded upon the old familiar myth



of the heir to a British peerage, snatched from his gilded cradle by a republican master-sweep, borne away to sable slavery in the soot-bag, and brought up to "climbing and the brush," upon very little to eat and a liberal allowance of dry blows, until his tenth year, when, being called upon in the exercise of his professional avocations to sweep the chimneys of his infancy's home, he recognized the fire-irons and ewer in his former nursery—and, you know the rest! In my own childhood I was led to believe that that lordly sweep sate nightly in the House of Peers, legislating away with a regularity that defied competition; and there was—nay, there still is—a massive brick mansion in Portman Street which, despite its singularly unromantic appearance, thrilled my youthful bosom with emotion whenever I passed by it, for I had been given to understand that in that very house the nobleman to whom it then belonged had been kidnapped by Black Barnabas (such was the alarming name bestowed upon the mythical master-sweep by the person who propounded this legend to my juvenile credulity) in order to be reared to soot and sorrow. Doppler somehow or other got hold of the story, flavoured it with a wicked uncle and a virtuous shepherdess connected with the chimney-sweeping interest on her mother's side, set it to sparkling music, and made an immense hit with it. Few dances I have ever seen were more irresistibly laughter-moving than the *Pas de Ramoneurs*, by which the abduction of the baby aristocrat is celebrated in the second scene, or the closing *ballabile* of British Peers (such peers, ye gods!), performed in Leicester Square in honour of Lord Codstail, when that hereditary lawgiver and ex-sweep takes his seat in the Upper House—Savile House, it ought to have been, to keep up the scenic unities.

From the "Confessions of Emma Ivon," the Piedmontese actress and *cantatrice* who for some years shared the favours of Victor Emmanuel with "Madame Rosine," the tambour-major's daughter, may be gathered many interesting *détails intimes* of the late King of Italy's habits, tastes and "views upon things in general." Every morning, at a certain hour, she used to be admitted to the King's private study; as she entered, he invariably greeted her with, "Cos' jelo d'neuv, Emma?" in the Piedmontese dialect he so much preferred to Italian or French, and she at once plunged into a *causerie* of piquant scandal and highly-spiced "news of the day," for narrating which she had a special

talent. Victor Emmanuel delighted in her quaint humour and reckless volubility ; she would chatter to him for an hour at a stretch, and keep him more or less grimly chuckling all the while. The *Rè Galantuomo* was curiously insensible to the powers and charms of music. On one occasion he confided to Emma Ivon that music, vocal and instrumental alike, was nothing more than an absolutely meaningless noise, as far as he was concerned. Forthwith she began to sing to him in her best dramatic manner—florid arias by Rossini, passionate scenas by Bellini and Verdi, delivered with all the energy and *slancio* for which she was so justly celebrated as an artist. When she had finished, the King laughed, and asked : “What do these pieces of music pretend to express ?” “Sire,” she replied, “they proclaim the passions of the heart—they speak the language of love, enthusiasm and poetry.” “Indeed !” rejoined His Majesty ; “so it is to sounds of that description that you are obliged to have recourse when you want to express your heart’s passions or the promptings of love ! Believe me, they are quite superfluous ; words suffice for all that. I only understand the force of music when it electrifies soldiers on the battle-field, or makes pretty girls dance. When I see people in operas gesticulating as if they were convulsed by love or distracted by despair, they only make me laugh.” Victor Emmanuel is described by the authoress of the “Confessions” as at once the most incredulous and most superstitious of men. He was from the first strongly averse to the movement which resulted in the forcible seizure of Rome by the Italian army in 1870, because, some years previously, an old gipsy-woman in Turin had predicted to him that he would die in the Quirinal. When, on September 2nd of that year, he handed to Count Ponza di San Martino the letter in which he apprised Pius IX. that circumstances compelled him to occupy Rome, he observed to the Envoy : “You are going to Rome, my friend, to prepare for me the house in which I shall die.” As we all know, the fortune-teller’s prophecy was fulfilled to the letter.

An eye-witness relates the following eminently comic episode, which took place a few weeks ago at Schwerin, whilst the company of the Berlin Residenz Theater was fulfilling a starring engagement in the Thalia Theater of the Mecklenburg capital. A rehearsal had been fixed for eleven one morning ; punctually at that hour the bell rang to “clear the stage,” and Herr Hauk,

the manager (who, it should be premised, is extremely short-sighted), took his seat, with his back towards the house, in a chair set for him near the prompt-box. The rehearsal had scarcely commenced when he heard voices behind him in the body of the house. "Ssh! be quiet behind there!" he exclaimed; but the noise continued undiminished. Turning round to see what was going on, he espied a number of persons, amongst them several officers in uniform, gathered round a table at the back of the house in the so-called "Steh-Plätze" behind the pit, and talking loudly. Director Hauk, aware that the bad habit of allowing regular *abonnés* to be present at rehearsals is only too prevalent in German provincial theatres, vociferated, "Be quiet, will you; don't interfere with the rehearsal!" Finding no attention paid to his remonstrances, he turned his back upon the intruders with a demonstrative shrug of disgust, and gave orders that the stage business be proceeded with. Presently came the cue for one of the leading ladies, who duly appeared at the second left entrance, and in conformity with the stage directions, advanced "down," with drooping eyelids and a meditative air, only looking up when she reached the immediate neighbourhood of Herr Hauk's arm-chair. She cast one glance at the house, uttered a piercing shriek, covered her face with both hands, and fled up the stage, vanishing through the "centre." As this "business" was not in her part, the manager's surprise was considerable. Whilst he was rallying from the shock inflicted upon his nerves by the fair fugitive's unexpected scream, the "singing chambermaid" came "on" from the other wing, looked straight before her, gave vent to a cry of horror still more appalling than that of her colleague, sank into a chair, and strove to conceal behind one of its cushions her ingenuous countenance, flushed rosy red to the very roots of her hair. As she did so, the "comic old woman" appeared on the stage. She, too, appeared stricken with some strange terror, and stood still, as though turned to stone, gazing open-mouthed and with a glassy stare at the remoter regions of the *parterre*. By this time Director Hauk was convinced that some abominable practical joke was being played off upon his company by the persons who had been admitted, without his permission, to witness the rehearsal. With an air of outraged dignity he climbed down from the stage to the orchestra, and thence into the stalls, resolved to investigate the mystery *in*



*propria persona*. What was his surprise, as soon as the group of persons assembled at the back of the theatre became clearly visible to him, to find it partly composed of stalwart youths entirely devoid of clothing, whom elderly spectacled officers were measuring, sounding with stethoscopes, and generally taking stock of with the utmost minuteness of attention! The proprietor of the theatre had let it for that morning to the District Committee of Recruitment, which military and medical board was engaged in examining the conscripts of the 1883 levy with that stoical indifference to anything but the duty actually on hand which is a leading professional characteristic of the German officer.

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.



## Our Play-Box.

### "FREEDOM."

A Play in Four Acts and Eight Scenes. Written by GEORGE F. ROWE and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.  
First produced at Drury Lane on Saturday, August 4, 1883.

Ernest Gascoigne ...	MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.	Hussein... ..	MR. BRANSCOMBE.
Mohamed Araf Bey ...	MR. JAS. FERNANDEZ.	Memlook ... ..	MR. T. STEPHENS.
Sadyk ... ..	MR. HENRY GEORGE.	Andrew Jackson Slings-	
Edward Loring ...	MR. E. F. EDGAR.	by ... ..	MR. G. F. ROWE.
Herbert Duncan...	MR. J. H. MANLY.	Suleima... ..	MISS SOPHIE EYRE.
Jacob Blompet ...	MR. HARRY JACKSON.	Constance Loring ...	MISS BROMLEY.
Hassan ... ..	MR. HARRY JACKSON.	Lady Betty Piper ...	MISS M. A. VICTOR.
Lieutenant Weldon	MR. C. KENNY.	Amaranthe ... ..	MISS FANNY ENSON.
Coxswain ... ..	MR. JOHN RIDLEY.	Zaydee ... ..	MISS LYDIA FOOTE.
Obi... ..	MR. WM. MORGAN.	Hamish ... ..	LITTLE ROSE BALDWIN.
Cæsar ... ..	MR. A. ESTCOURT.	Alfa ... ..	MISS ALICE DENVIL.

"FREEDOM," the new four-act play by Messrs. G. F. Rowe and Augustus Harris, produced at Drury Lane on August 4, will, in all probability, prove quite as great a success as "The World" or "Youth." That this success will be mainly due to the truly magnificent manner in which the piece has been placed upon the stage, rather than to its real dramatic value, is a palpable fact. Not that the drama itself does not possess merit, but that the brilliancy of its setting overshadows its dramatic effect.

The first act of "Freedom" takes place in a bazaar in an Egyptian city. The scene itself is a splendid example of pictorial art, and reflects great credit upon the painter, Mr. Henry Emden, who is also responsible for the scenery of the second and third

acts. Here Araf Bey soon makes known the fact that he is madly in love with Constance Loring, the daughter of an English banker resident in Egypt. He proposes for the girl, but his suit is scornfully rejected by father and daughter. Meanwhile Suleima, Araf's wife, has discovered her husband's passion, and has vowed vengeance against the fair Englishwoman. Hassan, a menial in the employ of Araf, has been endeavouring, by means of a trader whom he employs, to import a number of girls as slaves. The vessel containing these wretched creatures has been captured by Ernest Gascoigne, a commander in the service of Queen Victoria. He demands the release of the unfortunate prisoners, and the refusal of Araf Bey to grant his request is the cause of a bitter enmity between the two men—an enmity which is still further increased by the fact that Ernest Gascoigne is on the eve of marrying Constance Loring. The chief scene of the second act takes place at the English Consulate. The marriage of the English lovers has just been celebrated, but the happy pair are soon separated. Ernest is suddenly called to his ship, and in his absence his wife is artfully trapped and carried off by Araf. When Ernest returns to the Consulate he finds that Constance is missing, and the people in a state of rebellion. Then comes the search for the banker's daughter and Ernest Gascoigne's wife. After an introductory scene, the interior of Araf's palace is discovered in the third act. Here Araf's wife promises to befriend Constance, and, eventually, she manages the escape of Constance and Ernest—who has managed to gain access to the palace—by permitting them to pass through a private way. She has no sooner turned the key upon them than Araf enters, and, guessing the state of affairs, he demands to pass. Then occurs the most dramatic scene in the play. Araf struggles with Suleima, but she plunges a dagger into his heart and he falls lifeless to the ground. This is an original dramatic situation, and the audience took it on the first night with thunders of applause. The important scene in the fourth and last act—a lovely piece of painting by the veteran William Beverley—is in the desert. Ernest has been captured in his attempt to escape from Araf's palace, but Constance has happily been rescued. Ernest, now in the power of the trader whom he had deprived of his prisoners, is made to suffer the agonies of thirst. But, in good time, the English marines arrive on the scene, Ernest is rescued and reunited to his

wife, and, as in the fairy-books, "all ends happily." Mr. George Fawcett Rowe and Mr. Augustus Harris, the joint authors of this production, have done much to deserve success. They have provided the public with a good stirring drama, possessing scenes and situations of great moment, and incidents of very considerable interest and dramatic value. "Freedom" is, moreover, most elaborately mounted, and were it on account of the scenery only the play would be well worthy a visit. The chief praise for the acting in this remarkable drama falls to Mr. James Fernandez, who impersonates Araf Bey. This is a distinct personation, well-conceived and admirably acted. In its way it is absolutely perfect, and no better acting of its kind has been seen on the London stage. With very slender materials, Mr. Fernandez has contrived to present a character of marked individuality. He acts with care and with a delicacy of treatment which are truly refreshing when one considers how poorly the part might be played. Mr. Augustus Harris, actor, author and manager, has done nothing better than his Ernest Gascoigne, a manly, vigorous performance; his acting in the last act reveals an amount of power and intensity which few people would have thought he possessed. Miss Sophie Eyre acts with power and skill the rather ungrateful part of Suleima, and Miss Nelly Bromley is pretty and interesting as Constance Loring. Miss Lydia Foote is pathetic in a small character, and Miss Fanny Enson is charming as an English girl who is sought in marriage by an irrepressible Yankee. This latter character is played with quiet humour by Mr. G. F. Rowe, and the humorous portions of the play are further supported by Mr. Harry Jackson as a necessarily comic Dutchman, and by Mr. Harry Nicholls, who is evidently a favourite with the audience.





## Our Omnibus=Boy.

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DURING the past month I have been wandering about from place to place, chiefly at the seaside, in search of the popular and picturesque, and have occasionally been astonished at the feeble efforts that are made to amuse the people in a rational and hearty manner. Fine fields for tillage are left barren and uncultivated, audiences full of energy and sympathy are deserted or misunderstood, and the most musical-loving and amusement-seeking people that can be found is destined to amuse itself, to shift for itself, or to depend upon the well-intentioned energies of the so-called artists who are fated in music to proclaim far and wide the gospel of vulgarity and unsavoury noise. I hold it to be true that the English people, rich or poor, high or low, are the most vulnerable of all living people to good impressions. They want a leader, and can find no one to lead them. They all have hearts, and they want some one to touch them. They desire good music, and they get bad. Don't tell me that the roughest audience ever selected from the East-end of London actually prefers the monotonous moan of the so-called comic song of the great cad to the purest melody of the best masters, for I positively do not believe it. They have to put up with the songs of the great cad because they cannot find any better. They are there with their minds ready to be improved, with their hearts ready to be touched, and with a certain sentiment awaiting its legitimate expression ; but their minds, their hearts, and their sentiments are directed into false and unwholesome channels, merely because the powers that be are too indolent, or too little observing, to utilize the admirable material under their hands. I own to being very angry when I hear people saying that, in the case of these popular amusements, the supply is governed by the demand. It is seriously urged that the bulk of the people, the masses, the "demos," or whatever you like to call them, are naturally and habitually vulgar, that good music or pure melody would be Greek to them, that they love and revel in the coarsest songs and the silliest strains, and that it would be a work of consummate folly to make any attempt to alter their tastes or predilections. "Him that is filthy, let him be filthy still," is the hard and cruel philosophy meted out to the most impressionable and sympathetic people. One ounce of fact is supposed to be worth a ton of theory, and I fancy that I am in a position to show that those who give up the game as hopeless are guilty of neglecting a very valuable and precious opportunity.

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In the course of my travels I have visited two places that are typical of neglect on the one side, and encouragement on the other. Both are essentially popular watering-places. Thousands gather to their sands year after year. They are not fashionable resorts, quite the contrary ; but it is worth while to contrast Great Yarmouth on the east coast, and Blackpool, the manufacturing holiday ground, in order to see the practical effect of the conflicting processes of doing nothing and of doing much. At Great

Yarmouth the people are left to their own devices, and are supposed to amuse themselves as best they can ; at Blackpool the authorities make it a point of honour to give the very best entertainment for the smallest possible charge.

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Great Yarmouth is deservedly a popular seaside resort. The scenes are extensive and pure, the air is bracing, the beach is accessible, and you might turn out half the working population of London upon the sea-front or promenade without interfering with the comfort of the inhabitants. The place is not refined—oyster barrows and penny-whelkmen perambulate what would answer to the King's Road at Brighton. Public houses and general drinking disfigure the most popular promenade. Excursion parties and drinking parties congregate under the very eaves of the best houses in the full front of Yarmouth, and yet no fault can be found with the behaviour of the visitors. The Great Eastern Railway is consistently liberal in cheap excursion and holiday tickets, and all that is wanted is a disposition on the part of the town to recognize the importance of the trust confided in them.

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And yet, to tell the truth, Great Yarmouth is comparatively destitute of anything that could be, by any stretch of fancy, considered good or rational music. For what did I find at Yarmouth in the way of entertainment? On one pier—the dullest and apparently the most fashionable—the dreariest of dirges delivered by a military band of no particular moment, relieved by a local orchestra, thoroughly below the ranks. Good intentions prevailed, but good intentions cannot be pardoned for the dismal wailing that offended my ears on this pier on Sunday afternoon, when I was supposed to be listening to a sacred concert. The people sat under an untidy shed at the head of the dismal pier, and listened to music that must have maddened the melancholy of the most fervent Sabbatarian. A small expenditure of capital would have transformed the pier-head into a decent concert-room, and provided Yarmouth with an intelligible band ; but they are apparently content to go on in the old fashion, believing that it pays better to do nothing than to be enterprising. On the second, or more popular pier, the wretched shanty or covered saloon that crowns the pier-head is apparently rented by some well-meaning, professional gentlemen, who consider that popular music means a music-hall entertainment of a superior class. The young ladies of Yarmouth, their mammas and papas, congregate under the popular singer, and drawl out the dirge-like melody, called “*Old Familiar Faces*,” as if they were assisting at an evangelical tea-meeting. The influence of Moody and Sankey, and of the Salvation Army, is strong upon them ; and I verily believe that half of the people, when they join in the chorus of “*Old Familiar Faces*,” consider that they are performing some highly salutary religious exercise. But the flavour of piety is soon washed away by a dose of music-hall silliness, that makes one wonder that an audience of rational people does not revolt, and protest against so contemptible a waste of time. We thus find the two principal piers of Yarmouth occupied by indifferent serious music, and equally indifferent comic

entertainments; and at the piers themselves a charge of twopence a head for amusements that are only so in name. Let us go down to the sands, and there we shall find another company of hard-worked music-hall artistes striving by concerts night and day to pay the rent exacted from them by the corporation, for occupying a space on the sands or foreshore. It is an honest, well-meant effort to amuse the public to the best of the ability of the company, but no one could pretend to say that the music or melody on pier or sands is characterized by its refinement or good sense. Away we go to the Aquarium, and there we find Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Jolly John Nash striving to improve upon the stress of music-hall minstrelsy, that has by this time aggravated or wearied the community. The theatre occasionally introduces popular stars, though on the occasion of my visit I was not destined to see a good entertainment, whilst the rest of the variety shows are scarcely worth any mention. No doubt I shall be told that Great Yarmouth understands its business far better than I do, that vulgar music is quite good enough for vulgar people, and that if any effort were made to bring down good musicians, or to build a decent concert-room on the pier-head, the visitors would not approach the one or patronize the other. I will not endeavour to argue the point, but I will merely introduce Blackpool to my readers.

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Blackpool is as popular a place as Great Yarmouth. It attracts the honest toilers from the northern manufacturing towns, and empties Liverpool, Manchester, and Bolton just as Yarmouth empties London and Hull. But what does Blackpool do? On one pier—naturally the most popular—they have erected a concert-room as well decorated and as comfortable as St. James's Hall. Here for twopence, the Yarmouth price, you can hear as good a concert, instrumental and vocal, as can be provided for thrice that sum in London. For sixpence the visitors to Blackpool can hear Sims Reeves and the best musical stars of our time. In Blackpool the people are in reality far rougher than at Margate, and yet they one and all can appreciate good music when they hear it, and the Blackpool pier is crowded by decent and intelligent people. The Indian Pavilion at Blackpool, where these sixpenny and twopenny concerts are held, is as charming a concert-room as can be found in the country. It does not follow that because the music is cheap that the music-room is nasty. A little further off, at the Blackpool Winter Gardens, we find another sixpenny concert of most admirable music, conducted by M. Rivière, a London shilling promenade concert for sixpence, with miscellaneous entertainments thrown in, and at odd times first-class music and operas, such as those of Carl Rosa, for a ridiculously small admittance-fee. Add to these, two circuses, three theatres, and some popular gardens—the Raikes Hall Gardens—on the Surrey Gardens model, with fireworks at night, dancing, and picturesque bombardments—and you will own that Blackpool does not err on the side of overstudied economy. London itself, with all its wealth and opportunities, might well take a lesson from public-spirited Blackpool. We have no place like the Winter Gardens, no permanent promenade concerts, no permanent circus, no opportunities for dancing anywhere, and



only a chance exhibition of fireworks. Prudery or bigotry in a very pronounced form have shut up successively Vauxhall, Highbury, Anerley, Surrey, and Cremorne Gardens, and there is literally no capital in the world where popular amusements are at such a discount. We have ten-shilling stalls in abundance for wretched theatrical entertainments, but we have no twopenny concerts of high-class music, or sixpenny gardens filled with flowers and ferns, and giving rational and decent amusement. Believe me, that the people will always flock in their thousands to see what is good; and it strikes me that the liberality of Blackpool, both in its encouragement of what is good and its liberality in the cause of Sunday pleasure, should not be forgotten. I saw less drunkenness and depravity at Blackpool, where the amusements were decent and rational, than at other places where the people had to be amused by so-called artistes of the Music Hall.

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During a recent visit to Southport, I noticed that the walls were placarded with pictures illustrative of the attractions of Miss Minnie Palmer, a young and pretty American actress, who was announced to appear in a play called "*My Sweetheart*," of which, up to that time, I knew nothing. According to the advertisement, Miss Palmer was a very pretty and extremely coy maiden. Now she was a shepherdess, with a crook and her lambs; now she was a sunny maiden with a Leghorn hat trimmed with poppies; now she was a rustic nymph in a pinafore, adjusting her hose after crossing a brook. All Southport was talking about Minnie Palmer, who I was told had made a satisfactory appearance at Liverpool, and was on her way to London to take the town by storm. So I took my stall at the Southport Winter Gardens, and anxiously expected the new and popular actress. The play was the most extraordinary mixture of German sentiment—hoydenish romping and burlesque story. It seemed to me as if the author had had a dream of Mr. Joseph Jefferson in "*Rip Van Winkle*," Mr. Emmett in "*Fritz*," and an opera bouffe by Lecocq, and jumbled them all together. A girl called Tina makes calf-love to a half-American, half-German lout, who idles away at her father's farm in an unexplained country. The polyglot idler—who recalls at once Jefferson, Emmett, and the half-dozen other representatives of American-Teutonic story—is suddenly informed that he is not a lout, or a loafer, or ne'er-do-weel, but a German count with an immense fortune. Tableau: discomfiture of Tina (with songs), who secretly loves Tony (with songs), and delight of a mercenary adventuress, one Mrs. Fleetor, who has been setting her cap at Tony. In the second act, the wealthy Tony (with songs) is a prey to the mercenary design of Mrs. Fleetor and her brother, and he is fool enough to propose to her when he has imbibed too much champagne. The excitement of the proposal and of the wine together have the strange effect of making the poor young man blind, and in his natural distress his best and kindest friend is the devoted Tina, who, like another celebrated in history, "never told her love, but let concealment like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek."

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In the third act, Tony (with songs) is a beggar and a lout again at the old farm, because his brother has turned up and become the German Count instead of poor Tony. A good doctor restores his sight, and after much pretty singing and love-making the silly scapegrace renounces the fascinating Fleeter, and discovers that he never loved any one nearly so well as Tina with her songs and romping ways. It is a simple play enough, and it would succeed in London, not so much for its story or characters as for its direct simplicity, and the fact that it is full of pretty music, on the whole very well sung. I have great belief in plays interspersed with light and tuneful music. I am convinced that the play of the future is a ballad play—a simple home-like story scattered over with pretty songs. It is difficult to speak of an actress like this Miss Minnie Palmer, who has evident talent, but who has been brought up in a wretched and deplorable school of unpardonable exaggeration. No one can deny the cleverness of the little lady, her prettiness or her readiness of expression, but I am convinced she would shock any London audience that believed in natural acting. She appears to have heard of Chaumont, and to wish to be like the American Lotta. But she over-emphasizes everything she touches, and underlines every word of her text. She cannot point a sentence without a grimace, she puts out her tongue when she wants to be funny, and her over-accentuation of every movement fatigues and depresses the beholder. I am quite aware that Chaumont does the same. Chaumont's exaggeration and trick are to me often very painful, but she is an artist beyond her trick. This lady is tricky beyond her art. Think of the exaggerated manner of Chaumont, add to it the spasmodic humour of Miss Nelly Farren in a Gaiety burlesque, and then whip into it the jerkiness of the emphasis of Miss Nelly Power, and even then you have not got an idea of the curious but utterly false method of Miss Minnie Palmer. Probably American audiences have spoiled her, and told her by their applause that these attitudes and facial spasms are excellent art. The unskilful may laugh; but the judicious cannot fail to grieve, for the young lady is clever, bright, pretty, and a good singer beyond her radically false art. I question, however, if it is a case that can be cured. A young lady who enacts a rough-and-tumble country wench, an Audrey, a village romp, and a *gamine* of the most pronounced type in laced petticoats, fresh from a Parisian *lingerie*, and in silk stockings embroidered with birds of Paradise, peacocks, and beaded flowers, is apparently beyond redemption. The very meaning of the character is destroyed by the—becoming, no doubt—but utterly preposterous costume. Miss Minnie Palmer positively labours to be unnatural. Her pathos is as forced and unfeminine as her hoydenism is masculine and unattractive. I can only repeat what I said at the outset. She has been brought up in a bad school, though I do not deny that her very exaggeration and excess of glaring colour in her art will recommend her to the vulgarians who constitute the majority of our English audiences.

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Of one thing, however, I am pretty certain, and that is, that, if the play is ever brought to London, a bit of character acting will be seen only

second in daring eccentricity to the Lord Dundreary of Mr. Sothern. I allude to the acting of a Mr. T. J. Hawkins in the character of Joe Shotwell, a broken-down sport—a reflex, apparently, from the Californian pages of Bret Harte. This is a bit of acting of great originality and consistent humour. It is exaggerated, but truly exaggerated, and with discretion. The man is a half-comical, half-serious, broken-down gambler, a funny John Oakhurst, a poor devil, half-drunken, half-besotted, with a vestige left of a very natural humour—a man with a bird-like twist of his head and a very keen sense of fun left over and above his mental muddle. The character and the man would become popular in London in a flash, because they are really funny. The catchword of town would soon be that deliciously-humorous drawl with which the tipsy scoundrel asserts his matrimonial rights, “Loo-isa! remember that your beloved husband is waiting for you downstairs!” Mr. Charles Arnold, who appears as the musical Tony with the Fritz-Emmett recollections, is a good-looking young fellow of the F. Leslie type, who is ever interesting even if a little affected; and some really sound, honest, straightforward English acting was shown by Mr. John S. Wood as “Charles—his friend,” in the shape of a doctor. He ought to be better known in London. Mr. Philip Ben Greet (what a name!) gave still another parody of well-worn Dundrearyisms. The cast of this play may be useful for reference:—

#### “MY SWEETHEART.”

Arranged for the English Stage by FRED. G. MAEDER.

Tina... ..	MISS MINNIE PALMER.	Dudley Harcourt...	MR. PHILIP BEN GREET.
Tony ... ..	MR. CHARLES ARNOLD.	Farmer Hatzell ...	MR. HALDANE CRICHTON.
Joe Shotwell ...	MR. T. J. HAWKINS.	Mrs. Fleeter ... ..	MISS HELEN CARROLL.
Dr. Oliver ... ..	MR. JOHN S. WOOD.	Mrs. Hatzell ... ..	MISS JANE GRAY.
Harold Bartlett ...	MR. GRAHAM WENTWORTH.		

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The marriage of Miss Fortescue to Viscount Garmoyle, the eldest son of Earl Cairns, has given rise to thoughts on some other English actresses who have married peers. Foremost on the list comes Miss Anastatia Robinson. She made her first appearance in the opera “Creso,” on January 27, 1714. Previously to this, however, she had sung at concerts in York Buildings, and at her own house in Golden Square. The Earl of Peterborough, the hero of the expedition in Spain, took her from the stage and married her secretly in 1724. Although the marriage was not made public for many years, the Countess received the best company at Peterborough House, Fulham, and Bevis Mount, Southampton. The Earl died at the age of seventy-five, in the year 1735, but the Countess survived him until 1750.

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Lavinia Fenton, who afterwards became Duchess of Bolton, was born in 1708. She was the daughter of a naval lieutenant, and made her début at the Haymarket Theatre in 1726, as Monimia, in Otway’s tragedy of “The Orphan.” The first part in which she gained notoriety was that of Polly



Peachum, in Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1728. Rich, the manager, gave her his usual salary to beginners of 15s. per week, but on her making such a hit he raised it to exactly double the amount! For sixty-three nights the opera ran, and Lavinia became the rage of the town. Indeed, her followers were so numerous and so pressing in their admiration, that Polly had to be guarded home every night. At the end of the season, after two benefits, known as "Polly's nights," she was taken off the stage by the Duke of Bolton, who promised to make her successor to his wife. It was not till twenty-three years afterwards that he was able to redeem his promise. In her younger days "Polly" was distinguished as an accomplished and agreeable companion; she possessed much wit, strong good sense, and a refined taste for literature. She was well made, and pleasant enough to look at, though by no means a beauty; and her conversation was courted and admired by the old Lord Bathurst and Lord Granville. As her years advanced her popularity declined, and it is said that towards her end she became so obnoxious to the lower orders about her place of residence that they were with difficulty prevented from dragging her out of her coffin. Lavinia died in 1760, at the age of fifty-two. Two years before her decease she picked up with an Irish surgeon, who, when she was dying, to use the words of Horace Walpole, "sent for a lawyer to make her will; but the man finding who was to be her heir instead of her children, refused to draw it. The Court of Chancery did furnish another less scrupulous, and her three sons have but a thousand pound a piece, the surgeon nine thousand."

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Now come we to Elizabeth Farren, Countess of Derby. After enduring many hardships and privations when a mere child, she made her first appearance in London at the age of fifteen, at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of the elder Colman, as Miss Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer." The character in which she gained notoriety was that of Lady Townly, in "The Provoked Husband." She resolutely refused all offers from the Earl of Derby save that of marriage, and she had to wait a score of years for the consummation of her wish. In less than three weeks after the death of the first Countess, the Earl of Derby and Elizabeth Farren were united. Miss Farren's last performance was on April 8, 1797, when she played Lady Teazle, and immediately afterwards became Countess of Derby. She died in 1829.

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There is little to be told of the beautiful Louisa Brunton. She was the daughter of a gentleman who was for many years proprietor of the Norwich Theatre, and was born in 1782. Her first appearance took place in the character of Lady Townly, at Covent Garden Theatre, on October 25, 1803. She next played Beatrice, and she soon passed into favour with the public. On May 26, 1808, she retired from the stage, and married the Earl of Craven. She died on September 3, 1860.

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Harriet Mellon, the daughter of a poor strolling actress, made her first appearance at Covent Garden, on January 31, 1795, as Lydia Languish.

On January 8, 1815, she married Mr. Coutts, the banker, who died seven years later, leaving her an income of over £70,000 a year. Her second husband was the Duke of St. Albans, to whom she was married on June 16, 1827, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. The duchess died on August 6, 1837, the duke in 1849.

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Miss Mary Catherine Bolton made her first public appearance as a singer at the Hanover Square Rooms, in 1806. On October 6, of the same year, she played Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera" at Covent Garden, then making her first appearance on the regular stage. In 1813, she was married to Edward, Lord Thurlow, who was nephew to the first Lord Thurlow, the judge, and was, moreover, the author of some well-known poems. Miss Bolton is described as a delicate blonde; she died of consumption in 1830.

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Miss Maria Foote was born in 1798, and in June, 1814, she played Amanthis in Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, "The Child of Nature," at Covent Garden Theatre, thus making her first appearance on the stage. Later on she played Letitia Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem." Listen to what Talfourd says of her in this character, and the description will be found to apply exactly to Ellen Terry, the most fascinating Letitia Hardy of modern times: "Nothing could be more charming than her *nâiveté* in the scene where she ought to play the fool; her movements were grace itself, and her song beginning, 'Where are you going to, my pretty maid?' was given with an arch simplicity entirely her own." Maria seems to have been just a little "flighty," for she was the mother of two children, of which Colonel Berkeley was the father. During her *liaison* with the gallant colonel, she had various offers of marriage from rich suitors. One of these aspirants for her hand—Joseph Hayne, Esq., of Burderop Park, Wilts—was accepted, but he changed his mind, and was fined £3,000 for breach of promise. In the year 1831, Miss Foote—being then in her thirty-third year, be it remembered—evidently determined to become respectable, and to attain a desirable position; for on April 7 of that blessed year she espoused the Earl of Harrington. And she lived to enjoy her position too, for the countess did not shuffle off this mortal coil until the 29th of December, 1867, she then being sixty-nine years old.

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A long career was that of Katherine Stephens. Born in 1794, she studied music first under Lanza, and then under Welsh, who applied himself vigorously to the task of preparing her for the stage, and bringing her out. She accordingly made her first appearance at Covent Garden, in September, 1813, as Mandane, in Dr. Arne's opera, "Artaxerxes." Her round, full, rich, lively voice, her natural manner, her simple style—deformed by no sort of affectation—at once won the public; and both in the church and the theatre she became an immense favourite. Leigh Hunt saw her Polly Peachum, and observed that the "beautiful repose of her acting, the irresistible way in which she condescends to beseech support,

when she might extort reluctant wonder, and the graceful awkwardness and *naïveté* of her manner, more captivating than the most finished elegance, complete the charm of her singing. The pathos of her 'Can Love be controlled by advice?' and 'Oh, ponder well,' the mingled science and sentiment of 'Cease your funning,' and the fine, bird-like triumph of 'He so pleased me,' are like nothing else to be heard on the stage, and leave all competition far behind." When she was forty-five she married the Earl of Essex, who was eighty-three. She died in February, 1882, aged eighty-eight, having been a widow for forty-three years.

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An actress deserving of her success, both on the stage and off it, was Elizabeth O'Neill. She made her début at the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, Dublin, in 1811, when she was only nineteen years old, as the Widow Cheerly, in "The Soldier's Daughter." She afterwards played Volumnia, Constance, Lady Teazle, and Juliet, and made her London appearance in the latter character, at Covent Garden, on October 6, 1814. She retired from the stage in 1819, and on December 18 of that year married William Wrixon Becher, Esq., who, on the death of his uncle, succeeded to the baronetcy. Miss O'Neill thus became Lady Wrixon Becher. It is pretty generally known that she and her relations suggested the Fotheringays and Captain Costigan to Thackeray. She died on October 29, 1872, at the ripe age of eighty.

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Singularly enough, the next actress on our list who became ennobled by her marriage, also made her first bow to an audience as Widow Cheerly. This was at Drury Lane; the date, October 16, 1829; the lady, Miss Louisa Mordaunt. Her first marriage took place in 1831, when she espoused Captain John Alexander Nisbeth, of the Life Guards, who was killed accidentally. On October 15, 1844, she took a second husband, Sir William Boothby, Bart., and the following year, being again left a widow, with but little money, she returned to the stage.

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But two names more, and this record is concluded. Miss Robinson, —who must not be 'confounded with the charming "Perdita,"—married early in this century, Sir Charles Felix Smith, of the Royal Engineers. And, twenty-five years ago, Miss Emily Saunders, a provincial actress of repute, was united to Sir William Don, a Scotch baronet, who had adopted the stage, and with whom Henry Irving acted in Edinburgh in 1857. Irving was then an obscure actor, commencing his stage career at a salary of thirty shillings a-week. The wheel goes round; he who is at the bottom to-day is uppermost to-morrow. Both the Scotch baronet and his lady have long since passed away, and Henry Irving is now the foremost actor of the day.

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Miss Marie Linden, the subject of our first photograph this month, made her first appearance on the stage so recently as the Christmas of 1876, when she played the Fairy in the pantomime of "Dick Whittington,"





MISS MARIE LINDEN.

' I have bought golden opinions from  
All sorts of people.'

—MACBETH.



at the Oxford Theatre Royal. She made her début in London at Sadler's Wells Theatre, on Easter Monday, 1881, as Rose Magenta in the farce of "The Census." Thence she went to the Philharmonic Theatre, where she acted—at a few hours' notice—Claire Ffolliot in "The Shaughraun," and immediately made a hit in the character. Her next parts of importance here were Eily O'Connor in "The Colleen Bawn," and Mary Grace in "Peep o' Day." In July of the same year she played Kate O'Brien in "Perfection" at the Royalty Theatre, and was so successful in the character that she was asked to play Ixion, which character she assumed at a very short notice, and was again completely successful. She then returned to her old home at the Philharmonic, where she acted Meenie to the Rip Van Winkle of Mr. J. A. Arnold, and won favour as Piccolo in "During Her Majesty's Pleasure," and as Aladdin in the Christmas extravaganza of that name. Here, also, she played Phoebe in the drama of "London Pride," and Leicester in the burlesque of "Kenilworth." In these two characters she achieved a remarkable success, and the excellence of her acting was then strongly pointed out in the pages of this magazine. After her engagement at the Philharmonic, and one with Miss May Holt, Miss Marie Linden appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre as King Aureole in "The Yellow Dwarf," but, a change soon occurring in the management of the theatre, she seceded from the part. Her next engagement was with Mr. J. L. Toole, at whose theatre she first acted on February 5 last, as Lucy Garner in "Dearer than Life." This part was followed by that of the Countess Asteriski in "Artful Cards;" and, on May 26, by Fédora in Mr. F. C. Burnand's travestie entitled "Stage-Dora," in which she made such a distinct hit. Miss Marie Linden is at present on tour with Mr. Toole, playing with him Kate Vandeleur in "A Fool and his Money," Mrs. Bunny in "Auntie," and Mary Belton in "Uncle Dick's Darling."

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Mr. John Hare (a *nom de théâtre*, John Fairs) made his first appearance on the London stage, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, on September 25, 1865, as Short, in "Naval Engagements." At the same theatre he acted, on November 11 following, Lord Ptarmigan, in the first performance in London of "Society;" Prince Perovsky in "Ours," on September 15, 1866; Sam Gerridge in "Caste," on April 6, 1867; the Hon. Bruce Fanguere in "Play," on February 15, 1867; and Beau Farintosh in "School," on January 16, 1869. Also, at the same theatre, he acted Dunscombe Dunscombe in "M.P.," on February, 23, 1870; Sir John Vesey in "Money," in May, 1872; he appeared in Mr. Wilkie Collins' drama, "Man and Wife," in February, 1873; and, at Easter, 1874, he played Sir Peter Teazle, in "The School for Scandal." On March 13, 1875, Mr. Hare opened the Court Theatre with a comedy by Mr. C. F. Coghlan, entitled "Lady Flora," in which he appeared as the Duc de Chevannes. He also produced the following original plays at this theatre: Mr. Hamilton Aide's comedy, "A Nine Days' Wonder;" Mr. W. S. Gilbert's fairy play, "Broken Hearts;" Mr. Coghlan's piece, "Brothers;" and the late Lord Lytton's play, "The House of Darnley." The following plays, in which Mr. Hare acted at the Court Theatre, may also be recorded: "A Quiet Rubber," adapted from "La Partie de Piquet,"



in which he played Lord Kilclare; "A Scrap of Paper," adapted from Sardou's "Les Pattes de Mouche," in which he acted Archie Hamilton; and "New Men and Old Acres," and "The Ladies' Battle." On March 30, 1878, Mr. Hare brought out Mr. Wills' play, "Olivia," in which Miss Ellen Terry appeared; and on April 19, 1879, he acted Colonel Daunt, in "The Queen's Shilling," a new version, then first performed, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, of "Le Fils de Famille," of MM. Bayard and Bievillé. On October 4, of the same year, he joined Mr. W. H. Kendal in the management of the St. James's Theatre, appearing there on that date as the Duc de Richelieu, in "Monsieur de Duc," and as Colonel Daunt. At the same theatre he has also appeared as Mr. Potter, in "Still Waters Run Deep," on March 13, 1880; as the Admiral, in "William and Susan," on October 9, 1880; as Baron Croodle, in "The Money Spinner," on January 8, 1881; as Captain Mountraffe, in "Home," on October 27; and as the Rev. Paul Dormer, in "The Squire," on December 29, of the same year.

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There is so much unknown, hidden talent going about the world, that, I think, it is our duty to try and bring it to light when one can. There are at present, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, three Spanish brothers, Massini by name—a violinist, a mandolinist, and a guitarist respectively—who play most exquisite trios every night—where? At the Circus! Of course they meet with great success, and are recalled again and again, but they are worthy of a much better audience. If some enterprising impresario would engage them for London, they would, I am sure, make a furore everywhere.

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I have to record the first performance, at Liverpool, of two pieces of dramatic work not previously played on any stage. The one, a comedy, by Mr. A. W. Pinero, entitled "The Rocket," written specially for Edward Terry, and produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre on July 30; and the other a farcical pantomimic work by Mr. Melford, entitled "Frivolity," put together for the benefit of the acrobatic family of the Leopolds, who established themselves firmly in the favour of the Liverpoolians by their amusing antics in the last pantomime at the Alexandra Theatre—the playhouse now selected for their first appearance in "Frivolity." Having little or no *raison d'être* for its existence beyond the function of supplying Mr. Edward Terry with a congenial broad-comedy character, it is not necessary to enter into any detail of the plot of "The Rocket." I may, however, briefly mention that the Chevalier Walkinshaw (Mr. Edward Terry), having risen considerably in the world through the engagement of a young girl—supposed to be his daughter—to a certain amiable and wealthy young gentleman, comes down "like the stick" when the fair maiden he has been passing off as his daughter and practically trading upon, turns out to be the only child of a Peggotty-like sort of personage, who, with unconscious humour, has been pathetically pervading the story from the beginning. The character of Walkinshaw gives Mr. Terry many and varied opportunities for the development of the quaint originality of his humour, and sufficed to keep the audience in laughter, loud and continuous, whenever the comedian was on the stage. It may, therefore, be

said that "The Rocket" has fulfilled its mission. As a stage-play it has little merit, and its literary beauties are conspicuous by their absence. There is little or no wit in the dialogue, what amusement it affords being chiefly caused by a broad—at times even coarse—humour, and that of a character rather more audacious than original. The piece was moderately well played by the company Mr. Terry has gathered around him for the present provincial tour, conspicuous, by reason of her charmingly natural and graceful acting, being a new-comer, Miss F. Sutherland. Mr. Terry is fairly well supported in the burlesque which follows the comedy, though his many admirers in the provinces will, no doubt, miss the presence of Miss Katie Ryan, an excellent actress, who has frequently accompanied him.

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"Frivolity" is still less worthy of consideration as a literary work than "The Rocket"; but it may still be said to serve the purpose for which it has been thrown together, which, as I have already indicated, is to display the acrobatic and pantomimic abilities of the Leopolds, without having any similarity in story to the "Voyage en Suisse." It may be taken as having been suggested by that work, inasmuch as the incidents are all contrived so as to allow the Leopolds, as students, waiters, or in some other capacity, to show powers of entertaining. They are clever and amusing; but hardly sufficiently so to keep a theatre audience interested for the three hours during which "Frivolity" drags its somewhat tiresome length.

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Barry Sullivan, always a great favourite in Liverpool, had an overpowering ovation when he reappeared, after some years' absence, at the Alexandra Theatre on August 13. The play was "Hamlet," the temperature about 90° Fahr., and the audience enthusiastic in the extreme. It was very apparent that the Liverpool playgoers still cling to the traditional style of histrionic art that Barry Sullivan so thoroughly affects. Among the less frequently played parts in his repertoire, Mr. Sullivan has appeared as Benedick, and in the rarely performed "Henry IV."

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In the Grand Theatre, Islington, which was opened on Saturday, August 4, North Londoners have a handsome, commodious building. Messrs. Holt and Wilmot have made a good bid for public favour in starting the new house with a play by Mr. Sefton Parry, called "The Bright Future." It is an interesting work, and should please the lovers of domestic drama. It has been capitally placed upon the stage, some of the scenic effects being worked upon an altogether novel plan. In Mr. Royce Carleton, an actor of considerable merit, Miss Lydia Cowell, a versatile and pleasing actress, and Miss Helen Massey, a lady who has a considerable command of pathos, the chief characters find good support.

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Reliable young actors are scarce enough, and I am pleased to note that Mr. Vincent Sternroyd—who has more than once been commended in the pages of this magazine—has been engaged by Miss Wallis for her pro-

vincial tour. Mr. Sternroyd is a young gentleman of marked ability who will, no doubt, one day take his position on the stage.

Apropos of the article on "Realism" by Mr. Philip Beck, which appears in this issue, the following bill for scenery and other expenses incurred at Drury Lane in 1715, may not be uninteresting here:—

"Tuning the harpsicord, 5s. Painter's bill: For painting Apollo's chariot in gold, four horses, a glory, a bench of rushes, a sea, and Daphne turned to a tree, £7. (The managers—Cibber, Booth, and Wilks—gave him but £6). The timber, boards, screws, &c., small nayles to nayle the cloth on. For the brass entroonment that Apollo carys in his hand, four carpinders' work, £3. Dew to the scavengers at Christmas last past, one quarter, £1 7s. 6d.; dew to the watch, ditto, 7s. 6d."

Then read the property bill of the same theatre for Saturday, February 4, in the same year:—

"In 'What d'ye Call It?': Paid for ye hire of a couple of houndes from Knightsbridge, 4s.; for a paper of vermillion used on the stage, 2d. In 'Oronooko,' for blood, 2d., and 8 ounces of pomatum for Mr. Booth and Mr. Mills, 1s."

On February 6, 1715, the property-man claimed from the Drury Lane management:—

"For a sham child, dressed, 5s.; the use of a surgeon's box, 6d. Two great looking-glasses, 2s.; a sedan, 1s.; an ice cake, 2d.; for oranges and aples for Mr. Bicknall, 6d.; the use of a cobbler's bench and tools, 6d.; and, for making 12 whiskers of hair, 2s."

A performance of Mr. Godfrey's comedy, "The Parvenu," was given by Mrs. Kemeys, at the Foresters' Hall, West Cowes, on August 11. The representation was under Royal patronage, and was completely successful. Mrs. Kemeys won distinction by her admirable rendering of Lady Pettigrew; and, for professional assistance, she had the support of Miss Ruth Francis as Gwendolen, Miss Vane Featherston as Molly Ledger, and Mr. Arthur Wood as Mr. Ledger. Mr. Gilbert Lloyd as Claude Glynne, and Captain Somerset Maxwell as the Hon. Charles Tracy, acted capitally, the latter gentleman also appearing to advantage, in conjunction with Mrs. Kemeys, in "A Husband in Clover," which followed Mr. Godfrey's comedy.

After a brief interval, the Princess's Theatre has been re-opened with "The Silver King," and Mr. Wilson Barrett, refreshed by a much-needed rest, has come back to delight enthusiastic audiences by his spirited interpretation of Wilfrid Denver. Miss Eastlake is once more the heroine, and Mr. E. S. Willard is again the polished villain, Captain Skinner. Admirable performances in their way are the Eliah Coombe of Mr. Clifford Cooper, and the Sam Baxter of Mr. Walter Speakman. The latter gentleman, it should be remembered, is Mr. Wilson Barrett's under-study. As for the Daniel Jaikes of Mr. George Barrett, it is one of the most faithful impersonations that can be seen at present on the London stage.



I am constantly being asked where copies can be obtained of such of my poems as are adapted for recitation, as "The Midshipmite," "The Story of a Stowaway," and others of a like kind. At last a satisfactory answer can be given to all inquirers about these pieces, for they have just been published in a handy form by Mr. Samuel French, the theatrical bookseller, at 89, Strand. The little volume contains nearly forty selections from the writings of the author of the pieces mentioned. It is called "Poems for Recitation," and costs a shilling.

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The doctrine of sensibility advocated on behalf of the actor by Henry Irving, in his preface to the translation by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock of Diderot's "*Paradoxe sur la Comédien*," reminds me of one or two anecdotes on the subject that have been collected by Mr. Jacob Larwood, in his entertaining "*Theatrical Anecdotes*." Quintilian mentions having seen actors, after performing pathetic characters, weep for a time on laying aside their mask, and go home in tears. It is also related that in the play of "*Electra*," a tragedian even went so far as to bring on the stage the urn containing the ashes of his own son, as an additional excitement to his grief. On the other hand, Mrs. Siddons was accustomed, after rushing off the stage, in apparently the greatest anguish, as Belvidera or Mrs. Beverley, to walk quietly to the green-room in perfect composure, thrusting up her nose enormous quantities of snuff. The same lady, after commending Kelly's acting in "*The Deserter*," gravely remarked: "But, Kelly, you *feel* too much; if you feel so strongly, you will never make an actor." In our own day, M. Mounet Sully, of the *Comédie Française*, is an instance of an actor who plays by feeling, and as his feelings change from day to day, he seldom plays the same part twice alike. This, of course, is an extreme case; but it is a sign of imperfect art. When M. Emile Augier gave M. Sully the leading part in his drama, "*Jean de Pommeroy*," in 1873, he found this acting from impulses a great drawback. "Great heavens!" cried the exasperated author, at last, "try to have a little less genius and a little more talent."

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Mr. John Dicks, of 313, Strand, is issuing, for the ridiculously small sum of one penny each, a series of standard plays, for which, the copyright having expired, there is no charge for acting. These plays are accompanied, when possible, by the date of first performance, and the original cast of the performers.

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When the Lyceum re-opens on the 2nd of June next, the opening piece will, in all probability, be the version, by Mr. W. G. Wills, of "*Faust*," which has long been in preparation. Mr. Irving will appear as Mephisto, and Miss Ellen Terry as Marguerite. The play possesses a strong domestic interest, and Mr. Irving has, it is said, a very fine part. "*Faust*" will be followed, in due course, by the long-promised revival of "*King Lear*."

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From the proof sheets of Mr. Austin Brereton's invaluable life of Henry Irving, I gather that the distinguished actor has played in his time six hundred and forty-nine characters. Of these, only sixty-one parts have been represented by him in London, whilst in Edinburgh, in a period of less than two and a half years, he acted three hundred and forty-four parts. What would the young gentlemen, who now play three or four parts in twelve months, say to such a course of study and experience, I should like to know?

The revival of "M.P." at Toole's Theatre has, happily for Messrs. Robertson and Bruce, proved completely successful. Nothing could be better in its way than the Ruth Daybrook of Miss Gerard, a most charming performance, and there is much to admire in the earnestness of Mr. E. D. Ward's acting as the lover.



## The Riddle.

A SONG.

I'VE a wife who is fair as the down of the swan  
 And as sweet as perfume arabesque—  
 She is called Lady Gwendoline—I am plain John,  
 And a drone at a barrister's desk.  
 There's no maid who can laugh like my beautiful wife.  
 While I'm dull to the lowest degree—  
 So the riddle that puzzles me during my life  
 Is—why should my wife love me—love me?  
 Why should my wife love me?

When I'm weary with toil she is witty and bright,  
 And a slave to my every whim,  
 So my friends in propounding the riddle delight—  
 What can beauty and grace see in him?  
 Ah, but look where she faces me beaming and glad,  
 As she dandles our boy on her knee,  
 She can hear her babe lisping the little word—dad!  
 Ah, that's why my wife loves me—loves me.  
 That's why my wife loves me!

ARTHUR W. PINERO.



# THE THEATRE.

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*October, 1883.*

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## Bess and the Baby.

A DRAMATIC STORY.

"**T**HANK you, sir! I am always glad to have a look at a paper; one never knows what may turn up. Maybe there will be a big robbery in it, or even a murder."

The speaker was a hale-looking, white-whiskered man of perhaps seventy, who was my sole companion in a third-class compartment on the Midland, in which, from motives of economy, I was travelling up to town. His remark came in answer to a *Telegraph*, which I had handed him in the usual courteous style of a Britisher. "Care to look at it? I've done, and there's nothing at all in it." The way he suggested a murder as a possible tit-bit amused me rather, for he looked too contented and comfortable to have much of a relish for horrors, and I was idly trying to guess what he had been as a younger man, when he broke in with a—"There, I told you so! Sure to light on something interesting," and proceeded to read aloud the following announcement: "On Friday, the 10th, at St. Bede's, near Hallow's Kene, Cornwall, Bessie Raymond to Charles Salter of that village. There!" ended the old man triumphantly, "I always said they would make a match of it, and now they have."

The old fellow seemed so supremely satisfied at his prophecy having proved true, that I felt compelled to ask what interest he had in the young people, and who they were? One question led to another, and finding my companion to be rather a character in his way, I asked him point blank to give me the whole of the tale at which he was hinting—where did he first see Miss Bessie? but he preferred to tell his story in his own manner.



"You don't know who I am, sir," he began, drawing himself up with an air of conscious importance, while I confessed my much-to-be-regretted ignorance. My informant cleared his throat and held himself stiffer than before: "I am Sergeant Black, late of Scotland Yard," quoth he. My want of knowledge must have been extreme, or his fame less extended than he had imagined, for as far as I knew I had never heard his name before. Rather, however, than offend him, and so lose his story, which promised to lessen the tedium of travelling, I made a bold shot at an answer. "Oh, the wonderful detective," cried I. "I know!" The great man beamed in reply: "You're very good, sir; I *was* a detective, and this trip of mine to Cornwall, which I am going to tell you about, was some twenty years ago and more, when I was after one of the biggest scoundrels that ever went unhung. You have heard of Jem Blake?" My chances of hearing his narrative again trembled in the balance, for Sergeant Black evidently objected to speak to ignorant ears. I was about to profess the closest intimacy with Jem Blake, when the Sergeant's scrutiny relaxed. "No," said he, decisively; "you're too young. Well, Blake was this scoundrel" (I silently congratulated myself on not having claimed his acquaintance), "and it was after him that I was sent down to Cornwall. He had been giving us a rare amount of trouble in town, had Jem, for there was never a swindling transaction or a big jewel robbery, but he had the principal management of it, and though we had often caught less important members of the gang, we never could get at him. But after that great bank affair in '60, when both the porter and his wife were found dead in their beds, and the whole place was ransacked, one of the other fellows turned Queen's evidence, and swore that it was Blake who had murdered them both; and after giving his booty into other hands, had himself decamped down to this Hallow's Kene, whither I followed him.

"What a queer little place it was, to be sure! Just a cluster of some three-score of huts, with a couple of public-houses and one solitary policeman, who apparently had been placed there for the reason that his stupidity unfitted him for any better post; the nearest magistrate lived ten miles away, and as far as I know there was neither doctor nor parson for twice as many more. A poverty-stricken, God-forsaken place, but just the sort of out-of-the-way corner a man like Blake would choose, when he had made

London too hot to hold him, and could not very well cross the Channel. Of course, the first thing was to interview the policeman, but I did not get much from that move. 'There was not a man named Blake in the place,' he told me. 'Blake wasn't a Cornish name.' After I had given a lengthy description of the man——"

"Had you ever seen him then?" I unwisely interrupted.

The Sergeant frowned. "In Scotland Yard," he observed impressively, "we know every one we should know, seen or not seen."

"Thank you," said I meekly, and the tale continued.

"Well, as I said, after I had described him the stolid face before me actually lighted up with a ray of intelligence. 'Oh! he knew who I meant, but his name was Morton.' 'Likes enough,' I told him, 'and where did he live?' The house was pointed out. 'Was he often at home?' 'No, he was generally away,' and (of course) he had not the remotest idea of what he did. 'Blake was a surly fellow, and more ready with blows than civil answers.'

"I gave up the man in despair, and together we walked back to the village, for this talk I had had with him had taken place in the open, on a sort of common, where I could be sure of not being overheard. 'Only to think,' repeated the man, as I was leaving him to turn into the public where I was lodging, 'only to think that Morton should be this Blake after all!' I angrily bade the fool hold his tongue, and threatened him with unheard-of penalties if he should disclose the object of my visit—which, by-the-by, I had given out as being for the sea air, and to try the fish cure, which a London physician had recommended, by which I meant to make a virtue of necessity, and eat fish for all my meals. But, of course, even those few words had been overheard, as I learnt when a woman followed me into the bar, and asked to speak to me alone. What was she like? Well, a tall, gaunt woman, with sunken cheeks, and large blue eyes that looked as though all the light and happiness had been washed out of them long ago. Her things hung about her in rags, and the white, thin face of a baby girl was pressed against the still thinner breast of the mother.

"'Who are you?' I asked her when we were alone, and I had made a voyage of discovery as to the chances of our remaining so.

"'I am Bess Raymond,' she answered, 'and I heard what you said about Jim. You want him, don't you?'

"'Where do you live?' I asked cautiously. The woman jerked



her head in the direction of the old flint cottage, in which Roberts (the policeman) had said that Morton lived ; 'and if you want to get him, I'll take you to him.'

" 'Will you ?' I asked doubtfully ; she had come directly to the point, and her way of speaking and general manner made me sure she was keeping faith with me, but still I knew I had only myself to rely upon, and had no inclination to walk straight into the lion's den ; on the other hand, if I could only secure the man, I knew I was sure of warm commendation from head-quarters, and a large reward into the bargain. 'Will you ?' I repeated. Bess tore back her rags, showing livid bruises on neck and arms.

" 'Will I ?' she cried ; 'look there ! Jem gave me these—Jem, for whom I've slaved night and day, and saved over and over again !' Her voice, which until now had been uniformly dull and spiritless, rang now with a terrible resentment, as she raised her bony arms, and held the child towards me. 'And Jem gave me her, and to-day he cursed her !' That decided me.

" 'Shall I come now ?' I asked her, fully believing in the maxim 'Strike while the iron is hot,' and understanding that the feeling which to-day had prompted her to betray Blake, to-morrow might vanish if the man threw her a kind word instead of a curse.

" 'Yes, come now,' she answered, falling back into her dulled tone, and then we arranged how to effect his capture, my professional skill aided by her quick woman's wits. It appeared that the cottage simply comprised a big room for the basement, and overhead an empty garret, which was reached from below by means of a ladder. I was to take up my position in this garret, and Roberts was to be outside, but well within hearing, so as to assist me in securing our prisoner : of course I had the necessary handcuffs with me, but these were supplemented by good stout cords, which I thought would prove handy to keep him quieter on our way to the station.

"In answer to my inquiry as to whether Blake might be expected to make a very desperate resistance, as in that case it would be rather ticklish work descending the ladder as he might be quick enough to rush forward and tip me up, Bess coolly proposed chloroforming him, and then Roberts and I could secure him while senseless. The proposal was a good one and looked like business ; but with a professional objection to people meddling with such things, I asked her how she got hold of it ?

" 'Oh ! Jim always had a lot in his pocket as it came in handy ;



and she used to get hold of some to quiet the baby, when otherwise its crying might perhaps have cost it its life.'

"The identical baby, by-the-by," added the Sergeant, tapping my *Telegraph*, "whose marriage has made me think of all this. With Blake once handcuffed and bound, it was easy to hire from the neighbours the horse and cart which served for taking the fish to the nearest town, and in it drive him to the railway-station, and thence go up to London by rail. I paused to look up Roberts and explain how he was to stand out of sight, but well within hearing, and to supply myself with cord, and then I followed Bess Raymond. The woman's eyes were glittering strangely, and I caught her whisper as she bent over her child, 'Curse you, then, did he, my poor pet? Mother will avenge you.'

"Congratulating myself on having found her in such a mood, I entered the cottage, ascended the ladder, and ensconced myself snugly in the garret. 'Jim won't be in till six,' I had been told previous to laying my plans, and it was but four when I climbed the ladder. Except for a monotonous crooning to the child, no sound reached me from the room below, and tired out with the fatigue of that last few hours, I was shortly fast asleep. Very reprehensible, no doubt. You would not have done it? Oh! of course not; it is wonderful how much sharper every one is than the person employed. But just consider a moment all I had gone through. Journeying all the way from London, with a twenty-mile walk at the other end before I got to Hallow's Kene; sitting up all night with some roystering fishermen, from whom I, as a stranger, thought to gain more local information drunk than sober; then walking off to that precious common with that fool of a Roberts; and lastly, having to hunt him up again before I could accept Bess's invitation. Anyhow, right or wrong, I slept. When I awoke some two hours later, to my horror I found myself totally unable to move; I was lying on my face and bound hand and foot with the identical cords with which I had intended to do the same kind office for Blake! Instantly I understood my position. While I slept, either my intended prisoner or else Bess herself, had crept up the ladder, first chloroformed and then bound me, but of which of the two had done so, and of what was to be my subsequent fate, of course I could form no idea. If it was Blake who crept up to me while I slept, I could not understand why the man, knowing him as I did for a ruffian who stuck

at little, had not brained me, but if, on the other hand, it was Bess—but no, I repudiated that idea as impossible, for every word, every look of the woman had spoken of revenge. I struggled again to free myself, but gently, as I feared who might be listening in the room below, when suddenly I heard the door slam to, and the sound of voices. I held my breath and listened.

“‘And so you wanted to give me up,’ were the first words that reached me in a gruff man’s voice, ‘and then you could not do it after all—could you, Bess? Well, you ain’t such a bad sort,’ and the sound of a rough kiss followed.

“‘Jim,’ said the woman earnestly (while I inwardly invoked blessings on her head for getting me into such a pickle), ‘Jim, if you’d always speak to me like that, I’d be hanged myself before they should touch you; but you mustn’t go on agen little Bess.’

“‘Well, I don’t,’ said the man sheepishly, ‘wasn’t I just a-cuddling of her?’

“‘I know you were,’ said Bess, ‘and it was me coming in from looking for you, and finding you playing with her, that made me act so different from what I intended; for oh, Jim——’

“Then for some minutes I lost what they said, for after nearly dislocating my arm, I had succeeded in freeing it, and once in possession of my clasp-knife, was busy cutting through the rest of my cords. As the last of them fell from me, I lay myself flat again, and crawling to the opening, peered cautiously through. Blake had a bundle under his arm, and, apparently, was having a meal preparatory to starting off.

“‘And what are you going to do with him?’ he asked, jerking his head upward.

“‘When you’re once gone, I’ll put a knife by him to free himself when he wakes, and little Bess and I go on to Combe.’

“‘And you’ll be sure to come every day?’ questioned the man, anxiously, while I above was wildly pressing the roof of the garret so as, if possible, to escape my prison and be with Roberts at the door to catch our man when he went out. You see, knowing that the walls were so crumbling and good for nothing, I knew that the roof itself could not be over strong, and if I could only find a weak spot, I could force my way through it. Feel! feel! The clay and straw of which the roof was composed tore my hands and blinded me with dust, but at last—yes, I had found a yielding place, and



pushing my way through, climbed out on to the roof. Wooden supports that had been put to protect the old walls aided my descent, and once safely down, I rushed round to the back of the house to find Roberts. Together we tore back to the front of the cottage, but not being acquainted with its exterior, we unwittingly passed the window, and in that moment Bess saw us. We heard a cry of 'Jem, run !' and the man came flying past us, shaping his course for the sea ; a moment more and we were following in hot pursuit."

"The old man paused and mopped his face ; most vividly was he fighting his battles o'er again, and I eagerly urged him to continue. Evidently pleased with my appreciation, the Sergeant re-commenced.

"You won't quite be able to understand what followed, I am afraid. You see, Blake's house was a good way apart from the others, and quite close to the sea—closer than it ought to have been, people said, for (as I found out afterwards) the cliffs in those parts were terribly dangerous, and sometimes gave way altogether. If you wanted to get at the beach you had to strike away a good bit to the left ; but at the point for which Blake was making, the cliffs were some eighty feet high, and so unsafe that any one who valued his life stood at a respectful distance from their edge. Well, on we all rushed after him, and at last I felt we were gaining on him, when Roberts, who was much the younger man and running somewhat in advance of me, must needs trip himself up, and I, as a matter of course, immediately tumbled over him. I jumped up again hastily, screaming 'Come on !' but the words died away on my lips, as, with an awful scream, I saw the man Blake, unable to stop himself at the rate he was going, fall headlong over the cliff ! Paralyzed at his awful ending—for although dubious as to his intentions, I had no thought of his committing suicide—for some moments I stood motionless, and then was cautiously advancing, when I was recalled by my companion, who pointed out the loose stones which rolled under one's feet. 'You'll kill yourself too,' said he, and as after a nearer inspection I found the man was right, I was obliged to return to the village.

"When I got back I found both Bess and her child had disappeared. And so I came back to London ? Begging your pardon sir, I just did nothing of the sort. That night when I was lying in bed, thinking over what had happened, for I hate to be done, even



though it is Death that interferes, I could not help wondering if, after all, the man really was dead, for by what I had overheard in the loft, he had certainly made up his mind where he was going, and it could not be far off either, if Bess were to come to him every day from Combe, which was at some five miles distance from Hallow's Kene. If so, why on seeing such an anything but rare sight, a detective at his heels, he should become so flurried as to commit suicide, I could not well make out. Again, Bess Raymond must have thought him safe when she saw him make for the sea, or she would not have immediately started for Combe without waiting our return. I confess I was thoroughly posed.

"Next day I was rowed round by some fishermen to see the cliff from the sea, and though we could not get within half a mile of it on account of dangerous rocks, I sufficiently assured myself that no man could fall off it and live. Still, without a better reason than the few words I had overheard, I obstinately refused to believe him dead, and stayed on at Hallow's Kene, every day visiting the spot, and making various discoveries which afterwards led to important results. Of course, by this time, those who lived in the village, and the grandees of the neighbourhood, knew all about the affair that had brought me amongst them, and every day during the first week gentlemen would ride in to have a talk with me, but at last they gave it up in despair, thinking me an idiot for not going about my business.

"At last I had found out all I wanted to know, and when the gentry had ceased bothering, I called on the three bravest and most sensible men in the village, for of course I knew them all by this time, and invited them to walk with me to the scene of the disaster. What I told them there made them open their eyes a-bit, I can assure you. I told them there was a cave at the bottom of the cliff, the opening of which could not be seen from the water on account of the rocks, and in this cave, for the last three weeks, Blake had been living. I told them that though the rest of the cliff might be really dangerous, the part by which the man had been seen to tumble was of solid rock and perfectly safe, while the stones on its surface which had been placed there intentionally, offered no difficulty to a wary stepper. And then I pointed out the rope by which Blake had descended, and which was fastened at some feet from the edge, being well hidden from view by dust, stones, &c. My final proof being that Bess Raymond brought him food, and woman as she was, had

night after night descended the bare face of the cliff to take it to him !

“ Sir,” said the old Sergeant, while his honest face glowed as he spoke of brave Bess’s devotion—“ Sir, I am making my tale very long, and we are nearing London ; so I won’t describe the trouble we had in fixing another rope to go down by, for of course we did not mean to go straight down to the mouth of the cave and perhaps be shot by Blake on our arrival ; but, to make a long story short, one pitch dark night about ten o’clock, we found ourselves, six in number, safe down on the beach, which you will understand was perfectly inaccessible except from the top, while on the top itself we had left six others. The men had come down hand over hand as Jem had done ; but not wishing to arrive at the bottom in pieces, I had been lowered in a basket, in which we were going to send back Master Jem handcuffed and properly corded.

“ As it was impossible to get into the cave, it was necessary to wait until he came out, which he was sure to do when Bess brought him his nightly meal. Well, we were all standing round the rope by which Bess would descend, when we knew by its sudden steadying that she was coming down. ‘ Stand back, boys,’ I whispered, and we all did, with the exception of one man whom she actually brushed against as she slid to the ground. Luckily he said never a word, and she didn’t seem to notice anything ; but she must have guessed it all, and been sharp enough to lay her plans then and there, for a few minutes after that, when I was round the *other* side of the cave—do you see ?—expecting to hear her call him out, a fellow rushed round to me to say he thought some one was going up the rope. Back I sprang, turning up my bull’s eye, but of course its light could not be cast high enough to see who it was, though the steadiness of the rope told of a weight on it.

“ Was Blake to escape me a second time ? ‘ Rush to the other, and get up first,’ I cried to the men, and then frantic with the idea of defeat, I actually attempted to scale the one I held in my hand. Projections in the surface helped me, and I had climbed some ten feet, when the moon shone out in all her radiance, and the lower of the two climbers who was perhaps twenty feet above me, turned and looked down. It was Bess ! Finding the impossibility of the mad attempt, I slid to the ground again and looked up. The first figure, in woman’s clothing, but still whom I knew to be Blake, was nearing the top, and Bess ? What was Bess doing ? Holding on with one hand only, the other was moving rapidly

backwards and forwards above her head : *she was cutting through the rope !* Thinking Jem's assailants to be all behind her, and of course, knowing nothing of the other ropes, she was giving her own life to save his. As she was cutting through the last strand, the moonlight fell full on her pale, upturned face, and I saw that her last look was for him. 'All serene ! Hold tight, Jim !' I heard her cry, and then shut my eyes to the awful sight, as with a dull *thud* she fell to the beach below.

"It is choky work talking," pursued the old man presently (I nodded, it was rather choky work listening), "and I think that's all."

"And Jem Blake ?"

"Oh ! he got away safe to America—I don't quite know how ; but the men we had left on the top had all gone to the other rope on hearing our screams when Bess fell."

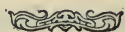
"And the baby ?"

"Married yesterday. A nice little girl. I've always had my eye on her, for her mother's sake, and I paid for that advertisement."

"And what did they put on the mother's tomb ?" I asked after a pause, for for such devotion and self-sacrifice it seemed that Tennyson himself might be proud to write the epitaph.

"Only her name," said the old man sadly ; "but," he added, with a rogueish twinkle in his little black eyes, as he glanced at the books and papers by my side—"but perhaps you'll do more for her, and write it all down." Reader, I have done so.

M. E. W.



## The Right to Hiss.

BY DUTTON COOK.

COLLEY CIBBER complained in his time of the severity with which new plays were condemned. Critics, he averred, had grown so riotously vivacious, that no more mercy was shown to an unsuccessful author than to a notorious cheat in a pillory. "They come now to a new play like hounds to a carcase, and all are in a full cry sometimes for an hour together, before the curtain rises, to throw it amongst them." He recommended that "the hard condition of those who write for the stage" should be



considered ; the warning to untried genius was, he thought, too terrible ; " a latent author " might be tempted to the production of a play could he be sure that if not approved his MSS. might at any rate be dismissed with decency. But while the theatre was so turbulent a sea and so infested with pirates, what poetical merchant of any substance, he demanded, would venture to trade in it ? Plays, subjected to such treatment, the quieter portion of the audience terrified, and the skill of the actors quite disconcerted, seemed rather to fall by assassins than by a lawful sentence. Of course the more compassionate spectators, aware that they had " as good a right to clap and support as others had to cat-call, damn, and destroy," might contest the oppression of the censors ; their good-nature, however, would hardly redress the wrongs of the unhappy author, who, " like a good prince while his subjects are at mortal variance is sure to be a loser by a victory on either side ; for still the commonwealth, his play, is, during the conflict, torn to pieces." Finally Cibber likened the " new race of critics " to the lion-whelps in the Tower, who were so boisterously game-some at their meals that they dashed down the bowls of milk brought for their own breakfast.

Cibber had himself suffered from the severity of the pit. His play of " Love in a Riddle," had undergone swift and certain condemnation. " Tis true," he writes, " it faintly held up its wounded head a second day, and would have spoken for mercy, but was not suffered. Not even the presence of a royal heir-apparent could protect it." It had been reported that to secure the production of his own play, Cibber had taken means or made interest to obtain the prohibition of the second part of Gay's " Beggar's Opera," for which the public had been anxiously looking. He protested that this supposition was absolutely untrue, and needed only its own senseless face to confound it." Could he be supposed of consideration enough to induce a great officer of State to gratify the spleen or envy of a comedian, and, for his benefit, rob the public of a diversion upon which they had set their hearts ? " But," as he writes, " against blind malice and staring inhumanity whatever is upon the stage has no defence. There, they knew, I stood helpless, and exposed to whatever they might please to load or asperse me with. I had not considered, poor devil ! that from the security of a full pit dunces might be critics, cowards valiant, and apprentices gentlemen. Whether any such were concerned in the murder of my play I am not certain ; for I never endeavoured to discover

any one of its assassins ; I cannot afford them a milder name, from their unmanly manner of destroying it."

It is to be noted that Cibber did not question the right of the public to hiss and even "to cat-call, damn, and destroy." He only protested against this right being exercised too indiscriminately or too violently. The players and playwrights were the public's very humble servants, and must submit themselves to their masters, must be content to receive kicks when halfpence were not forthcoming. The actor was still viewed as a near relation to the rogue and the vagabond. He was required to treat his patrons with excessive deference ; he was at the mercy of any noisy 'prentice or tipsy footman in the gallery ; he was for ever reminded that he lived to please and must please to live. He was to come or to go, to do this or that, just as his employers and superiors bade him. The audience, indeed, treated the actor very much in accordance with Sir Anthony Absolute's method of educating his son, who was permitted no choice in the matter, but was simply required to do as he was bid. "If he demurred," said the old gentleman, "I knocked him down ; and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room."

The right to hiss seems to have been admitted wholly and without question during a long course of years ; it was not until the occurrence of something like a riot at Covent Garden, in 1773, when an attempt was made to drive Macklin the actor from the stage, that any legal decision was obtained upon the subject. Macklin proceeded against certain of the rioters for hissing and insulting him, interrupting his performance of Shylock, and in such wise depriving him of his means of obtaining a livelihood. It was held, however, that as the theatre was open for the reception and entertainment of those who paid for their admission, the audience were entitled to applaud, condemn, and even reject any of the performers ; but that if any unjust combination was formed, previous to the opening of the house, to effect the condemnation or rejection of plays or players, redress was obtainable by action at law. In the absence of any evidence of this, Mr. Macklin could be afforded no relief, and he was advised to make his peace with the town. Subsequently the actor successfully proceeded by indictment against six gentlemen for a riotous conspiracy, founded in private premeditated malice, to deprive him of his bread, and cause the loss of his engagement at Covent Garden. In the course of the trial Lord Mansfield found occasion to observe that



the right of hissing and applauding in a theatre was an unalterable right ; but that there was a wide distinction between expressing the natural sensations of the mind as they arose on what was seen and heard, and executing a preconcerted design not only to hiss an actor when he was playing a part in which he was universally allowed to be excellent, but also to drive him from the theatre and promote his utter ruin. "Every man that is at a playhouse," said his lordship, "has a right to express his approbation or disapprobation, instantaneously, according as he likes either the acting or the piece ; that is a right due to the theatre—an unalterable right : they must have that. The gist of the crime here is coming by conspiracy to ruin a particular man. . . . They did not come to approve or disapprove as the sentiments of their mind might be, but they came with a black design, and that is the most ungenerous thing that can be. What a terrible condition is an actor upon the stage in with an enemy who makes part of the audience ! It is ungenerous to take the advantage ; and what makes the black part of the case is, it is all done with a conspiracy to ruin him ; and if the court were to fine and imprison every one of the defendants, Mr. Macklin may bring his action against them, and I am satisfied there is no jury that would not give him considerable damages."

The right to hiss became again the subject of legal discussion in reference to the famous "O. P." riots at Covent Garden in 1810, without, however, any departure from the precedent established by Macklin's case. In the case of *Clifford v. Brandon*, it was clearly held that, while the audience in a public theatre are entitled to express the feelings excited at the moment by the performance, and in this manner to applaud or hiss any piece which is represented, or any performer, yet if a number of persons, having come to the theatre with a predetermined purpose of interrupting the performance, for this end make a great noise, so as to render the actors inaudible, though without offering personal violence or doing injury to the house, they are in law guilty of a riot.

The plaintiff was a barrister, who had certainly interested himself in the opposition offered to the Covent Garden managers, on account of their having raised the prices of admission to the pit and boxes, and excluded the public from a certain number of boxes which had been set apart for the use of particular individuals during the season. On the evening of October 31, Mr.



Clifford entered the pit. He was received with a cry of "Here comes the honest counsellor!" A passage was opened for him, and he took his seat in the centre of the pit. With his consent, the letters "O. P." were placed in his hat. The performance was inaudible; the spectators sometimes stood on the benches, and at other times sat down with their backs to the performers; many, in different parts of the theatre, sang "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia" while the play was being represented; horns were blown, bells were rung, rattles were sounded; placards were exhibited, exhorting the audience to resist the oppression of the managers. It did not appear, however, that Mr. Clifford took any part in the disturbance, or contributed to it in any way. On his leaving the theatre, he was given into custody by the defendant, Brandon, a box-keeper in the employment of the manager. Accordingly Mr. Clifford was taken to Bow Street, and brought before the magistrate, only to be discharged forthwith. Nothing could be proved against him, except that he wore the letters "O. P." in his hat. He brought an action for false imprisonment, and the question arose whether he had been so much mixed up in the riot as to justify his being delivered into custody.

For the plaintiff, Serjeant Best urged that, as plays and players might be hissed, the managers should also be liable to their share of the disapproval of the audience; they must yield to public opinion. Garrick and others had cheerfully submitted to the jurisdiction of the pit, without a thought of appealing to Westminster Hall; why should not the managers of Covent Garden be equally submissive? They had offended the public by their persistence in raising the prices and in making distinctions, by the introduction of private boxes, when there ought to be perfect equality. "Bells and rattles," urged the learned Serjeant, "might be new to the pit; but cat-calls, which were equally stunning, were as old as the English drama."

In the course of his summing-up, Chief Justice Sir James Mansfield remarked: "I cannot tell on what grounds many people think they have a right at a theatre to make such a prodigious noise as to prevent others from hearing what is going forward on the stage. Theatres are not absolute necessities of life, and any person may stay away who does not approve of the manner in which they are managed. If the prices of admission are unreasonable, the evil will cure itself. People will not go, and the proprietors will be ruined unless they lower their demand.

If the proprietors have acted contrary to the conditions of the patent, the patent itself may be set aside by a writ of *scire facias* in the Court of Chancery."

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with £5 damages. A criminal information had been filed against Mr. Clifford and others for a conspiracy in promoting the disturbances at Covent Garden ; but, before the case came on for trial, the managers came to terms with the public, and a general reconciliation ensued. It was agreed that the increased charge for the boxes should be permitted, but that the private boxes should be thrown open to the public, while the old price of admission to the pit should be restored, and all prosecutions and legal proceedings commenced by the managers in regard to the riot should be abandoned and suffered to drop.

In later times there has been little question concerning the right to hiss ; and, apparently, it has been left to the public to select the grounds upon which they will signify disapproval. In August, 1880, a case, described as "of interest in its bearing on the right of the public to express disapprobation in places of public entertainment," came before Mr. Vaughan, the sitting magistrate at Bow Street. The manager of a Music Hall in Holborn was summoned for an assault. The complainant deposed that, being at the Music Hall at about eleven o'clock at night, he had hissed after a song had been sung by a child of about five years, and that he had done so as much by way of protest against so young a child being allowed to perform at so late an hour as to signify his disapprobation of the performance itself. The defendant had approached, and, laying his hand for a short time upon the complainant's arm, had ordered him out of the hall. Shortly afterwards the complainant had left the hall of his own free will. The evidence as to the amount of violence actually used was very conflicting. The magistrate, however, expressed himself satisfied with the complainant's story, and plainly gave his opinion, that any person going to a place of amusement had a perfect right to express an opinion of the value of the exhibition. Fined the defendant 20s. and 20s. costs.

But if the public's right to hiss has been clearly established, it seems also clear that there rests in the managers of public entertainments a certain right to expel their patrons, and even to exercise some violence in effecting this object, although the measure of violence to be employed may, perhaps, be a question



for a jury to determine. In the case of *Wood v. Leadbitter*, the plaintiff had possessed a guinea ticket of admission to the Grand Stand at Doncaster, and had yet been expelled from the premises. He brought an action for damages against one of the officials of the racecourse acting under the order of the steward, Lord Eglinton. An elaborate judgment was delivered by the Court of Exchequer in favour of the defendant ; and the arbitrary rule of law has been established, that any one attending a public entertainment, however inoffensively he may conduct himself, is bound to quit the premises on being requested to do so, and without having his entrance-money returned to him. He is present only at the will and pleasure of the manager, and, in the event of his declining to depart, is liable to be forcibly expelled. It follows, therefore, that the playgoer's right to hiss is considerably affected and diminished by the manager's countervailing or corresponding privilege of expulsion ; and that altogether it is expedient for the audience to control their more censorial emotions as much as possible, and, if they must hiss, to do their spiriting gently, and hiss after a moderate and subdued and pacific manner.



## An Autographic Olla Podrida.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

I HAVE lately been looking through a batch of old French catalogues, exclusively devoted to literary, dramatic, and musical autographs, and comprising the choicest portions of a valuable collection dispersed by auction in Paris at various periods during the last thirty years. In almost every case extracts of more or less length are given, and not unfrequently the entire letter, the general effect of the whole being extremely curious ; and it has struck me that a few selections from them, grouped together without any attempt at chronological arrangement, but, as far as possible, displaying some trait characteristic of the writers, might, perhaps, be considered worth preserving.

An interesting letter of Berlioz, dated 1828, to the Vicomte Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld, then manager of the Paris Opera,



refers to the acceptance at that theatre of a ballet on the subject of "Faust," the composition of the music for which has been entrusted to him by the author. "I have," he says, "already completed the greater part of my task ; my head is full of 'Faust,' and I firmly believe that if Nature has endowed me with even a particle of imagination, it would be impossible for me to find a theme more susceptible of advantageously developing it than Goethe's drama."

His genial contemporary, Auber, writing to his friend, the Baron de Trémont, in 1831, immediately after the production of his opera, "*Le Philtre*," alludes to his constitutional laziness as follows : "In order to finish my work by the appointed time, I have undergone the most terrible trial imaginable for a man of my take-it-easy habits ; I have been obliged for the last three weeks to get up every morning at four o'clock ! So, you see, that even good-for-nothing fellows, such as I am, are not hopelessly incorrigible !"

The next letter, addressed, in 1743, to "Monsieur de Voltaire, at the hôtel of Madame la Marquise du Châtelet," by the Abbé, afterwards Cardinal, de Bernis, is a striking proof of the enthusiasm excited in Paris by one of the poet's best tragedies, "*Mérope*."—"The Academy will receive you, Monsieur, whenever it thinks fit to do so. Meanwhile, the homage paid you yesterday was that reserved by France for her great men alone, and I rejoice at having been an eye-witness of so glorious a triumph. Such a tribute reflects even more honour on the good taste of the nation than on yourself, and I am proud of my humble share in it. At the risk of losing all chance of preferment, I purpose returning to hear '*Mérope*' a second time ; it would be a trifle for a man of the world thus to sacrifice his fortune to his pleasure, but it is a serious matter for a churchman."

If we may judge from a confidential note to Aickin, shortly before the first performance of the "*School for Scandal*," it would appear that Tom King was not altogether without misgiving respecting one of the ladies included in the cast. "Would it not be possible to find another Lady Sneerwell ? Honestly, I respect and esteem Mrs. Sparks ; she has merit, but she is not Lady Sneerwell. If Mr. Sh . . . (Sheridan) would give the part to Mrs. Powell, and she consented to play it, the piece would be all the better for it, and it would do her no harm. I say this in the

interest of the theatre and the comedy, for Lady Sneerwell is not likely to injure Sir Peter." (Mrs. Powell, apparently, did *not* consent, the part having been played by Miss Sherry.)

In a letter to a friend from "Venice, once beautiful and terrible" (1837), Donizetti gives an account of the reception of his "*Pia de' Tolomei*:"—"Poggi (*La Frezzolini's* husband) is magnificent in the death scene; yesterday especially (the second night of performance) he surpassed himself. Well, you will hardly believe that, after all the trouble I have taken in teaching him how to sing and act the part, he does not even bow to me when we meet. There's gratitude for you!"

A very different style of epistle is that addressed by Mario to Ronconi, entirely relative to a subscription in favour of the Italians who are fighting for their liberty. "Unable, as we are, to join them ourselves, let us at least give what we can by way of protesting against the calamities which are so cruelly oppressing our country; as a token of gratitude to our valiant brethren who are still defending the national honour in Venice. Knowing your feelings as I do, I need only add that the thanks of every true Italian will be yours for whatever aid you can give us, and beg you will communicate the enclosed circular to the patriotic Madame Ronconi."

The author of the "*Man of Feeling*," Henry Mackenzie, writes as follows to Cadell in 1784: "I beg you will thank Mr. Harris for his acceptance of my tragedy ('*The Prince of Tunis*?') I am surprised that my old friend Mrs. Yates should have thrown obstacles in the way of its being performed, and inclose a letter for her, which may perhaps put her in good humour. I honestly think that the part would be admirably suited to that superb haughtiness which is her great characteristic; but as I am perfectly aware that tragedy queens are somewhat capricious, I do not trust much to the success of my entreaty. In the event of her refusing the part, I authorize you either to leave the piece with Mr. Harris, or to offer it to the manager of Drury Lane. I have heard marvels of the talent of Mrs. Siddons."

A young poet having indited a long epistle to Metastasio, soliciting his advice as to his future career, received the subjoined rather discouraging reply. "If you desire or stand in need of the favours of fortune, abandon all thoughts of aspiring to those of the Muse; the hatred of the former to disciples of the latter is too



persistent, too implacable. Compared with the unrelenting oppression you will be forced to submit to, what a miserably inadequate compensation will be a poor little branch of laurel !”

Buckstone's letters have almost invariably a spice of drollery in them ; and the following specimen, addressed to the dramatic agent Kenneth (but without date) is no exception to the general rule. “The bearer of this is the friend of a friend of mine ; he tells me that he has explained to you his wish to become an actor, and offered you the usual fee, which you magnanimously declined to accept. Now, let me advise you to come down to earth again ; in other words, put the bearer's name on your list, pocket your browns, and get him an engagement as soon as you can.”

Writing to the Marquise de Dolomica in June, 1824, on the subject of “Lord Byron's Memoirs,” Moore says : “Having learnt that Lord Byron's family were very uneasy respecting these memoirs, I placed them at the disposal of the person to whom he was most attached (his sister), in the hope that they would not be *entirely* destroyed, but that portions of them at least might be preserved and published. His sister having desired that they should be totally destroyed, without even having been read, this was done, and I returned the two thousand guineas which the publisher had already paid me. The family have since repeatedly offered to reimburse me, but I have invariably refused. I should add that one of the motives which induced me to give up the manuscript of these memoirs was my conviction that Lord Byron had himself expressed a regret that he had written them.”

O. Smith's touching appeal to the manager of the Adelphi, requesting him to change his line of business, does not appear altogether unreasonable. “For the last five years,” he says, “I have played nothing but demons, monsters and assassins ; this may have been profitable to the management, but is most prejudicial to me. Who in the world would admit the devil into his house, or introduce a convict to his family ? My infernal reputation follows me wherever I go.”

A letter from Mendelssohn to Dr. Maurice Kind, dated 1834, from Düsseldorf, alludes to his desire to obtain the post of concert-director at Leipsic. “My chief aim will always be, as far as my powers allow, to encourage the study of good music ; and, as I know very few places in Germany where this object can be



attained, I do not hesitate to say that, if the post in question were offered to me, I should gladly accept it. As, however, it is at the present moment occupied by another musician, nothing in the world would induce me to injure a colleague by seeking to deprive him of his position."

In a letter from Paris to Winkler, dated November, 1841, Richard Wagner mentions the difficulties he has met with in his attempt to hasten the performance of "*Freischütz*" at the opera, for the benefit of Weber's heirs. "I can do nothing without help, Berlioz alone is not sufficient; his last opera not having succeeded, he is in bad odour with the management, and I have, therefore, spoken to Schlesinger, who, as the publisher of a musical paper, has some influence with M. Pillet. Before he can take the matter in hand, however, he requires a written authority from Madame de Weber, which should be forwarded to him without delay, in order that the performance may take place soon. Your news, that my "*Rienzi*" is about to be played at Berlin, gratifies me much; and, I hope, as the management of the theatre appears to have some confidence in my poor talent, that proper attention will be paid to the scenery and getting up of the opera."

The following, from Maria Edgeworth to Talma, is characteristic: "Countess Orloff (Mdlle. Virginie Wenzel, formerly an actress) tells me that she had arranged for me to meet Talma at her house to-morrow. (I don't say 'Monsieur' Talma, for who would say either that or 'Monsieur de Voltaire?') But Talma says he is engaged. Cannot that engagement be put off? Alas! I cannot defer my departure, which takes place on Friday. Must I then leave Paris without seeing or hearing the hero of the French stage, the idol of his country, as well known in England as in his native land? Talma will surely not be deaf to the prayer of an Englishwoman, member of the republic of letters, and his sincere admirer. P.S.—Two of my young and (some say) pretty sisters would add their signatures to this request, if they dared to do so!"

In a letter from Foote to Garrick, dated from Dublin, he alludes to his having "nearly been reduced to ashes by reading in bed—that cursed custom. So you see, my dear sir, no man can foresee the great ends for which he was born. Macklin, though a blockhead in his manhood and youth, turns out a wit and a writer on the brink of his grave; and Foote, never very

remarkable for his personal graces, in the decline of his life was very near becoming a toast."

Old opera-goers will remember the sensation excited by the famous "Pas de quatre," executed by Taglioni, Cerito, Lucile Grahn and Carlotta Grisi. The latter, in a confidential note (to Théophile Gautier?) rather maliciously alludes to one of her rivals. "Mdlle. Cerito was greeted with a shower of printed papers of all colours, green, pink, and grey, each containing a sonnet in honour of the celebrated Neapolitan dancer, by way of proving that there was as great a difference between Mdlle. Cerito and the other artists as between a cedar of Lebanon and a mushroom!"

Considering that, when the following was written (in 1826), Mdlle. Sontag was comparatively a beginner, and had never sung out of Germany, her pretensions seem (for the period) slightly exorbitant. After informing her correspondent Schlesinger that she purposes arriving in Paris early in June, and intends staying at the Hôtel des Princes, she says, "I shall be obliged by your announcing me in the French papers as 'cantatrice de la chambre et de la cour royale,' without, however, mentioning the terms of my engagement (10,000 francs for twelve nights), which is so inadequate a remuneration that I do not wish it to be known in Berlin (!)."

"Madame Céleste," writes Ben Webster to Kenneth, "would not go *alone* to Dublin, even if she had no other engagement. She is of opinion that some of the best pieces in her list are partly indebted to me for their success, although the manager seems to count me and my writings for nothing. In any case, he cannot think less of me as an actor than I do of him as a manager."

The notorious adventuress Lola Montès, Countess of Landsfeldt, writes as follows to a friend in 1849: "I cannot imagine how you can possibly pass your time in such a hole as Brussels; you must be almost bored to death. I am amusing myself enormously; the weather is quite oriental, which exactly suits me, although everyone else is complaining of it. Next week I go to Cowes, for a *fête* to be given in my honour by a member of the Yacht Club; so pray don't stay a day longer than you can help in that horrid Belgium."

A passage or two from a curious letter of John Palmer to his wife, dated Lancaster, July 13, 1795, may be inserted here.

After alluding to his success in Archer and Petruchio, notwithstanding the mediocrity of the local company, he says: "I am most comfortably lodged, in a charming, pleasant house, with an old gentleman and lady who keep an exceeding good table, and I am to pay them for lodging, board, tea, &c., one guinea for the week—not dear, you'll say. And such *rum* as I am now drinking; it would do your heart good but to smell it. I have enclosed you, my life, ten guineas; *don't pay rent out of it!* Take care of yourselves; live well, I charge you. Keep up your spirits with what is good."

The two following notes having been formerly in my possession, I am enabled to transcribe them verbatim. The first, written by Mdlle. Plessy, during her stay in London, to Mrs. Tayleure, refers to her performance of Lady Free love in "A Day after the Wedding:—"

"MADAM,—

"I think it should be, perhaps, very free of me to go and see you without knowing you more than by your kindness to me when I twice ventured to play in English; but I won't leave London without letting you know that I cannot forget what you did for me, as well by your acting as by giving me obliging advices.

"Believe me, sincerely yours,

"S. PLESSY.

"I beg you'll be so kind as to express my thanks to *Lord Rivers*."

The other is sufficiently whimsical:—

"MY DEAR PEAKE,—

"A little bird told me that one Mr. Peake had in his possession an uncommonly clever dramatic piece, in which there was a character well suited to the talent of a certain Mr. Farren; that the aforesaid uncommonly clever actor would be certain to play this uncommonly clever part uncommonly well. To which I replied, that if the uncommonly clever author would send his MS. to No. 30, Brompton Square, the inhabitant of that house would get as much money for it, and make as good a bargain for the author aforesaid, as that uncommonly clever actor would make for himself, taking especial care to keep the name of the uncommonly clever author a profound secret.

"Yours very truly,

"W. FARREN."



## Annus Amoris !

A year of love ! No tide of time  
Can rise its footprints to efface,  
A year of roses and of rhyme,  
A year of living on your face :  
A happy year for poet's pen  
That told of love and found it true ;  
A year remote from haunts of men,  
A perfect year ! A year of you !

A year that found us wandering—  
I in the darkness, you the day ;  
A year that gave us songs to sing,  
And turned our winter into May ;  
A year commencing with a kiss  
Pure on the forehead and the brow ;  
A year that finishes like this,  
Don't say that it has ended now !

A year so very grand and grave,  
When doubt was dead and left desire,  
A year of walking by the wave,  
A year of dreaming by the fire ;  
A year that loved the winter trees,  
And lived on mellow May and June ;  
A year of flowers and summer seas,  
Of harvest sun, and autumn moon.

A year of passion perfected,  
That beckoned sorrow to depart ;  
A year that crowns your golden head,  
And fills with life my lonely heart,  
A year of mystery ! a year  
That drew us both to Nature's breast ;  
A year undimmed by any tear,  
A year of Love that leads to Rest !

C. S.

September, 1883.



## Pittite Memories.

BY GODFREY TURNER.

### CHAPTER I.

CHARLES LAMB—to have seen whom is to have held hands with the old actors—has this remarkable expression in his essay on those shadows of the shadowy past: “Few now remember Dodd.” What a far-sounding echo of antiquity is in these words! They seem to be piped in the faint receding treble of an old, old palsied memory. Yet Lamb did not live to be sixty; and that sentence must have been written before he had fulfilled two-thirds of a span briefer by a whole decade than the biblical term of human life. He was looking back thirty winters, according to his own account, at Dodd’s Sir Andrew Aguecheek; and he must in that case have been a boy of ten (or tenderer) years when he saw that great actor in “Twelfth-Night.” But Lamb was, as he confessed in this very essay, and elsewhere, “ill at dates;” and it is quite as likely as not that he carelessly or even purposely misstated the age of the playbill from which he cited a cast of characters, including Barrymore as the Duke Orsino, Mrs. Powel as Olivia, Mrs. Jordan as Viola, Bensley as Malvolio, and Suett as the Clown. “What does Elia care for dates?” he asks in a letter, disclosing a wilful inaccuracy, which might have been part of his genial love of mystification—part, also, of his dislike to appear “important and parochial.”

I shall look back more than thirty years—more than forty, it may be—in these play-going reminiscences of days when there was a Pit. Little by little, that elect area has been first encroached on, and then swallowed up. It was in weak imitation of the Opera-house that this thing began. Two or three front rows were appropriated to exclusive gentility at the St. James’s Theatre during the French plays. The practice extended to other houses one by one. Charles Mathews alone held stubbornly out to the last. “Spoil my pit? Never!” he said; and never did he, strong though the temptation must frequently have been. He loved that critical and appreciative part of the theatre; deferred to its

judgments, and was grateful for its applause. The Lyceum therefore continued to resist the innovation so long as Carolus Rex reigned therein. I missed few of his first nights—saw, from the third or fourth row, won by patience and shouldering, “The Golden Branch,” “Box and Cox,” “The King of the Peacocks,” “A Rough Diamond,” “The Island of Jewels,” “The Pride of the Market,” “Done on both Sides,” and many more farces, extravaganzas, and what-not, each in its maiden pride of novelty and fluttering success. Later, when some few years of artistic studies and a literary life had promoted me to a place, by prescriptive right, in the dress-circle—for as yet there were no stalls here, nor indeed, anywhere, theatrically speaking—I attended the first representations of two dissimilar works by the same hand, “A Chain of Events” and “The Game of Speculation ;” and heard, with amused surprise, the fictitious name, “Slingsby Lawrence,” which had been improvised for the nonce, gravely proclaimed from the front of the curtain by Mr. Robert Roxby, in response to loud calls for the author.

Lyceum recollections bear me, indeed, much farther back than the Mathews’ and Vestris’ management. As a child it was that I heard Barnett’s “Mountain Sylph” here, at the time the theatre was called by the alternative name, “English Opera House ;” and it must have been a year or two afterwards that I was present when “The Castle of Andalusia” was played. Time went on, and the fortunes of this theatre ebbed and flowed, though the highly esteemed proprietor, Mr. Arnold, never permitted its character to degenerate irreclaimably through the incompetence or financial straits of speculators in theatrical management. There was a season of mixed amateur and professional acting, under the direction of Captain Harvey Phipps Tuckett, Lord Cardigan’s antagonist in a duel, for which his lordship was tried and acquitted by his peers. Captain Tuckett, who played Falstaff and Mercutio indifferently, was associated with a worse actor than himself, whose Romeo literally “sticks” in my remembrance, which is all that need be said about it. While this sort of thing enlivened the bills, a pretty little drama, “The Miser’s Will,” founded on a story by Washington Irving, gave occasion for some excellent acting by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, the latter playing Dolph, the apothecary’s lad, who volunteers to keep watch alone in a haunted room, full of gaunt old



portraits, and whose sudden change from defiant bravery to extreme terror, when one of the pictures answers with a grim nod of the head to a flippantly familiar "good health," was one of the most earnest pieces of reality I ever saw on the stage. The little piece—which was in three acts, if I remember aright—included in its cast Mr. Samuel Emery, who played, with picturesque force, a backwoodsman, half Indian in his dress and ways of life. Keeley's own part involved a constant exhibition of fear, differing, from the terror so finely depicted by his wife, inasmuch as *his* seemed constitutional, while Dolph was naturally daring and inclined to make a jest of superstitious terrors. Not long after the season, seasoned by the Keeleys, who gave the principal flavour to amateur insipidity—a dish otherwise terribly cartilaginous and wanting in salt—that well-matched pair of born comedians took the Lyceum and kept it alive, merry, and flourishing for a round of years. An opening piece was A'Beckett's burlesque of "The Forty Thieves," written very much in the spirit of the "Comic Histories," whose main machinery of fun was, and is, the incongruous and the disenchanting—the representation of knightly armour, for instance, by modern coal-scuttles, dish-covers, and chimney-cowls, and the combination of the Roman toga with tall black hats and gingham umbrellas. "The Forty Thieves" opened with a fairy ballet, in which the elfin personages were young ladies clad below in book-muslin, tights, and sandal-shoon; and, above, in the police uniform of the period—that is to say, in blue tail-coats, fastened across the chest with white metal buttons, the tall hat which preceded the helmet adorning each police-girl's head, while in her right hand she grasped a truncheon. I have called this a ballet, though indeed it was not, in the more recent acceptation of the word, but only a dance accompanying a song and chorus, the principal singing and dancing member of the corps being Miss Pincot, afterwards Mrs. Alfred Wigan. Her husband, then but just emerging from a stage obscurity to which it is perfectly wonderful he should have been so long condemned, played Mustapha, the cobbler in the Arabian story, and made him an Irishman of the conventional type. Year after year of my boyhood had I seen Alfred Wigan playing servants, policeman, and all sorts of subordinate characters, now with a message or a line of incidental dialogue to deliver, and now without a word to speak. Yet whatever he did, even then, was a piece of polished acting.

In those young days of mine the idea sometimes occurred to me that managers, like publishers, were deficient in knowledge of their business. The polka was the new rage when this burlesque was acted at the Lyceum ; and the tall, handsome, and graceful Miss Fairbrother, as Abdallah, gave the dance, to the original tune, with Miss Laidlaw, punctiliously adhering to the traditional peasant forms, with the heel-and-toe step, now long abandoned. Keeley was Hassarac, his wife Morgiana ; and they were, of course, perfectly successful in driving all thoughts of Araby out of our heads. Frank Matthews, again, as Ali Baba, was Frank Matthews to a chuckle ; and Mr. H. J. Turner, not so old then as now, gave an agile representation of the terrified Cassim in the cave. A charming young actress, Miss Woolgar, new to the Lyceum and to London, was bewitching as Ali Baba's wife ; and these are all the things I care to remember about the cast of "The Forty Thieves." Perhaps I may add that burlesques at that time gave far greater scope for acting than they afford now. Parody, poor though it might be, parodied ; it had not shown, so far, any sign of losing its faculties and severing all ties with sense. At a more advanced period of the Keeley reign in Wellington Street, "Martin Chuzzlewit" was dramatized by Albert Smith, a clever prologue being spoken—with a spirit that left its accents ringing in my ears even to the moment I now tell of its effect—by Mrs. Keeley, as the lad Bailey. Of course, Keeley played Mrs. Gamp, while Frank Matthews was Pecksniff, Emery was Jonas Chuzzlewit, Collier was Betsy Prig, Drinkwater Meadows was Tom Pinch (being specially engaged for a part that so well suited him), Alfred Wigan was Montague Tigg, and Miss Woolgar, for the sake of the domestic tragedy in the later scenes, was Mercy Pecksniff, or Chuzzlewit. Still some seasons passed away, and "The Cricket on the Hearth" introduced Miss Mary Keeley to the stage, in the part of Bertha, the blind girl, her father playing Caleb Plummer, with Emery as the Carrier, Mrs. Keeley as Dot, and Mr. Collier as Tilly Slowboy.

Shall I say "few now remember *Dot*?" It seems to me a slur on the actor's faculty that his well-meaning friends should so often decry the warmth of old playgoers, when they prate, as I am prating now, about the past. We should forget then—should we?—the acting that pleased us most ! Not I, for all the young gentlemen who turn upon me with their parrot-speech, *Laudator*

*temporis acti.* I am as often amused and pleased at the play, now as I was in days of yore ; just as, then, I was as often displeased as I can expect to be in the present. But I remember best that which was best ; while the worst has been perishing out of mind. So shall it be with our generation of actors and playgoers. I may live yet—at all events, you, my young friend, will probably live—to speak with kindly admiration of those who now brighten our existence and grace our leisure. If my kind colleague, who so ably conducts this Magazine, and who has given so much thought to the cause of histrionic literature and representation, will grant further indulgence of space, I may yet have more to dig from the mines of Pittite Memory.

[The more the merrier.—C. S.]



## Mr. Irving in the Provinces.

MR. HENRY IRVING'S brief engagement in the country has hitherto been crowned with signal success. He has only been able to visit three cities, but he has won triumph after triumph in each. His first night in the provinces was on Monday, August 27, at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow. "Much Ado About Nothing" was the opening piece, and the production was received with enthusiasm by crowded houses. The Benedick of Mr. Irving and the Beatrice of Miss Ellen Terry were greatly admired, and the critic of the *Glasgow News* wrote that "the production was wonderful in its completeness, and that the representation was much beyond anything yet displayed in Glasgow." During the second week of his engagement in Scotland, Mr. Irving was entertained at a supper given to him by the local Pen and Pencil Club. It took place on Thursday, September 6, in the Fine Art Galleries, in Sauchiehall Street. The chair was occupied by Mr. James Richardson, who alluded, in a very clever speech, to the successful career, both as actor and manager, of the honoured guest of the evening. Mr. Irving, in the course of a suitable reply, alluded to the presence at the banquet of the Lord Provost, an event which irresistibly recalled the time when such an honour given to an actor would have been as abnormal in Scotland as an earthquake. The marked decline of prejudice against stage plays in Scotland was also a subject of gratification to the actor. In proposing the toast of "The City of Glasgow," Mr. Irving remarked that he felt whilst he was in or near Glasgow a glow of pride that was almost personal. "When through the day," he said, "I hear the roar of your machinery, and the hammers from your swarming workshops beating the history of a nation and a race in steel ; when in the night I look from my windows, and see, bursting as it were, from the sleeping city, the undying flame in



whose glow the toilers work; and when I sail down the Clyde amid the clash of closing rivets and under the giant ribs of your mighty ships, I feel that the prosperity of your city is beyond the need of telling." In the course of the evening, Mr. Irving was presented with a beautifully illuminated address.

From Glasgow, Mr. Irving went to Edinburgh, where on September 10, he opened the new Lyceum Theatre. This building, erected from designs by Mr. C. J. Phipps, F.S.A., is certainly one of the handsomest and most effective of its kind in the country. Standing perfectly isolated, it possesses many advantages which would otherwise have been impossible. It is not so tall as most of the theatres built by Mr. Phipps, and the three tiers are singularly graceful in their aspect. An excellent view of the stage can be obtained from all parts of the house, and the theatre is well ventilated but not draughty. The general idea of the decoration is maroon and gold, and, when the electric light is ready for use inside as well as outside the house, the appearance of the theatre will be still more charming than it is at present. One feature of the decoration—and that the drop-curtain used between the acts—may reasonably be objected to on the grounds of its ugliness. It represents a reproduction of Mr. Alma-Tadema's painting of Sappho and Alcæus, but the scenic artist has not been successful in his work. However, this is a small matter, and may be easily remedied. For the rest, nothing could be better. The enterprising proprietors and managers, Mr. J. B. Howard and Mr. F. W. Wyndham, may be congratulated upon the possession of so elegant a theatre, opened under such brilliant auspices as the presence upon the stage of Mr. Henry Irving and his talented company. The new theatre has had an excellent start, and it has already taken its position as the leading place of amusement in the capital of Scotland.

In Edinburgh, as in Glasgow, Mr. Irving's first piece was "Much Ado About Nothing." This was played for five nights to large audiences, and on the Saturday evening "The Bells" and "The Belle's Stratagem" constituted the programme. Mr. Irving's impersonation of Mathias exercised all its original powerful effect, and his Doricourt was again applauded. Edinburgh playgoers were especially charmed with the fascinating Letitia Hardy of Miss Ellen Terry. The Saturday night's programme was repeated on the Monday, when the receipts exceeded the large amount of £435. "Hamlet" was given on Tuesday, and "Louis XI." was performed on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, "The Merchant of Venice" being acted on Saturday afternoon, when the receipts amounted to the sum of £457. *The Scotsman*, in the course of a long criticism upon Mr. Irving's "Louis XI.," remarked that the actor once more displayed the intellectual vigour and subtlety he always brings to bear upon his study of character. "The figure so vividly imagined he reproduces with corresponding intensity of expression, alike in speech, look, and action. Every detail has evidently been elaborated with the most heedful care, and worked up to the highest pitch of artistic effectiveness, the result being a picture which makes one quite forget art, while under the fascination of its marvellous reality. As seen on this occasion, the personation seemed to have gained in completeness and power as compared with what we can remember of it as last given on an

Edinburgh stage, and the effect produced upon the audience afforded the highest testimony to the actor's genius." According to the same authority "the curtain fell amid a tempest of applause, that but repeated with somewhat more exuberant emphasis the demonstrations that had crowned the close of each preceding act."

On the opening night of the new Edinburgh theatre, a cleverly designed programme, by Mr. G. R. Halkett, giving remarkably good portraits of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, was distributed throughout the theatre. In the course of the evening, Mr. Irving, in response to loud calls, made a brief speech, in which he remarked that the occasion forcibly reminded him of the closing of the old Theatre Royal, twenty-five years previously, when he was a member of the stock company of that theatre. He also alluded to the impatience exercised by the occupants of the gallery in consequence of a rather prolonged interval, owing to the difficulty of setting the church scene. The delay occurred through the absence of one of the officials connected with the stage, who had left the theatre at a critical moment without giving so much as a word of warning. The ill-behaviour of that portion of the audience pointed out cannot be too severely censured. Such unseemly conduct would disgrace the gallery of an East-end theatre on a pantomime night. When it occurs in a leading theatre in so enlightened a town as Edinburgh, and on so important an occasion as the one under notice, one cannot help wondering why the rest of the audience tolerate such absurd affectation.

The Pen and Pencil Club of Edinburgh also gave a supper to Mr. Irving on Thursday, September 20, in the Freemason's Hall. The chair was occupied by David Pryde, LL.D., the principal of the Edinburgh Ladies' College, who passed a high eulogy upon Mr. Irving's talents. His tour in the provinces had been a triumphal procession. He had conquered the old English-speaking world and was now setting out to conquer the new. The speech was received with great applause, and an allusion to Miss Terry was marked with a most enthusiastic welcome. Mr. Irving, in replying to the toast, said that in truthfully mounting his plays, it was his object to do all in his power "to heighten, and not distract the imagination—to produce a play in harmony with the poet's ideas, and to give all the picturesque effect that the poet's text will justify." Mr. Irving also alluded to the forthcoming biography of himself "What acknowledgment," he said, "can I make to you of the Pen and Pencil to-night? The best would, of course, be to say 'I am proud of being a Scotchman.' But, alas! no possible miracle of genealogy can make me anything but a degenerate Southron. However, there is one consolation. I am told that some one has done me the honour of writing my life. He had much better, I think, have waited until I were dead, and then anything unpleasant which he might have to say would not have mattered so much; but when I tell you that, although neither the author nor the subject of this biography is Scotch, yet that the printers are Scotchmen, you will readily see that this is a work which must be read."

From Edinburgh, Mr. Irving proceeded to Liverpool, where he played in "The Bells" and "The Belle's Stratagem" on September 24 and 25. "Much Ado About Nothing" was announced for the next three evenings.



## Our Play-Box.

### "INGOMAR."

First produced, Drury Lane, 1851. Revived, Lyceum Theatre, September 1, 1883.

Ingomar ... ..	Mr. J. H. BARNES.	Neocles ... ..	Mr. G. H. GATES.
Alastor ... ..	Mr. J. A. ROSIER.	Amyntas ... ..	Mr. R. BURNS.
Trinobantes ... ..	Mr. N. CHISNELL.	Elphenor ... ..	Mr. W. RUSSELL.
Ambivar ... ..	Mr. JOS. ANDERSON.	Timarch of Massilia ...	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.
Novio ... ..	Mr. G. GODFREY.	Minstrel Boy ... ..	MASTER SARGOOD.
Samo ... ..	Mr. H. WELLS.	Actea ... ..	MRS. ARTHUR STIRLING.
Polydor ... ..	Mr. J. G. TAYLOR.	Theano ... ..	MISS DE SARRIA.
Myron ... ..	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS.	Parthenia ... ..	MISS MARY ANDERSON.
Lykon ... ..	Mr. P. C. BEVERLEY.		

THE play in which Miss Mary Anderson has chosen to make her first appearance in England is one with regard to which opinions will be many and varied. "Ingomar" has been pronounced as not only uninteresting in detail, but wearisome in sentiment—for the age in which we live is so supremely matter-of-fact and practical that we appear to have neither the time nor inclination to permit our minds to wander back to the olden days of courtliness and chivalry. But if the love which is gentle yet courageous on the side of the woman—strong yet tender on that of the man—is to be imitated and admired then must the loves of Parthenia and Ingomar be regarded as something more than a beautiful but bygone romance. The character of the Greek maiden is both firmly and decisively drawn. Impulsive in her love as in her hate, she possesses the power of arresting our sympathies and admiration from the moment when, leaning against her mother's knee, she strives to penetrate into the mysteries of love, to that in which she is closely enfolded in her lover's arms. The question inevitably arises—Does Miss Anderson succeed in delineating the Parthenia we see in our mind's eye? Is the art of the actress lost sight of in the part she essays to portray? The answer in regard to the main point may be given without delay. Miss Anderson, as she first appears before us, with fillet-bound head and clinging robes, is a fair type of a classic maid. Her movements are lithe, and at times extremely graceful—notably in the third act, when Ingomar rescues her from the violence of her captors and bears her away in his arms. Her voice is often peculiarly sweet, but ever and anon there comes a something in its expression that jars upon us—a false ring, which seems to increase even as the dramatic situations grow and intensify by numerous and fast-coming troubles. Thus it is, when in the first act Parthenia supplicates on bended knee for the release of her aged father, her voice touches no answering chord in our hearts; the piteous entreaty of her words fails somehow to move us, and so an impression of insincerity is created, which continues throughout the entire play. However finished, in a certain sense, the art of the actress may be, it cannot be said to be concealed from us for a single instant, not even in that most exquisite scene with Ingomar in the second act, when, seated at the foot of a shady tree, half forgetting her sorrowful captivity in the childish pleasure of weaving a garland from the many coloured flowers



which strew her lap, Parthenia suddenly becomes aware that the eyes of her Master are fixed upon her with a strangely earnest glance, as the request comes from his lips to hear what love is. A little song of the bygone days comes to her remembrance, and she softly sings to him how "love is as two souls that have one single thought—two hearts that beat as one." The words bring back to her the dreams and longings of her girlhood—and she is only aroused by the impatient wish of Ingomar to hear something more of this love, which to him seems so strange and wonderful. Imperfectly as we have described this scene, we think it must be acknowledged how its simple charm and beauty may be absolutely ruined and dispelled by self-consciousness on the part of the actress, or by that seeking after effect—which is unnatural as it is useless—when the heart does not live in the words which the lips utter. This is a truth which neither reasoning nor power of persuasion can withstand. Personal beauty is a matter of individual taste—a part may be conceived in a thousand different ways ; it matters little as to whether they coincide with our opinions, so long as we see that the mind and soul of the actor and actress are in their work. This does not appear to be the case with Miss Anderson. Perfect she may be both in gesture and elocution, but she undoubtedly lacks that inexplicable impulsiveness which is the life and being of all true acting. Mr. Barnes, as Ingomar, plays throughout with earnest determination, though the contrast between his barbarous and civilized state of existence lacks the requisite force and power, owing to the over-refinement with which he primarily invests the savage chieftain. The remaining parts are acceptably performed—but, before closing, we must not forget to mention the pathetic song, entitled "Charity," so charmingly sung by Master Sargood. The curtain rises whilst the boy is singing, but long after it has fallen and the play is over does the sweet, plaintive air linger in our memory.

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It may be interesting to note that "Ingomar"—the version by Maria Lovell, wife of the author of "The Wife's Secret, of "Der Sohn der Wildness," by Baron von Münch-Bellinghausen—was the first real literary and dramatic success made by Mr. James Anderson during his ill-fated management of Drury Lane Theatre in the seasons of 1850 and 1851. Mr. James Anderson created Ingomar, and his Parthenia was Miss Vandenhoff. The critics of that time were very severe with Mr. Anderson for not producing new and original literary work at the "National Theatre," and almost quarrelled with him for reviving Shakespeare, Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer-Lytton and Schiller. This was not the only work of the Baron Bellinghausen, who wrote under the name of Friedrich Halm. He translated Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" into German, and was the author of several successful dramatic works. One of the most popular translations of "The Son of the Wilderness" is by William Henry Charlton, and this earned the hearty approval of the author.

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MR. JAMES FERNANDEZ.

' Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat up mine invention,  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
Nor my bad life 'reft me so much of friends.'

—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



## "NO CORONET."

A New and Original Comedy in Three Acts, by H. HAMILTON. First produced at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, September 5, 1883.

Sir Aubrey Knelling,  
Bart. ... .. MR. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.  
Earl of Arden ... .. MR. H. HAMILTON.  
Hugh Anstruther ... MR. CHAS. CARTWRIGHT.  
Rev. George Beverley MR. A. T. HILTON.

Sir Joshua Scadgers, Bart. ... MR. W. H. DENNY.  
Servant ... .. MR. D. DANIELS.  
Lady Knelling .. MISS MADGE CARR.  
Muriel Knelling MISS HELEN MATTHEWS.  
Daisy Carew ... MISS ADELAIDE CHIPPENDALE.

THE idea of this new piece by Mr. Hamilton may not be quite new—it will be difficult to find one which is, nowadays—but it is well worked out, and the plot carefully constructed, with crisp, sparkling dialogue and interesting situations. The plot itself is delightfully simple, without being dull. There having been a family understanding that the young Earl of Arden should marry Muriel Knelling, the former prefers to see for himself what the lady is like, without disclosing his own identity; and for this purpose he changes names with a friend, Hugh Anstruther, whom he takes with him on a visit to Knelling Place. Time passes on, when the two friends find their intimacy with the Knelling family has resulted in the real earl falling in love with Daisy Carew (a poor relation of the Knellings), and Hugh with Muriel; of course the young fellows are loved in return, in ignorance of their true positions. Then comes the discovery by the vulgar baronet, Sir Joshua Scadgers, of the true state of things, and he brings on a catastrophe by denouncing Hugh Anstruther, in Muriel's presence, as an impostor; the real earl is then forced to confess himself, and the curtain falls on the second act with Muriel's passionate and scornful dismissal of Hugh. In the third act we learn that, after his dismissal, Hugh went to India, but has just returned to England, and the earl married Daisy Carew, Muriel remaining single, notwithstanding the pressing attentions of Sir Joshua, supported by Lady Knelling, who, by the way, is a strong-minded lady, ruling her husband with a rod of iron. Daisy having heard of Hugh Anstruther's return, and finding that, despite her scorn on a former occasion, Muriel still loves him, determines to bring them together again. The rest may be told by saying that Daisy's little plot is successful, that Muriel and Hugh are fully reconciled, and Lady Knelling is brought to look on their proposed union and the "retirement" of the baronet with resignation.

Mr. Hamilton may be congratulated on producing so charming a comedy. I wonder, however, if he has ever read Mr. James Grant's novel of "Torthorwald" (also published as "Violet Jermyn"), because there is a very strong resemblance between the interview of Muriel and Sir Joshua, in the last act of the play, to a scene between Dolly Jermyn and Joab Scrowle in the novel. He will, perhaps, pardon the suggestion that Sir Joshua Scadgers should be an elderly man, to give one the impression of his having made his money by his glue-boiling, and earned his own baronetcy in some way; otherwise, by his being a young man, we might assume the baronetcy to have descended from his father, in which case we should expect him to be better educated. Probably, however, the fault is not the author's, but the actor's, in make-up.

All the parts were creditably filled, but special mention may be made of  
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Mr. W. H. Denny, who fairly revelled in the part of Sir Joshua (yet with a wrong make-up, as I have said), and of Miss Helen Mathews, an actress of great distinction and promise, as Muriel.

### "THE GLASS OF FASHION."

[FOR several reasons, I think it well to go out of the ordinary course, and reprint, from the columns of *The World*, with certain omissions, the last article on dramatic matters written by my friend, Dutton Cook. This essay will have historical interest in the years to come, and I desire to preserve it. In the first place, nothing better or more to the point could be said of the new play—it is exactly true, to my thinking, in every particular; and next, this sensible article shows this excellent dramatic writer at his very best. He throws aside all reserve, and fights boldly in the open. It is full of Dutton Cook's "adjectival force," with an addition of sparkle, which quality he carefully held in reserve.—C. S.]

By SYDNEY GRUNDY. First produced at the Globe Theatre, Saturday, September 8, 1883.

Colonel Trevanion ...	Mr. H. J. LETHCOURT.	Kerry ... ..	Mr. FRANK EVANS.
Prince Borowski ...	Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.	Mrs. Trevanion ...	MISS LINGARD.
John Macadam ...	Mr. J. L. SHINE.	Lady Coombe ...	MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
Hon. Tom Stanhope...	Mr. CHARLES A. SMILY.	Peg O'Reilly ...	MISS L. VENNE.
Mr. Prior Jeakyn ...	M. E. W. GARDINER.	Harris ... ..	MISS NOAD.
Austin ... ..	MR. W. GUISE.		

THE unfortunate Globe Theatre "re-opens as a comedy house," to quote the playbill, under the management of Messrs. John Hollingshead and J. L. Shine. The first comedy presented by the new directors proves to be a farcical work—"The Glass of Fashion," in four acts, by Mr. Sydney Grundy.

Some little while since, Mr. Sydney Grundy, discoursing upon the subject of dramatic composition, maintained that it behoved the dramatist above all things "to get on with his story." It appears, however, that Mr. Grundy is one of those "ungracious pastors" who show the steep and thorny way to others, while they themselves tread the primrose path of dalliance. In "The Glass of Fashion" the story is not got on with; perhaps for the excellent reason that very little story is contained in the play. Some demon has whispered Mr. Grundy that he is not so much a dramatist as a satirist and a *censor morum*; and accordingly "The Glass of Fashion" is a laborious effort to lash the follies of the age, to expose the corruptions of society, the extravagance of women, the viciousness of men, and particularly to ridicule and denounce the nature and proceedings of what are called "Society journals." Three long hours of satire and moral teaching would, perhaps, under any circumstances be hard to endure; but when the scene is the ill-ventilated Globe Theatre, when Mr. Grundy is the lecturer and operator, and the satire and moral teaching take the form of a tedious farce in four acts, the result is assuredly depressing. For in "The Glass of Fashion" Mr. Grundy appears but as a coarse and clumsy satirist; his invective lacks polish; his literary graces are of the Batavian sort; his wit is without pungency; his humour is merely mechanical, and consists chiefly in the repetition of certain "catchwords." One of his characters is required, for instance, upon every occasion, to iterate the words "Dirt cheap!"—it may be surmised, indeed, that "Dirt cheap" was the play's original title, changed, possibly, at the last moment, lest mistakes should occur in its application



—and even now a cry of “Dirt cheap!” constitutes the “tag” upon which the curtain falls. Of course there is nothing really comical in the expression; frequent repetition, however, gives it something of brevet rank. Having heard it many times, divers of the audience lay in wait for its recurrence, watch for it, and so welcome its reappearance that it is eventually promoted to be quite the best joke in the drama—as perhaps it really is.

It is likely that Mr. Grundy has sought to succeed by giving offence. He might fail to amuse, as he has often failed before—that was by no means improbable; but it has seemed to him that, at any rate, he could make a certain stir and obtain some notoriety as the author of a noxious dramatic caricature. Possibly he has attacked in the hope that he may receive the distinction of an attack in his turn. He now essays to give life and flavour to a dull play by seasoning it with personality, by employing it as the vehicle of reflections, allusions, and insinuations of an unmistakable kind. The “Glass of Fashion” is the name of a newspaper that sets forth the gossip of society, that tells of the private lives of public men, contains portraits of women of beauty and quality, and is professedly written solely by members of the aristocracy. As in Mr. Robertson’s comedy of “Society,” the senior Mr. Chod, a wealthy manufacturer, publishes *The Morning Earthquake* by way of enhancing his own importance and forcing his way into drawing-rooms that would otherwise be closed against him; so in Mr. Grundy’s “The Glass of Fashion” vulgar Mr. John Macadam, a rich brewer, purchases the copyright of a “Society journal,” and would employ it for his individual advantage, to ensure him a high position upon the social ladder. But in the journal called *The Glass of Fashion* scurrilous paragraphs readily obtain admission. Mr. Macadam soon repents him of his purchase; he is threatened with actions for libel, there is talk of horse-whipping him, his own wife is ridiculed, his dearest friends are lampooned in his paper, apologies with a payment of damages are demanded of him on every side; he is indeed overwhelmed with difficulties, and even imagines himself at last undergoing a term of punishment upon the treadmill for the many offences he has committed. In the end he is content to dispose of his newspaper upon almost any terms.

To do the audience justice, they cared little for Mr. Grundy’s satire, his aspersions and innuendoes. They were heedful to remove and dismiss as soon as might be the many bandages of chatter that had been wound round the subject of the play so much to the shrivelling of its little limbs, the suspension of its small powers of animation. Mr. Grundy’s story is, in truth, very thin, wizen, and infirm. His characters are most unsympathetic creatures, crudely conceived, insincere, unnatural. It is impossible to care whence they come, what they are doing, or whither they are wending. As a picture of life, the drama is absurd and impossible. The earlier scenes proved in representation exceedingly wearisome; in the third act, however, some quickening of the action occurred, dramatic skill was employed, situations of considerable force were ingeniously contrived, and for a while the audience were certainly interested in the performance. Among the characters there figure a selfish wife, foolishly extravagant; a



military husband, who has distinguished himself at Rorke's Drift, but who is rather a meek person in his own house ; a countess, who has married the brewer, and who endeavours to negotiate an I O U given her by the officer's wife ; a silly pair of lovers ; and a Polish prince, who proves to be the conventional foreign swindler, and who at last, in the usual way, is consigned to the hands of the police. With these parts the players were able to effect little. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's cleverness, humour, and energy hardly sufficed to render Prince Borowski a credible character ; nor could Miss Lingard's graces of aspect, her many changes of pose, her elocutionary address, and her richness of costume, wholly redeem Mrs. Trevanion, the thoughtless wife, from hopeless insipidity. Mr. Macadam, a character such as Mr. Toole and Mr. David James have often rendered entertaining, seemed to lie rather beyond the range of Mr. Shine's histrionic resources.

In the last act, the fall of a scene representing the wall of a drawing-room, over-decorated with looking-glass, china, pictures, brackets, &c., occasioned serious alarm, endangered the performers, and nearly brought the play to a premature close. Actresses, however, are now required to be mistress of themselves, although china fall. The accident had its ominous character in relation to the fate of "The Glass of Fashion."

D. C.



## Country Courtship.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[*A Poem for Recitation.*]

CLOSE by our house there runs a brook,  
 Whose bridge is but a narrow plank ;  
 Last year the swollen waters took  
 Our bridge to sea, and broke the bank.  
 And I, upon our market-day,  
 Came there to cross, as heretofore,  
 But saw the ruin with dismay,  
 And wondered how I'd reach the shore.  
 A handsome lad then chanced to pass,  
 He stopped, and turned aside to laugh,  
 "It's very rude to mock a lass !"  
 Said I, not in the mood for chaff.  
 "I laughed," he said, "at your alarms ;  
 But let me help you o'er the rill !"  
 He bore me over in his arms,  
 And that is how I first knew Will.

Great oaks, they say, from acorns spring,  
And ribbons from a silkworm's spinning ;  
A peasant's son has died a king,  
And even love has a beginning.  
Just to be civil, that was all,  
And show my gratitude some way,  
I asked him if he'd like to call—  
He called no less than twice a day.  
He nearly always came alone,  
And said he could not stop to talk ;  
Yet managed, somehow—I must own,  
To wait until I went to walk.  
He paid old Grannie over tea  
A thousand compliments, but still  
He never noticed little me—  
And that is why I first loved Will.

I gave him all my girlish heart,  
Yet hid my love for very shame ;  
But though I tried to act my part,  
I felt he guessed it all the same.  
Once, walking 'neath the summer skies,  
Across the fields, at day's decline,  
We neither spoke, save with our eyes.  
He put his manly hand in mine,  
And, when I drew my hand away  
And stood apart from him, he said :—  
“Come, Maggie, is it ‘yea,’ or ‘nay?’  
Don't hesitate and hang your head  
Unless you are too proud ;” and then  
He drew me close and kissed me till  
I swore I loved him of all men—  
And that is how I married Will.

AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.



## Our Omnibus=Box.

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I HAVE received from Mr. A. Harvey—a well-known pittite—the following interesting letter:—"At this sleepy season perhaps you will be able to find space for a few lines from one of the 'Brown, Jones and Robinson community,' concerning Mr. Archer's 'Critical Essay on Henry Irving.' Belonging, as I do, to the aforesaid community, I need hardly say that I am not one of the 'inner brotherhood;' yet, if you will allow me, I should like to protest against one or two assertions made in the Essay. To begin with, Mr. Archer says, 'I shall not feel myself bound to decry Mr. Irving, because he is not Edmund Kean and Macready in one, or because he is not the ideal tragedian of my dreams; *nor shall I proclaim him the greatest actor of all time because he spends £200 on a tableau-curtain.*'

"This seems to me to be unjust. Those who proclaim Mr. Irving a great actor care little about his tableau-curtain. Naturally, if they are lovers of the beautiful they enjoy the poetry and colour that surround the representations at the Lyceum, but take it all away, and they would not forsake the actor. I have no doubt many people go to the Lyceum merely to see the expensive curtain and gorgeous *ensemble*, but those are not the people who call Mr. Irving great, rather are they first among his detractors.

"Mr. Archer goes on to say that after the first night, when the devotees muster largely, the applause at the Lyceum is very feeble. 'The true explanation (of this) is that the great majority of the audience are intellectually interested, not emotionally excited. There is often as much applause when the curtain rises on an elaborate set as when it falls on a thrilling situation.' Is not this eminently characteristic of a modern audience? Is the audience of a West-End theatre ever emotionally excited in these days, save such audiences as collect at the Princess's or the Adelphi, who are all emotion, and applaud sentiment, no matter who utters it? It is a melancholy but undoubted fact that an ordinary, every-day theatrical audience is chiefly composed of a very dull set of people, stupid, yet captious, who only ask to be amused, and object to being emotionally excited, and who go to see Shakespeare at the Lyceum because it is the fashion, but think it a bore and sure to be slow. It would have been difficult for Siddons herself to excite such as these. 'Even the enthusiasm of a first night,' says Mr. Archer, 'is directed to Mr. Irving, the manager . . . quite as much as to Mr. Irving, the actor. The test of this is that the applause is often greater on his entrance, before he has opened his mouth, than after the crucial scene of the play.'

"If that is the test it fails, for is not this the same with every favourite actor or actress on a first night? Witness the receptions of Sara Bernhardt, of Booth, or of Mrs. Kendal, whom I have seen quite overcome by the applause that has greeted her entrance 'before she has opened her mouth,' nor during the rest of the evening has such applause rewarded her efforts.

"Mr. Archer speaks of the Egyptian darkness of Mr. Irving's per-



formance of Romeo. It seems a very severe sentence. I know that those who saw that performance but once, and especially those who saw it on the first night only, have not a good word for it; but that there was something admirable in it, only visible, perhaps, to eyes grown accustomed to the 'darkness' by frequent visits, I must believe and declare. Since then I have seen two Romeo's, both young, and belonging to the Intense School; yet, in spite of good looks and general seemliness for the part, there was something wanting in their performances, something one had not missed before one had seen the Lyceum Romeo, which, full of faults as it may be, affected one so strongly in spite of them, that it seemed as if genius might be there. I suppose it was 'the magnetic personality.'

"I could say more, but even now the length of this has outrun what I intended."

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I have now had the pleasure of reading through the whole of Mr. Austin Brereton's "*Life of Henry Irving*," down to the last line of the interesting Appendix and latest entry in the copious Index, and can commend it heartily to my readers. The only fault I can find with it is, that it is so interesting that it makes one wish there was more in the book than there really is. One takes it up greedily and puts it down with regret. The arrangement of the book, the accuracy and care bestowed on its detail, the exhaustive nature of the index as a guide to future writers for the stage, and the studious pains that have been bestowed on this veritable labour of love, reflect the highest credit on Mr. Brereton, who may be honestly congratulated on his maiden work. The stage cannot afford to be without a patient book-maker; and Mr. Brereton, who has an "old head on young shoulders," bids fair to fill one of those gaps in the ranks of dramatic essayists which have recently been sadly widened by the departure into silence of poor Dutton Cook.

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A great discussion concerning "natural acting" has arisen over the performance of Parthenia, by Miss Mary Anderson, at the Lyceum Theatre, and a vast deal of nonsense has been talked about it. To begin with, it is assumed that Miss Anderson cannot be natural and unaffected in a play that is sneered at, because it is uncouth and old-fashioned. There are certain scenes in "*Ingomar*" that strike us as curious, because burlesque has taught us to laugh everything out of court that is not strictly conventional. The skin-clad Allemanni, the pompous Timarch, the procession of Massilian soldiers, preceded by a herald and a ram's-horn, are, no doubt, unconventional enough to the ordinary playgoer, and hence old-fashioned, but there is nothing strange or unnatural in the scenes in which Miss Mary Anderson is prominent. A girl who laments over the loss of a loved father; a girl who, in an outburst of righteous indignation, urges the citizens to avenge her father's capture; a girl who boldly goes to the brigand's haunt to ransom her parent by her personal presence; a girl who by her purity and innocence tames the savage barbarian; a girl who loves the man she has humanized—there is nothing whatever unnatural, or artificial, or old-fashioned, in these positions. The scenes in which they

occur are not nearly so stagey as scenes that are met with in the plays of Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles. They are as worthy of acceptance as the "Lady of Lyons" or the "Hunchback."

If this be true, then why cannot Miss Anderson be as natural as Mrs. Kendal can be as Pauline, as Miss Neilson was as Julia, or, to take another instance, as Sara Bernhardt was in "Phédre?" It does not follow that, because a play is in verse, that the actress need be artificial. All the actresses I have quoted prove the contrary. If they spoke their lines too familiarly or flippantly, they would be doing very wrong. They must give dignity to their subject, but still they must be natural. Sara Bernhardt can preserve the traditions of the Français in the verse of Racine, Corneille, and Victor Hugo, but she can be natural for all that. By modern audiences *Hernani* is voted a bore. The interminable harangue at the tomb of Charlemagne is considered a nuisance; but, for all that, Doña Sol is natural, and she delights mainly because of her truth and her nature.

But Miss Mary Anderson, as Parthenia, has opportunities for natural acting which she consistently neglects. She is self-conscious, always places the actress *en evidence*, she is artificial, and to the audience is far more Mary Anderson than Parthenia. She has tricks, pretty tricks, but still they are tricks. When she captivates Ingomar, it is not by artlessness or innocence, but by flirtation as pronounced and as "knowing" as could be found in artificial society. The innocent Parthenia, as it appears to us, "knows her way about." The wooing has a very nineteenth-century and unpoetical flavour about it. On the whole, so far, Miss Mary Anderson reminds me exactly of what Miss Bateman was when she first played Leah at the Adelphi Theatre. In the trick of beginning a cry with a low wail or "whinny," she imitates her exactly. Can any one have forgotten the scene between Leah and the child in the last act of the play? "What is your name, my pretty one?"—then a pause. Then the cracked voice of the child, sharp and staccato, "Leah!" Then came the whimper or "whinny" that brought tears into some eyes, but never a drop to mine, for I saw through the stage device. Miss Mary Anderson does exactly the same thing when she weeps as Parthenia. She does not weep: she whines or whinnies! It is acting purely of the stage—not of Nature.

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Miss Kate Munroe, whose portrait, in the character of the "Merry Duchess," is presented to our readers this month, is a native of New York, and entered the dramatic profession in 1870. On October 25 of that year she undertook, at Milan, the character of Norina in "Don Pasquale." She studied for the operatic stage under some of the best masters of Milan and Naples, and for a period of three years she was engaged at various Italian theatres. After a six months' engagement at the Théâtre des Italiens, Paris, she made her first appearance in London on September 24, 1874, in opera bouffe at the Gaiety Theatre. During an engagement of two years and a half at the Alhambra Theatre she played many leading parts in the productions of that house. She was the original Serpolette in "Les Cloches de Corneville" at the Folly Theatre, in February, 1878. During the







MISS KATE MUNROE.

'Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak.'

—AS YOU LIKE IT.

autumn of that year she went to Paris, where she acted two different parts, in French, in "Les Deux Nababs" at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, and "La Marquise des Roues" at the Bouffes-Parisiens. She then toured in America, and, returning to London, made her reappearance at the Comedy Theatre on April 22, 1882, as Isabella in "Boccaccio." Her next part was that of the heroine in "The Merry Duchess," at the Royalty Theatre, on April 23 last, where she has once more distinguished herself for high intelligence, good taste, and vivacity.

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Mr. James Fernandez, the subject of our other photograph, was born at St. Petersburg, Russia, on May 28, 1835, and entered the dramatic profession at the Queen's Theatre, Hull, in October, 1853. Afterwards he played at Stafford, Hanley, Lichfield, Isle of Man, Wolverhampton, Whitehaven, Rochdale, Blackburn, and other towns. Mr. Fernandez made his first appearance on the London stage at the Queen's Theatre, in 1855. Subsequently he played at the Bower, Queen's, Surrey, and Grecian theatres; and returned to the Surrey Theatre and remained there for six consecutive seasons, playing, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Calvert, the principal juvenile parts; among the number the character of Walter Hartright, in the first dramatization of Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White." Upon the destruction, by fire, of the Surrey Theatre, in 1864, Mr. Fernandez was engaged by the late E. T. Smith to sustain, at Astley's Theatre, the part of Ruby Darrell, in a new drama entitled "The Mariner's Compass," which had a lengthened run. Afterwards he appeared at the Lyceum Theatre in "Narcisse." In 1868, Mr. Fernandez was the leading actor at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. The following year he accepted a special engagement to play the King of Scots at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, appearing there for the first time on Easter Monday, 1869. Shortly after this, Mr. Fernandez became the leading actor at the Amphitheatre (now the Court), Liverpool, and made his first appearance there as Shylock, to the Portia of Miss Bateman. During this engagement, in a revival of "Arrah-na-Pogue," he also played the part of Shaun the Post.

Mr. Fernandez reappeared in London, at the Adelphi Theatre, 1871, as Claude Frollo, in Halliday's "Notre Dame," playing the character for 270 nights, "with an earnestness and effect which made his début on these boards a triumph of the most unequivocal description." He remained at the Adelphi Theatre for three seasons, playing principal parts; among others, Dagobert, Don Salluste (to Fechter's Ruy Blas), Newman Noggs, and Micawber. He was subsequently engaged by Mr. F. B. Chatterton for Drury Lane Theatre, and appeared there as Fitz James in the drama of "The Lady of the Lake;" and as Isaac of York in a revival of "Rebecca." He sustained the part of Old Tom in a revival of "After Dark," at the Princess's Theatre in June, 1877, and performed the character for eighty nights. Returning to Drury Lane Theatre, in September of the same year, Mr. Fernandez acted the part of Christian in Mr. W. G. Wills' drama of "England;" and afterwards appeared as Varney in a revival of "Amy Robsart." Subsequently he was selected by Mr. Henry

Irving to support him, as Coitier, in the production of "Louis XI.," at the Lyceum Theatre, on March 12, 1878. Mr. Fernandez continued a member of the Lyceum Company until June, 1878; he shortly afterwards accepted an engagement at the Globe Theatre, and thence went into the provinces, where he appeared with success as Gaspard in the English version of "Les Cloches de Corneville."

At the conclusion of "Les Cloches de Corneville" tour, Mr. Fernandez was engaged by Messrs. Gatti for the Adelphi Theatre, where he acted, on September 30, 1879, the part of Mr. Phoenix O'Reilly in the first performance of Mr. Dion Boucicault's drama, "Rescued." At the same theatre he played Ralph Nickleby in a revival of Andrew Halliday's dramatization of Dickens' novel on October 30; and, on October 7 following, he acted Baget in the first representation of Mr. W. G. Wills' drama "Ninon." Afterwards (by permission of the Messrs. Gatti) he was engaged by Mr. Edgar Bruce, for the Prince of Wales's Theatre, making his *début* at that theatre on November 1 of the same year as Dirksen in the English version of "Annie-Mie." On the 18th of the following month he appeared as Dr. Palmieri in the first performance of "A New Trial." At the same house on February 2, 1881, he was the original representative of Lambert Streike in "The Colonel." Returning to the Adelphi, he re-appeared there on the 14th of the following month as Ivan Ogareff in "Michael Strogoff;" he then acted here Monsieur Bernard in "Janet Pride," on August 1, and Isaac Levi in "It's Never too Late to Mend," on September 8. Having seceded from the Adelphi, Mr. Fernandez was again engaged by Mr. Henry Irving for the Lyceum Theatre, where he re-appeared on March 8 last year as the Friar in "Romeo and Juliet." He acted this part for 161 times, and on October 11 last he appeared as Leonato in "Much Ado About Nothing," playing this character for 212 nights. In Mr. Irving's series of farewell performances he acted Choppard in "The Lyons Mail" the King in "Hamlet," Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice," and Coitier in "Louis XI." On the 4th of this month Mr. Fernandez appeared at Drury Lane in the first performance of "Freedom," and achieved a very marked success by his singularly vivid and incisive impersonation of Araf Bey. As a reciter of dramatic and descriptive poems Mr. Fernandez has no rival. Those who have heard him recite "The Level Crossing," by Mr. G. R. Sims, will never forget the treat afforded them.

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It is curious how touchy managers become when, having made a mistake, the error is very properly pointed out in the public interest. They block up and lock the doors of exit that the authorities declare shall be opened; they put chairs and stools in the gangways and the passages that the Lord Chamberlain insists shall be free and unfettered; they cram the stalls so close together that it is positive pain to get in or out of them, and incommode their guests every night; they permit smoking and cigarette-throwing all over their theatres, to the disgust and annoyance of everybody, and then when these nuisances are pointed out they turn round and abuse the panic-mongers, as they call them, who have prevented the



destruction of human life by calling attention to gross and, at times, criminal carelessness. The other evening a new danger was brought to the front. In the middle of a play, through some abominable act of carelessness on the part of one of the attendants, the whole of a massive oaken fireplace fell with a crash on the stage, and endangered the lives of the performers. It was just such an accident as has been long anticipated when heavy "sets" have to be arranged during the few minutes allotted to change of scene. It was just such an accident as might occur with fatal results if more care is not exercised. The management replies that the accident has been grossly exaggerated, which is simply not a fact, and trifles with the subject by saying that the said accident has not interfered with play or actors, and that the repairing of the damage only cost fifteen shillings. No one ever thought that an accident that turned out well could hurt play or actors after the damage was repaired, and nobody cares whether it cost fifteen pence or fifteen pounds. It is quite immaterial. But what the public is concerned in is that for the future they shall not run the risk of seeing smashed actors and actresses before their eyes at the play. A coroner's jury would have something to say to the manager who treated as a joke such a deplorable circumstance. Somebody must have been at fault, and it would be more satisfactory to learn that valuable lives will not for the future be endangered than to be told that oak mantels, glass mirrors, blue china, and bric-à-brac are supplied to theatres at a price ridiculously under their value. The management, from first to last, has covered itself with ridicule.

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It would be a pity if the visit of Mr. Henry Irving and his Lyceum company to America were prejudiced, or in any way interfered with by the spiteful or silly utterances of the providers of "irresponsible chatter" to certain newspapers. A short time since one of these unreflecting wiseacres gave it out authoritatively that Mr. Irving was to be accompanied to America by "his own dramatic critic," whatever that may mean, and went so far as to give the name of a writer who was supposed to hold this very undesirable and phantom post that existed solely in the creative brain of the imaginative writer. There was not a scintillation or shadow of foundation in the rumour so far as any writer or critic was concerned. It was based on untruth and flattered by fiction. Mr. Irving does not possess the luxury of a dramatic critic in addition to the officers and servants of his retinue, and I am quite confident that no dramatic critic of my acquaintance was ever candidate for so undesirable and unnecessary a post. Mr. Irving, from his first appearance in London, has been criticised and judged fairly, impartially, and conscientiously on his merits. He has, on the whole, been blamed and picked to pieces far more than he has been praised, and he has needed no retainer to influence public opinion for or against him. The crutch that he never required in England he certainly can dispense with in America, and therefore to put about such a wild story is to misunderstand the artist and to misrepresent the man.

Some of the American papers have sensitively caught at this absurd bit of irresponsible chatter, and have argued from it that Henry Irving proposes

to provide the American papers with reports and bulletins supplied by one of his staff, and are silly enough to suppose that a man of common sense got into his head the idea of offering a deliberate insult to the proprietors and editors of the journals by whom he desires to be fairly and impartially judged. The paper that printed the report and the journal that believed in it must have as much idea of Irving's character and independence as the sanguine clergyman who wrote and asked for the post of honorary chaplain to the Irving expedition. But at the same time I conclude that if any enterprising newspaper in England chose to depute one of its staff—dramatic critic or not—to visit America at the time of Mr. Irving's visit, and to write letters home, or to telegraph home accounts of Mr. Irving's reception, the impression he made on his audience, and the general character of the American theatrical public, it would not be necessary to ask Mr. Irving's leave, or the permission of the American Government, or indeed to consult any human being on the subject. If it were considered worth doing, the thing would assuredly be done, for presumably the newspaper readers in England are as interested in Mr. Irving's visit to America as the Americans are themselves. It is a matter of commerce and nothing more. As, however, no special correspondent has been appointed by any influential paper, it may be assumed that the necessary telegraphic reports can be as well, if not better, done by the accredited American correspondents than by any new hand. I can well understand that the occasion of Mr. Irving's visit would be considered a good opportunity for publishing in England letters descriptive of American theatrical life, but that is a far different thing from a popular actor resorting to such folly as the appointment of a dramatic reporter to his staff, or the insanity of offering ready-made criticism to the excellent and admirably conducted journals of America. It will thus be seen how a little spiteful and malicious rumour carefully sown results in a crop of misunderstanding.

A recent biographer has observed of Henry Irving, and with justice, "The courage and strength of purpose in enduring the difficulties and attacks with which his professional life has been so persistently beset must, indeed, have been enormous. No actor since the days of David Garrick has been so mercilessly and so persistently lampooned, and no actor since Garrick's time has been less affected by such antagonism or more brilliantly successful in spite of it." Quite true. If then Henry Irving has got on all these years without "his own dramatic critics," he certainly does not need this phantom being now or in America.

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The lamented death of my friend, Mr. Dutton Cook, robs the stage of one of its most learned and accurate historians, and deprives the readers of this magazine of certainly one of its most valued and interesting contributors. Only a very few days before his death, Mr. Dutton Cook, industrious and ready as ever, sent us for publication the article that appears in this month's issue, and with it the note about Colley Cibber's residence and burial place that will be found in the "Omnibus Box." These papers must have been the very last that came from his pen. Only a few hours before his death came a kindly letter, complimenting the editor of this magazine on a little book of



poems just published, one of which he had already committed to the care of his little daughter, who had taken a fancy to it, telling us of his intended journey to Edinburgh, and begging that proofs of his work might be sent on to him there. The very next day Dutton Cook was dead. Full justice has elsewhere been done to the talent of this very able writer and painstaking dramatic historian. If deficient in fervour and enthusiasm, he never wanted decision and judgment. He was not an actor or actress maker, and his praise and blame were alike limited in quantity and quality; but when Dutton Cook did praise it is probable that one word of it was more consoling to the artist than columns of more elaborate flattery: when he did condemn severely, his words bit into the sensitive actor's plate like acid. His style was as measured as it was correct, and probably the term universally applied to him by an American paper for its own purposes, "The best of the London critics," was not far short of the mark. He had his audience, as other critics have theirs, and as diligently and patiently served it. He has left behind him a valuable reputation and several books that are invaluable in the dramatic library.

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The following biography is from the pen of a very faithful friend:—

"Mr. Cook, whose age was about fifty-five, was the son of a member of an eminent firm of solicitors in Tudor Street, Whitefriars, and was originally articled to the law; but if he was ever admitted he certainly did not practice. His early ambition was to attain fame as a painter; but though his artistic skill was not inconsiderable, and his powers as a draughtsman found employment to the last in a sketch of some personage or humorous incident with which a friend and correspondent would occasionally be favoured, his natural bent was rather towards literature. The brilliant success of his novel entitled 'Paul Foster's Daughter,' with its fresh and original sketches of studios and art schools and of the Bohemia of artist life, led him for a long time to devote his pen almost entirely to fiction. This story, which was published in three volumes in 1861, was followed by 'A Prodigal Son,' 'Hobson's Choice,' 'Over Head and Ears,' 'Sir Felix Foy,' 'The Trials of the Tredgolds,' and several other stories, besides collections of shorter tales from the magazines to which Mr. Cook was throughout his career an industrious contributor. His novel called 'Doubleday's Children,' and that admirable story of the growth of a young mind and heart, entitled, 'Young Mr. Nightingale,' with its picturesquely-accurate painting of the Wiltshire down county, appeared originally in *All the Year Round*. Mr. Cook's method as a writer of fiction was somewhat too careful and minute for the fashions of his time; nor was his finished style, we fear, fully appreciated by the ordinary customer of the circulating libraries; but in the range of his fictions there is nevertheless much invention, together with numberless masterly sketches of character studied from the life. Nor was he wanting in the art of constructing a story in a way to maintain the interest and curiosity of the reader. The excitements and extravagances of modern novel writing were, however, repugnant to his nature, and the lover of what is known as sensation must look elsewhere. Of late years Mr. Cook had devoted himself more closely to criticism. Many articles on the picture



exhibitions, full of shrewd comment and of generous appreciation of merit, have been contributed by him from time to time to the *World*, the *Graphic*, and other papers ; but it was in connection with the drama that Mr. Cook's critical reputation was most extended. For the stage he always had a strong affinity ; though it was mainly the stage in front of the curtain—for he never wrote, or at least never produced, any play, and had but little personal acquaintance with actors or actresses. His interest in the drama, however, went beyond the mere passion for dramatic entertainments, though he had been all his life a diligent playgoer, and, having a remarkably retentive memory, was probably the best-informed man of his time upon the history of the stage in recent years. Regarding that earlier history of plays, theatres, and actors which is more easily accessible, being more fully recorded, his knowledge was not less complete and accurate. Dramatic biography had always for him a peculiar fascination, and he had gathered together a considerable library bearing on this and kindred topics. Some part of the fruits of these studies and personal recollections were given to the public in his ' Book of the Play,' ' Hours with the Players,' and ' Nights at the Play,' each being a collection, in two volumes, of essays and criticisms. In the latter publication, which comprises his principal articles on new plays, published from time to time in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and subsequently in the *World*, we have the best critical history of our stage during the last sixteen years. The sound and accurate judgment, the felicitous power of expression, and the thorough trustworthiness of these essays, render the volumes indispensable to all who would inform themselves accurately of what our stage has been doing during a period that must always be memorable in stage annals as that of a very remarkable revival. Mr. Cook, who married about ten years since Miss Linda Scates, a lady well known for her brilliant musical talents and accomplishments, leaves behind him a widow and one daughter."

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It cannot be too widely or generally known that the widow of our lamented friend, Dutton Cook, intends to resume the active duties of her musical profession, that was only interrupted by her marriage some nine years ago. This graceful and accomplished lady was a very distinguished pupil at the Royal Academy of Music, is a brilliant pianist, and will, without further delay, and with praiseworthy courage, commence her classes for tuition at 69, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, N.W. To increase her little musical circle will, therefore, be an object of praiseworthy ambition on the part of all the friends and acquaintances of her excellent husband.

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Mrs. Oliphant is a very bold lady. She wants to reverse the time-honoured rule that no dramatic author ought to deceive his audience, and that the best play is that in which the secret is quickest discovered, not to the characters, but to the spectators. In Mrs. Oliphant's recent " Life of Sheridan," published in Mr. John Morley's admirable series of " English Men of Letters," this defiant authoress propounds the following wild scheme

for reversing a canon of dramatic art. Speaking of "The School for Scandal," and the Screen Scene, she says, "It would no doubt have been higher art could the dramatist have deceived his audience as well as the personages of the play, and made us also parties in the surprise of the discovery. But this is what no one has yet attempted, not even Shakespeare, and we have no right to object to Sheridan that we are in the secret of Joseph's baseness all the time, just as we are in the secret of Tartuffe's, and can with difficulty understand how it is that he deceives any one. There remains for the comedy of the future (or the tragedy which, whenever the deeper chords of life are touched, comes to very much the same thing) a still greater achievement—that of inventing an Iago who shall deceive the audience, as well as Othello upon whom he plays, and be found out only by us and our hero at the same moment. Probably could such a thing be done the effect would be too great, and the indignation and horror of the crowd thus skilfully excited, produce a sensation beyond that which is permissible in fiction."

I should advise intending dramatic authors to disregard utterly the advice of Mrs. Oliphant, and to trust to the superior wisdom of Shakespeare, Molière, and Sheridan. They certainly knew what they were about, and understood their business better than this gifted lady. Does she not know that the intense interest of the Screen Scene in "The School for Scandal" is given to it from the very fact that the audience is in the secret, and watches the development of this incomparable muddle. If any comedian of the future plays the pranks recommended to him by this lady he will most assuredly fail. Mr. Pinero recently was of the same opinion, and thought he would reverse an old and undisputable law. But we all know what became of "The Rector," and it is not likely that Mr. Pinero, will repeat the experiment of deceiving, or trying to deceive, his audience.

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The following thoughts by a clever correspondent are invaluable at this time of cheap reproduction, calling itself art, and when parrot acting is miscalled genius and applauded accordingly:—"A tendency to Conservatism in art is not without its drawbacks. The great works of old-time masters are invaluable to the student of to day; from too great mistrust of his own powers, from too closely following the footsteps of his leader, many an able artist has degenerated into a mere copyist. These masterpieces should serve the artist as books of reference and study; not as templates, to use a workshop word, for the life-long manufacture of soulless *replicas*, mere imitations, 'simulacra,' as Carlyle would call them, lacking the genius of the original conceptions. A Roman mosaic of the *Madonna dei Candelabri* may be priceless as a specimen of human skill and industry; it may represent the ingenuity of the workman stretched to its utmost tether: it is to the artistic as a parrot whistling *Che farò* to the musician.

"Can we not draw a parallel between the painter and the player—artists both, though of different schools? The great impersonations of bygone actors were but fleeting pictures; for a moment, like a landscape illumined



by a lightning flash, they stand before us, vivid and clear ; then impenetrable darkness shrouds them from the eye. Still, from the descriptions of critics accurately trained to note the salient points of the representation, from the fading memories of old actors and playgoers, from the carefully preserved traditions of the stage, we can, in many instances, revive the shadowy ghosts of bygone players : the most marked features are there, faint amid the gloom ; but the individual, the voice, the delicate interchange of light and shade, all these are lost.

“Valuable as these impersonations may be to the artist of to-day, they should serve as guides and interpretations rather than models for servile imitation. Does the student read Homer in Bohn’s translation, or the theologian pin his faith to King James’ Bible ? Yet too many actors are content to blindly follow, regardless of physical and other qualifications, the letter of an authoritative rendering, when unable to grasp the spirit. And here we see the difference between genius and mere cleverness, Excellent may be the mock Macreadys, the pseudo-Keans, or, to take more modern instances, the imitation Irvings and burlesqued Bernhards of to-day ; it is wonderful to note the pains that are expended on these copies. But when we see artists of known ability thus content to follow with the stream, to lose any originality they may possess, to suppress the individual, the real in the sham, is it not pitiful ? The very fact that these replicas are, at first sight, so faithful, points to the possession of high histrionic ability. Why will not the player, when scope is allowed him, endeavour to produce a resultant impersonation, compounded of his own individuality and the interpretation of his model, instead of vainly grasping at a shadow ? Voice, in some instances, make-up, gesture, business, all may be complete ; but the genius is wanting. The truly artistic mind perceives intuitively the difference between a true interpretation and a sham ; the imitation grates ; a noble effort, even if somewhat unsuccessful, rarely fails to meet the approbation which always, sooner or later, follows merit. It may not be the applause of the crowd, it may not be the ‘notice’ of the busy pressman ; but the true artist knows the true rewards—the thanks of the *cognoscenti*, and the consciousness of having done his duty. As long as the stage remains in the degraded condition of a trade, so long must the art-loving public endure this and kindred evils ; but already there are signs, and we are thankful for them, that the tide of favour is changing from the mere mechanical tradesman to the artist.

“But, when the fault is due to the player, we may blame and advise ; when the unfortunate actor is forced to pursue this course, then we utterly condemn the system. This is less noticeable on the legitimate than on the lyric stage ; and companies touring with London successes are very hotbeds of mischief in this respect. It is only natural that a manager, taking out a comic opera to the provinces, especially in the first bloom of its London success, should endeavour to repeat as well as possible the chief production. This is not only right from an artistic stand-point, but is absolutely necessary from that of business. But why force players of undoubted merit to convert themselves into mere mechanical reflections of their prototypes ? Let the business, let the management, be as in London ; but do not attempt to convert responsible performers into parrots, do not



crush them utterly in a vain endeavour to imitate the original, when by nature, or their own peculiar vein, they are unable to perform the task. Follow the lines of the model, but adapt them to your own material. The absolute reproduction is impossible, the attempt is artistically vicious. The sooner managers allow their players to exercise their own discretion in these matters, the sooner actors throw aside the cramping trammels of a blind conventionalism and trust more to their own abilities, the better for the profession."—H. W.

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I received only a day before the death of the writer, Dutton Cook, the following important and interesting note :—

"THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COLLEY CIBBER.—It has frequently been stated that Colley Cibber died in Berkeley Square, and lies interred in Westminster Abbey. It was so set forth in a recent number of *THE THEATRE*, possibly upon the authority of Dr. Doran in his interesting work, 'Their Majesties' Servant.' That Colley Cibber at one time lived in Berkeley Square seems certain. In the 'Life' of his daughter, Charlotte Clarke, is contained a letter bearing date March 8, 1755, addressed to him 'at his house in Berkeley Square.' He died in 1757. Cibber was poor, and a gambler; his plays brought him no profit; probably he enjoyed some income as poet laureate in addition to his annual 'tierce of canary,' and Berkeley Square may have been in his time a less costly and fashionable place of abode than it is at present; otherwise it is difficult to account for his residence there. But did he die in Berkeley Square? In the 'Biographia Dramatica' there is a curiously circumstantial account of his death *at Islington!* Peter Cunningham, in his 'Handbook of London,' enumerates Cibber among the 'eminent inhabitants' of Islington, pointing out the house in which his death occurred as 'next to the Castle Tavern' in that suburb. And was he buried in Westminster Abbey? If so, why is the fact not recorded in Dean Stanley's 'Memorials of Westminster,' or in Neale's copious 'History of the Abbey?' and where is his tomb, monument, tablet or inscription? Peter Cunningham states distinctly that Cibber was interred in the vaults of the Danish church in Wellclose Square, built by his father, Caius Gabriel Cibber, at the expense of Christian V., King of Denmark. The church, which contained a tablet to the memory of Jane Colley, the wife of Caius Gabriel and the mother of Colley, was held on lease by the trustees of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and in 1845 was first opened as the British and Foreign Sailors' Church. Cunningham does not mention Cibber among 'the eminent inhabitants' of Berkeley Square. Possibly the square included, besides the mansions of the great, houses of smaller size, let at a cheaper rate. At one of the houses died Pope's Martha Blount, in 1762. Can any one throw light upon this confused question of the death and burial of Colley Cibber?"—DUTTON COOK.

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Mr. Siddons, of Washington, U.S., the author of the "Autobiography of an Actor," has just completed and despatched to England for publication a very comprehensive glossary under the title of the "Shakesperian Referee."

It comprehends upwards of 4,000 words—1,500 more than any other lexicon—with fuller and more original explanations than may be met with elsewhere, and he has given translations of every word in Latin, French and Italian to be found in the plays. The volume is dedicated to Henry Irving. Mr. Siddons has devoted eight or ten years to the work.

Mr. Henry Irving is certainly adding the grace of oratory to his other and multifarious accomplishments, and when inspired can add a touch of poetry to his public utterances. John Bright himself would have found it difficult to put more colour or truth into a word picture of the City of Glasgow as seen by night and by day. Speaking to the citizens of Glasgow, in proposing the health of that great city, Mr. Irving, said, "When through the day I hear the roar of your machinery and the hammers from your swarming workshops beating the history of a nation and a race in steel; when in the night I look from my windows and see bursting as it were from the sleeping city the lurid flames in whose glow the toilers work, and when I sail down the Clyde, amid the clash of closing rivets, and under the great ribs of your mighty ships, I feel that the prosperity of your city is beyond the need of telling." Bravo! Nothing could be better than "the clash of closing rivets."

A valued correspondent sends me the reprint of a memorable programme of 1847, which is interesting, as showing the kind of artists who were playing together nearly 40 years ago.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

COVENT GARDEN.

### THE SHAKESPEARE NIGHT.

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 7, 1847.

*Overture composed for the occasion and conducted by* SIR HENRY BISHOP.

*Prologue written by* MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, and recited by MR. SAMUEL PHELPS.

#### I.—THE DEATH OF HENRY IV.

*Second Part of King Henry IV.* Act IV., Scene 4.

King Henry ... MR. MACREADY. | Prince Henry ... MR. LEIGH MURRAY.  
*Other Characters*—Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Warwick, Westmoreland, Harcourt,  
 and Prince John.

#### II.—LANCE AND SPEED.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III., Scene 1.

Lance ... MR. HARLEY. | Speed ... MR. BUCKSTONE.

#### III.—DEATH OF QUEEN KATHERINE.

*Henry VIII.* Act IV., Scene 2.

Queen Katherine ... MRS. BUTLER.  
*Other Characters*—Griffiths, Patience, Capucius, Messenger.

## IV.—FALSTAFF'S RECRUITS BEFORE JUSTICE SHALLOW.

*Second Part of King Henry IV.* Act III., Scene 2.

Shallow ... .. MR. W. FARREN | Silence... .. MR. H. HALL.

Falstaff ... .. MR. GRANBY.

*Other Characters*—Bardolph, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf.

## V.—JULIET'S MARRIAGE DAY.

*Romeo and Juliet.* The Fourth Act entire.

Juliet ... .. MISS HELEN FAUCIT | Nurse... .. MRS. GLOVER.

Friar Lawrence ... .. MR. DIDDEAR.

*Other Characters*—Capulet, Paris, Lady Capulet.

## VI.—KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

*Taming of the Shrew.* Portions of Act I. and Act IV.

Petruchio ... .. MR. WEBSTER. | Katherine ... .. MRS. NESBIT.

Grumio ... .. MR. KEELEY.

*Other Characters*—Baptista, Hortensio, &c.

## VII.—THE BUCK-BASKET.

*The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III., 3rd and 4th Scenes; Act IV., Scene 2.

Falstaff ... .. MR. GRANBY.

Slender ... .. MR. C. MATHEWS.

Ford ... .. MR. ROXBY.

Mrs. Page ... .. MADAME VESTRIS.

Page ... .. MR. PARSELLE.

Mrs. Ford ... .. MRS. STIRLING.

Sir Hugh Evans ... .. MR. MEADOWS.

Mrs. Quickly... .. MRS. C. JONES.

Shallow ... .. MR. F. MATTHEWS.

Anne Page ... .. MISS HOWARD.

Dr. Caius ... .. MR. J. BLAND.

## VIII.—THE STORY OF PROSPERO.

*Tempest.* Act I., Scene 2.

Prospero ... .. MR. PHELPS.

Miranda ... .. MISS L. ADDISON.

Ferdinand... .. MR. MARSTON.

Ariel ... .. MISS P. HORTON.

Caliban ... .. MR. G. BENNETT.

## IX.—THE STATUE SCENE.

*A Winter's Tale.* Act V., Scene 3.

Hermione ... .. MRS. WARNER.

Pauline ... .. MRS. TYRRELL.

Leontes ... .. MR. GRAHAM.

Perdita ... .. MISS ANGELL.

*Other Characters*—Polixenes, Camillo, Florizel.

N.B.—THE RECEIPTS ON THIS NIGHT WERE £900.

Readers and reciters and patrons of winter entertainments in general, owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Samuel French, 89, Strand, for his recently published "American Readings in Prose and Verse." Here are four neat little volumes filled to the brim with good things, dramatic, pathetic, satirical and humorous. Many no doubt are old friends. Everyone knows—or ought to know—Bret Harte by heart. Colonel Hay's "Jim Bludso" is one of the grimmest and most dramatic of modern poems, and thanks to Mrs. Kendal, who does them more than justice, the Farm Ballads of Will Carleton are included in almost every popular programme. I daresay I am owning my ignorance, but until I looked over this admirable selection I had never before heard of "Frank H. Gassaway,"



and yet he is a ballad maker *usque ad unguem*. His stirring poem of "Bay Billy," the old colonel's horse, who led a faltering regiment into action, has all the lilt and ring of a Macaulay ballad, whilst the "Dandy Fifth" is as good as anything yet sung by Aytoun or Sir Francis Doyle. The "Dandy Fifth" would go splendidly in a town where political strife ran high, for it is a story of a staunch Radical, who explains why he took off his hat to a patrician on account of a plucky deed done in battle by some effeminate swells. No one need be at a loss for a good selection of readings if he consults these capital and handy little volumes. It is really surprising, when one looks through these books, all containing selections of verses from American newspapers and magazines, to note how many poets are in the field. Not mere verse-makers, but true, sound and honest poets. A century ago any one of these writers would have been handed down to posterity as a genius of the first water, but at present the market is well stocked with good singers and men of feeling and heart.

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Tradesmen managers may be permitted to tell us how to keep books and balance ledgers. They may instruct us in "tare and tret," whatever that may be, and wax eloquent on a profit and loss account, but they must not tell us how to write. Let the cobbler stick to his last; let the theatrical shopkeeper leave composition alone for the love of heaven. We shall have actors and actresses next telling us how to compose our sentences, and dictating to us as to matters of style. One of the tradesmen managers—good soul—objects to the style—the fresh, assertive, blustering style—of an actor being compared to a breeze! He cannot, poor matter-of-fact creature, endure it to be said that he has a "breezy style." And yet insignificant people like Leigh Hunt were occasionally permitted epithet and metaphor without offending the managers of the theatres in which they sat to criticize. I take up Leigh Hunt's criticisms at random: "One could not well excuse, even in tragedy, that perpetual lightning of frown with which Mr. Charles Kemble pierces the pit." If a frown can be compared to lightning, why not a smile to a breeze? Or what would your modern purist say to Leigh Hunt's remarks on the representation of insanity on the stage. "Nothing is so sure a trial of an actor's genius as the representation of insanity. If one or two expressions of countenance will sometimes serve a tragedian for a whole evening here are fifty demanded in a moment. They must chase each other over the face with as rapid and as distinct a reflection as wild birds over the waves." Now if Leigh Hunt had written thus to-day for a penny paper he would have been advertised as an idiot or branded as a "gusher." Having style and imagination he would not be tolerated in this eminently practical age. But even the shopkeeping manager is not so bad as the recent affected critic, who called a brother scribe over the coals for talking of "a poet's dying pen" for the "pen of a dying poet," the very commonest figure in composition that is not commonplace. "How can a pen die?" squeaked this poor matter-of-fact creature, who would reduce prose to the colourlessness of his own vacant imagination. "How can a writer talk such arrant nonsense?" is the sole reply to be offered to such trashy comments as these, betraying the worst kind of ignorance—that which is invincible.

Miss Patrice announces a concert and entertainment at the Langham Hall, on Wednesday, October 10, at which several popular artists will appear. Miss Alice Marguerite King, a *débutante* from the United States, will give a recitation in costume. The concert given by Miss Patrice will be sufficiently varied. Herr Lehmeier will be the conductor.

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Some of my readers may remember that, when at Southport a few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of witnessing the strange, unconventional, and by no means uninteresting performance of a Miss Minnie Palmer, an American actress, who was appearing in a play called "My Sweetheart." I think I stated my opinion on this remarkable specimen of acting in pretty strong and decided terms. It was clever—no one could doubt that—but the cleverness was under no restraint or discipline. The existing talent required the sobering nod of a kind friend to keep it in check. When invited to see the self-same performance at the Grand Theatre at Islington, with stronger temptations set in the path of the actress, with a larger audience to appeal to, and applause more readily at command, it would have been rash to expect much change in the style or manner of the actress. But I did find a most welcome change, and a change entirely for the better. The performance was toned down and improved without losing one atom of its naturalness or spontaneity. Unconventional and impulsive it must ever remain, but it need not necessarily be vulgar; the sense of harmony need not always be distressed by coarse effects of contrast; a pathetic turn need not always be upset by a clownish guffaw. Miss Minnie Palmer is like one of Heine's ballads. We are induced to be serious up to the last line, when she laughs in our face. She tricks us into true sentiment, and then she grins. She seems to say, "See how pretty, graceful, and charming I can be;" and when we agree; she seems to say, "You idiot, I am nothing of the kind; I am only acting and fooling you!" This is all of the nature of Miss Palmer's art; it deals in contrasts and strong ones. But against this we have to place a charming naturalness and a delight in acting that few actresses possess. Miss Palmer is unaffectedly fresh and buoyant. She seems to love her work, and to put her whole heart and soul into it. She has a demonstrative personality, and she knows how to exercise it. She never seems to be acting; she is merely a child and a romp enjoying herself. This is her great power. If Miss Minnie Palmer were permanently placed at the Gaiety she would soon rival, if not eclipse, all the favourites there, because her personality is so strong. She does so very much, and she suggests so very much more. Her art I maintain is bad art, as is all art imitated from the music hall and variety show; but besides this bad and ill-directed art is a measure of genius that cannot be overlooked. Miss Minnie Palmer is an interesting study, and she grows upon those least disposed to agree with her method.

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In this farm story Mr. Arnold is the Elvino—the pretty lover in knee-breeches and gay handkerchiefs, who flirts and carouses, plays with the children, sings all day and never does any work—a very delightful creature of romance and pleasant to dwell upon. The actor is physically suited to



the part; he is a pretty man and he knows it; he sings sweetly and is generally loveable. But still I think that the funniest and most original thing in the play is the half-sobered gambler, the man with a good heart and a bit of a sentimentalist, who has been "thrown" and deceived by a worldly woman, the "old sport" of Mr. Hawkins, reeking of Bret Harte and the mining districts of the far West. How instantly English audiences appreciate what is good—they rushed at this man, an actor they had never seen, and promoted him to a first place in their affections. How I hear the inevitable roar that follows "*Loo-isa!* remember that your loving husband is waiting for you outside." There is a grim irony in this unintentional satire. The "loving husband" is delicious, when we know as if by instinct the poor tipsy and half-brutalized wretch will twist her arms and smack her brazen face when he does get her outside. The audience relishes the astounding possession of that "*Loo-isa.*" Mr. Hawkins has made a decided hit, and he seems to be a comic actor born, unless this be an astounding fluke.

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Mr. Edward J. Terry has again secured the services of Miss Katie Ryan for the remainder of his provincial tour, in place of the lady whom he had originally engaged for the principal girl's part in his burlesques.

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When Mr. Wilson Barrett took the chair at the last festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, his place as the hero of "The Silver King" was filled by Mr. Walter Speakman. Another proof of the actor-manager's confidence in this artist will shortly be given when Mr. Speakman will play, at the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Barrett's original part of the Rev. Richard Capel in Mr. H. A. Jones's comedietta, "A Clerical Error."

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The Manager of the Globe Theatre hopes to agitate public opinion by putting out some silly and childish placards, representing that critical opinion is divided on the subject of "The Glass of Fashion." Why should it not be so divided, and how does it destroy the value of criticism in the public mind because one man thinks one thing and one another? This is the stalest of all stale tricks to print contrary opinions side by side, and then to argue that critics are fools. It has been done by unsuccessful dramatists times out of number, but it proves nothing in the long run. For my own part I should be very sorry to agree on any subject connected with the drama or outside it with some of the doubtless very estimable gentlemen who have recorded their votes for "The Glass of Fashion." The Manager is, apparently, oblivious of the fact that representatives of various journals are invited by the management, and are deputed by their employers to record their opinions, not his. They may be bereft of reason, but that is for the public and their employers to discover. Placards by the million will not improve the position of an unfortunate play. My experience is this. If the critics are unanimous in condemning a work, the public never go near it. They save their money and stay away. If critical opinion is divided, the public goes and judges for itself. Opinion was divided as to the "Glass of Fashion:" the public went, and



they have decided that the management had better take down the placards, and get another play into rehearsal.

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In a recent interview, Mr. Edwin Booth thus speaks of Henry Irving as a stage manager: "Mr. Irving possesses more patience than I do, as I frequently noticed during the two weeks we were rehearsing 'Othello' at the Lyceum before we played it together. He is despotic on his stage, commanding all points with an understanding that his will is absolute law that is not to be disputed, whether it concerns the entry of a mere messenger who bears a letter, or whether it is the reading of an important line by Miss Terry. From first to last he rules his stage with an iron will; but, as an offset to this, he displays a patience that is marvellous. At rehearsal he will sit upon the stage among his players, watching every movement and listening to every word, and constantly stopping any one—Miss Terry as readily as the messenger—who does not do exactly right. Mr. Irving rises, explains the fault, and gives the proper form, and that part of the scene is immediately repeated. As he is very exact as to every detail, and requires its elaboration to a nicety, you can readily imagine that the scene does not quickly reach perfection. But his patience holds out against every test it receives. Over and over and over again the line is recited, or the bit of action done, until all is perfect. At the Lyceum one sees the perfection of stage discipline, and in Mr. Irving the perfection of stage patience."

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The post of dramatic critic to an influential journal gives rise to so much envy in the human breast, and occasionally suggests such an overflow of "hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," that I would fain tell a little story illustrative of the pains and penalties of this much-envied position. That it is envied I have no manner of doubt. Every month I am overwhelmed with letters from youngsters asking how they can qualify themselves for a task which they will live to regret: every day I have sufficient proof of the hungry desire for my death or departure that is evinced by those who ostentatiously own that they are capable of performing my duties far better than I am myself. On this head I shall one day relate my experiences: the "embryo dramatic critic" is about the meanest specimen of humanity I know.

But to my story. A dramatic critic of an influential journal, perfectly able and willing to defend its servants and to protect its interests in the law courts, is sent one evening to review a play—nay, more, the editor of the influential journal is invited to send a competent person to review the play in question and to state his candid opinion upon it.

The dramatic critic, in the interests of his journal and the public, states his conscientious and candid opinion, and, unhappily, that conscientious opinion does not coincide with the views of the unfortunate author. This is a deplorable circumstance, but it cannot be helped. No one pities the author more than the critic, but for all that the truth must be told, and told with that freedom and independence that characterizes English journalism.

A week elapses, and one day when the critic goes down to the office of

the journal he finds the following note awaiting him, addressed to him personally :—

“ Mr. Dramatic Author presents his compliments to Mr. Dramatic Critic, and begs to be favoured with the name of his solicitor.”

Mr. Dramatic Critic being an old bird, and not anxious to be caught by the chaff of wearisome correspondence, sends the courteous epistle to his solicitors forthwith.

The solicitors reply and fling their shield in front of the attacked Critic. Then they ask what on earth does Mr. Dramatic Author want?

Mr. Dramatic Author replies as follows :—

“ Will you oblige me with an interview any day next week after three o'clock. My attitude at present is not hostile, or I should communicate with you through my solicitor, nor do I wish to put Mr. Dramatic Critic to any expense in the matter. If it is not contrary to professional etiquette, I am quite willing to defray your charges.”

The solicitors naturally express surprise at the magnanimous litigant, but decline to see him, or to have anything to do with him, except through the ordinary channels.

Whereupon the bubble bursts in this fashion :—

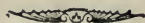
“ GENTLEMEN,—

“ Your surprise at my consideration for your client is not unnatural, but the manner of its expression is open to a construction which, I trust, it was not intended to bear. Since you refuse to see me, I have no alternative but to postpone my next communication till Mr. Dramatic Critic provides me with a suitable opportunity to address you in the manner you suggest—namely, through a solicitor.

“ Faithfully yours,

“ DRAMATIC AUTHOR.”

So ended the most comical litigation on record ; but the question arises, who is to pay for the solicitor's charges, and to remunerate him for his loss of time in a matter in which a magnanimous and apparently talkative person intentionally pretends to sue the wrong person in a matter concerning which he is forced to admit he has no grounds for action whatever ! And then the public wonders that criticism errs on the side of good nature, and that critics only tell half-truths, when proprietors, editors, critics, solicitors, &c., are exposed to the interruption of amiable egotists like this, who embark on an undertaking that has a penalty attached to it, and continually desire to accept the glory of success, but to shirk the penalty of unfortunate and universally regretted failure.



# THE THEATRE.

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November, 1883.

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## The Home of an Italian Actor.

BY WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

DURING the past fortnight I have been the guest of Ernesto Rossi, at his country-house on the Montughi hill, a short distance from Florence, one of the most picturesquely situated of the countless villas that crown the rounded heights and adorn the undulating slopes of the vine-clad hills surrounding the City of Flowers, and fringing the fruitful plain through which dull Arno winds his way sluggishly along from the foot of the Apennines to the sea.

Between the typical Florentine villa and that of Brixton, or even St. John's Wood, there is little in common save their residential character. Here in Tuscany, where brilliant sunshine is the rule and a clouded sky the exception, the villas to which, during the sultriness of summer and glow of autumn, wealthy patricians and citizens repair, exhibit a solidity of construction and a lavishness in the matter of space such as the dwellers in the metropolitan suburbs are scarcely accustomed to mentally associate even with the term "mansion"—far less with that of "villa." Many of them—especially the more ancient ones—have walls a couple of feet in thickness, and contain upon each storey suites of from ten to fifteen large and lofty rooms, communicating with one another by folding-doors or draped portals, and, for the most part, radiating from a nobly-proportioned central hall, ornamented by frescoes and enriched with statuary, flowering shrubs, marble pavements of rich colour and classical design, painted ceilings, and not infrequently, mural decorations in *pietra dura*. From sunrise to sunset, during the summer months, these spacious apartments—



for the most part simply but comfortably furnished with massive upholstery in light-coloured woods and low-toned stuffs—are kept in a chronic state of “light that counterfeits a gloom” by heavy green or fawn-coloured jalousies. Behind those solid defences against the fierce heats of a July or August day the windows are closed, and even (during the solstice) inner shutters are carefully adjusted at obtuse angles, so as to admit but a minimum of that dazzling light which, throughout Italy, is regarded as the equivalent of heat. Even at this time of the year there are hours in the Tuscan afternoon during which out-of-door exercise is tabooed, except to the *contadino* and the carrier, as a *peine forte et dure* not exempt from peril to health, and assuredly fraught with physical discomfiture to the most robust. The fields are slack-baked—the leaves brittle with dryness—the plots of turf that figure as gardens in an all but grassless country are browned in streaks and patches as though they had been licked by tongues of fire. With infinite pains and labour the luxuriant shrubs and diminutive flower-beds are sparsely moistened once a day ; but there is no water to spare for the scorched lawns and scathed terraces that were meant to be green velvet, but have been tanned by Sol into the semblance of tawny matting. These severely exercised *giardini* are fringed with cypress-groves and olive-plantations ; vineyards and maize-patches struggle up the hill-side to their very confines ; the russet roofs of the peasants’ cottages give here and there relief to the dusky hue of the cypress and livid tint of the olive.

Such is the foreground of the picture I contemplate as I sit at the bedroom window in the *primo piano* of the Villa Rossi, overshadowed by a beetling Tuscan roof. Further off, beyond the stone-encased limits of my host’s estate, fertile plains stretch away for many a mile, dotted here and there with brown hamlets, pale yellow villas, and tall square *campanili*. Nothing is absolutely bright in colour save the vines ; all the other elements of the landscape are more or less subdued *nuances* of greyish-greens and yellowish-browns, composing together admirably and most reposeful to the eye. The whole panorama is majestically framed by hills—mountains, I might say without exaggeration—of soothingly soft and graceful outline ; the nearer ones tawny, save where streaked with vine-rows ; the more remote dyed a deep purplish blue by distance. Our own hill—that of Montughi, a popular contraction of Montem Hugonis, the title bestowed upon it five

centuries ago by a noble Florentine dame when she made a gift to her son, Count Hugo Villa, of the property now owned by Ernesto Rossi—is but a few hundred feet in height. The Villa Rossi, however, occupies its crest, is overlooked by none of the neighbouring seats, and, from each of its four faces, commands an extensive view of the Arno valley. Standing on the platform of its lofty turret, two stories higher than the roof of the *corps-de-logis*, a magnificent bird's-eye view of Florence is commanded due southwards, centred by the dark bulb of the Duomo and the lustrous shaft of Giotto's Campanile. To the eastward, Fiesole is visible, nestling in a broad fold of a green hill-side. Northwards, a score of miles distant, lies Pistoja, dwarfed to the size of a toy village, though a populous and influential *chef-lieu*, one of Tuscany's ancient and famous free-towns, returning two members to the Italian Parliament. The westward prospect consists chiefly of Florentine dependencies—such as Sesto, Prato, and Castello—of the rich, broad Arno valley, and of the dusky, cloud-capped Apennines. There is a lifetime's glad gazing in these four pictures, every one of which “jumps to the eye” from some window or other of the house or tower.

In this earthly Paradise has Ernesto Rossi, the great Italian actor to whom his country owes its present familiarity with the works of our immortal Shakespeare, fixed his abode. He had been a resident in the city of Florence, where he owns a stately mansion, for more than a quarter of a century when this estate and residence—thitherto known by the name of the “Villa La Macine”—came into the market and was purchased by him. In the course of ages—its authentic history runs back without break to the thirteenth century of our era—it had been successively owned by the illustrious patrician families of Boni, Tosinghi, Medici, Cardì and Strozzi, and had been the scene of many a sanguinary episode renowned in Florentine annals. Since the death of Carlo Strozzi, the potent senator and erudite archæologist, who transferred his magnificent collection of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman antiquities from his palace in Florence to the “Macine,” the villa had passed through the hands of several careless, negligent, or ignorant proprietors, who had allowed its grounds and natural appurtenances to run to waste—its priceless stores of statuary, cinerary urns and mural tablets to suffer cruel injury, and fall into comparative decay. As soon as it became the

property of Rossi he commenced a work of restoration, aided by experienced archæologists and skilful artists, which has only lately been completed at a cost far exceeding the original price of the whole Montughi estate. Two stately halls and an open court paved with marble, their walls and ceilings decorated with classical designs in distemper, are devoted to the famous Strozzi Collection, which consists of Etruscan urns and sarcophagi, for the most part elaborately carved in high relief, of Greek statues and Roman busts, these latter nearly all in admirable preservation, and of mural and votive tablets, which have been let into the walls of the above-mentioned apartments in so highly finished a manner that they appear to be integral elements of the mural decoration. The "Museo" contains 312 objects, the most modern of which dates from the time of the Cæsars. Amongst the inscriptions are two of surpassing interest to the profession of which Ernesto Rossi is a leader. One is dedicated to Pristinia Maximina, Actrix—the *premier sujet* of her day "in the House of Cæsar;" the other to Roscius, the Garrick of Imperial Rome. Several of the Greek sculptures are exquisitely beautiful. Of the Roman busts the most striking is a highly characteristic portrait of Nero, wrought by a courageous hand that scorned to flatter the pitiless tyrant. A volume's space would not suffice me to describe the contents of the Museo Strozzi, which brings to its gifted owner visitors of the professional variety of humanity from all parts of Europe, and furnishes abundant occupation to a learned archæologist, Signor Mazzei, who holds the position of secretary and curator in Rossi's household. Besides, is not the history of the collection, written in flowing Latin, recorded in the huge parchment-bound tomes, dealing exhaustively with the antiquities of Florence, and bearing the revered signature of the "præclarissimus et doctissimus Ant. Franc. Gari, presbyter Flor. Baptistarii"—a work of great weight, in every sense of the word, at which I have glanced with awe from a respectful distance? One fact of general interest in connection with the Museo Strozzi I may, however, mention. From an artistic point of view, its *capo d'opera* is a Faun, bearing Bacchus on his shoulder, attributed to Phidias—in very truth, a master-work of force, grace, and beauty. It appears that four marble versions of this powerful group, discovered at different epochs, exist in Europe; one at the Vatican, another at the Museo Borbonico, a third in the Villa



Albani and the fourth in the Villa Rossi, detta La Macine, in Montughi. Obviously, three of the four must be *repliche*. A few days ago Professor Gamurrini, the Royal Commissary of Antiquities for Tuscany, paid a visit to Ernesto Rossi for the express purpose of inspecting the collection. After subjecting the Bacchus-bearing Faun to a long and minute examination, he declared it to be, beyond a doubt, the original work of the inimitable Greek sculptor, from which the three groups above alluded to had been reproduced, in all probability by eminent pupils of Phidias. The Professor, moreover, expressed his conviction that, in conception and execution alike, the group in question is entitled to rank amongst the noblest examples of Greek Art known to civilized humanity.

Every-day life at the Villa Rossi, as I have lived it since my advent hither, is an ideal holiday, made up of perfect peace, absolute personal freedom, artistic surroundings, genial and sympathetic society, and all the most refined as well as luxurious attributes of physical comfort, too frequently lacking in the palaces of the wealthiest Italian nobles. Ernesto Rossi, in the course of his professional career (which commenced in the year 1849) has sojourned in many lands; and nothing in the way of modern improvements—as far as the conveniences of domestic existence are concerned—appears to have escaped his observant eye. In his villa all the ingenious appliances that contribute so materially to human happiness within the precincts of a home are adapted to a dwelling of antique exterior aspect and interior arrangement, and this with such excellent taste as to avoid the least suggestion of anachronism, or even inharmonious contrast. Every room in the house is fitted with electric bells, one set communicating with the offices for day use, the other with the “servants gallery” in case of need during the hours of night. The bathrooms and baths are executed in massive white marble, with brass accessories copied from classical models. Along the front façade sweeps a noble cream-coloured stone terrace, twenty feet broad, fringed with flowering shrubs, and lit up, after dark, by brilliant lamps, set upon tall slender metal shafts. The greater part of the villa’s right wing consists of a vast square *patio, intra muros*, one side of which is open to the summer dining-hall, whilst the three others are profusely ornamented with mural tablets and votive inscriptions. When the sun shines on this *patio*, the

dining-hall is kept dusk and cool by a huge veil of yellow and russet drapery, some thirty feet in breadth by eighteen in length. One side of the court is partly occupied by an ancient stone fountain with ornamental accessories by Luca Della Robbia, rising from a bed of flowers and ferns ; its corners are filled up by graduated banks of oleanders, tube-roses, camellias and plants with wax-like blossoms, red as well as white, the English names of which are unknown to me. At the back of the summer banqueting-hall, in which a hundred guests can be comfortably entertained at table, is the large winter dining-room, behind which is situate one still smaller—about twenty by sixteen—for family use in exceptionally cold weather. This apartment, like all the drawing-rooms, studies, boudoirs and bedrooms, is warmed by hot air, generated by a huge central furnace lodged in the heart of the spacious vaults, excavated in the living rock, upon which the whole superstructure of the villa reposes. In a corner of the left wing is a cosy little chapel, dedicated to “La Santissima Croce,” with sacristy, organ and confessional all complete, not to mention wall-paintings of saints and martyrs, gorgeous vestments, and consecrated vessels in the precious metals. Besides the splendid stone stables, coach-houses, harness-rooms, &c. adjoining the villa, on a tufa terrace some eight feet lower than the *corps-de-logis*, Rossi has just built a second set of massive quarters for his horses, hard by a smaller villa that stands upon his property, some 300 yards from La Macine, and is inhabited by his *fattore*, or bailiff, though in days gone by it lodged no less exalted a personage than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The drive between the two residences runs through vineyards and cypress-groves, interspersed here and there by double rows of olive-and pear-trees.

Early rising is the rule at the Villa Rossi ; but the family and visitors do not, as a rule, meet until eleven o'clock, when the second breakfast—a plentiful knife-and-fork meal, consisting of four courses and dessert—is served in the large banqueting-hall. At eight A.M. coffee, toast and butter are set out upon a table in each bedroom. The succeeding three hours are spent in the bath and dressing-rooms, in reading, writing, or resting (if the mosquitoes chance to have been more than usually malignant during the night), or—for the male guests—in smoking and *causerie* with their accomplished host in his *sanctum sanctorum*, a snug library overlooking the *patio*. Rossi is just now engaged, with all the ardour that is

one of his most sympathetic characteristics, in preparing a new Italian version of "Julius Cæsar"—not before it was wanted, the translations hitherto current in this country being one and all imperfect achievements, more or less disfigured by inaccuracies and misapprehensions. For some years past the great Italian tragedian has industriously addressed himself to the study of our language, with the exclusive purpose of supplying what, in his deep and enthusiastic Shakespeare-worship, he regards as a national want on the part of Italy : and his labours have resulted in a literary proficiency in the English tongue that enables him to seize Shakespeare's subtlest meanings and give them adequate interpretation in his own euphonious idiom. His first essay in this direction has been "Julius Cæsar"—for obvious reasons a favourite play with the Italian public—of which he has completed a highly remarkable rendering in blank verse during my stay with him. For absolute fidelity to the text it is unsurpassed, even by the German versions, heretofore universally recognised as triumphs of conscientious and painstaking exactitude ; whilst Rossi's poetical nature, cultivated intellect and intense appreciation of Shakespeare's genius have imparted to his verses—especially in the more heroic episodes of the tragedy—a lofty austereness of style and nobility of diction that are extraordinarily impressive. Every morning, after luxurious ablution in a bath worthy of "the noblest Roman of them all," he corrects, re-writes, or recasts, his lines from about nine to eleven. Then comes the forenoon *colazione*, during which he is the life and soul of the company, overflowing with anecdote, humour, and the gentle gaiety that runs so smoothly through the table-talk of Italian society. Coffee, the post-prandial cigar, a quaint game called *bocchette*, played with leaden discs and a wooden frame as full of holes as a rabbit-warren, a stroll through the vineyards, during which he generally looks in at his *contadini's* cottages to see how the world is using their children (who all appear to worship the very ground the *padrone* treads upon), and a conference with his bailiff upon matters connected with the estate, bring him to four o'clock, when he resumes his Shakesperian labour of love for two hours or so more. At half-past six the great bell in the tower rings out the dinner signal, and Ernesto Rossi closes his books (every imaginable edition of Shakespeare environs him in his study) until the following morning.



The *cena*, or evening meal, is in every respect an interesting event. Choice spirits gather nightly round Rossi's board, for Florence is within easy reach *per legno* or even on foot, and the hospitality of La Macine knows no limit; our Amphitryon's cook is a *cordon bleu*, learned in all the honoured traditions of Tuscan cookery, and gifted, moreover, with a happy and fertile culinary imagination; the fruit, wine, bread, oil, poultry, and sausage (the last in boundless variety of toothsome combinations), are all grown or manufactured on the estate, and of admirable quality. Rossi's wine in particular, which belongs to the finest class of Chianti, is a superb beverage, entirely free from the acidity and slightly metallic twang that characterize the majority of Italian red wines, and mar their full enjoyment by those not to the manner born. It is light and slightly astringent—of the category that “cheers and not inebriates”—refreshing, thirst-allaying, agreeably stimulating, and perfectly wholesome. The bulbous green Tuscan fig, combined with *salame*, daily plays the part of *anti-pasto*—the Italian equivalent of the Russian Zakouska and German Imbiss—at these copious but elegant banquets. It is followed by a *minestra* (this term comprehends all sorts of soups and macaroni, risotti, polente, &c., in *nuances* without number), a dish of fish or *frittura* (another comprehensive term upon which I dare not attempt to dilate), two rich and ingenious *entrées*—say *stuffatino* and *polpette*—a *rôti* with salad, a service of cooked vegetables accompanied by some succulent sauce, a *piatto dolce*, or sweet, and dessert, winding up with black coffee and a *chasse* of liqueur. Such is Ernesto Rossi's evening “ordinary;” on great guest-days a second fish and supplementary roast, champagne, ices, and *sorbetti* are added to the *menu*. After dinner those who can “make music,” others play piquet, *ecarté*, draughts, chess, or *sette e mezzo*, a feeble sort of Van John, or sit on the great flagged terrace, chatting *de quibusdam aliis*, and drinking in the beauty of the moonlit landscape with ever-augmenting enjoyment. The Tuscans, gentry and peasantry alike, are inveterate draught-players, so much so that, as far as my experience has gone, nobody ever seems to win a game, contest after contest resulting in a “draw.” Their cries and gestures whilst engaged in this fascinating recreation are, to say the least of them, vigorous. Bloodshed appears inevitable at every move; from time to time it seems imperative that each

adversary shall wallow in the other's gore, having, as a mild preliminary to that refreshment, torn out his vitals and trampled them under foot. Nothing, however, could be more fictive than all the red-hot rage and furious shouting which accompanies every sort of social encounter in this part of Italy. The game being won or drawn, the political question argued out, or the difference of opinion adjusted, you will see the opponents, who but a minute previously exhibited the mien of exasperate tigers, smooth their brows and wreath their lips with smiles, as though by enchantment—exchange a cordial hand-pressure, in expression of their mutual gratitude for having aided one another to pass a few minutes so pleasantly, and finally walk away arm-in-arm, the best friends in the world.

During my sojourn on the Montughi hill I have paid more than one visit to Ernesto Rossi's town-house in the Piazza dell' Indipendenza, upon the internal decoration of which he has laid out sums that represent a handsome fortune, even from an English or American point of view. At least a dozen of the reception-rooms in this stately mansion are—as far as their walls and ceilings are concerned—the work of Bellandi and Panti, two of Florence's leading contemporary painters, the allegorical groups and symbolical figures having been executed by the former, the decorative detail by the latter artist. The whole set of apartments is a vast repository of the art-treasures presented to and accumulated by Rossi in the course of his long theatrical career. Bronzes, *faïences*, tapestry, porcelain, mosaics, marqueterie, Persian carpets, *émaux cloisonnés*, Toul and Moscow masterpieces of gold and silver work, precious bric-a-brac of every variety, are tastefully disposed throughout the entire suite of *salons* and *boudoirs*; but the most interesting room of all is a small chamber, about twelve feet square, the last of the set, with but one door for entrance and issue—a sort of shrine, the patron saint of which, or, rather, the *genius loci*, is Ernesto Rossi himself. In this, his personal "Museum," are displayed under glass, in massive ebony and gold cases, the wreaths, addresses, medals, albums, weapons, jewels and countless other priceless objects conferred upon him by monarchs, municipalities, universities, literary associations and art clubs in all parts of Europe, and many of Asia, Africa, and America. It is a collection of honours and homages paid to an incorporation of dramatic art, such as I believe to be without

precedent or parallel in the annals of the stage. Where is the second living actor upon whom fourteen Imperial and Royal Orders of Chivalry have been conferred, several of them in the higher grades reserved for those who have rendered the State momentous service? Ernesto Rossi has been laden with honours by his own Sovereign, as well as by the Princes of other lands. He is a Knight-Commander of both the principal Italian Orders, a coincidence of distinctions rare enough in this country; Russia, France, Brazil, Portugal, Sweden, and Denmark have all bestowed upon him the insignia of their leading chivalric decorations. One of the cases above alluded to is entirely filled with gold medals and *plaques*, the latter bearing inscriptions especially referring to his talents and achievements. Amongst the gorgeous addresses framed and hung round the room, I was glad to see one from nearly a hundred British actors to their "brother in Art," Ernesto Rossi. The first three signatures are those of Benjamin Webster, Henry Irving, and Samuel Phelps; Thomas Thorne and David James head the second column of autographs; a little lower down come "handsome Jack Barnes" and "Jemmy" Fernandez; and the roll of fame is closed by the dashing *paraphe* of Charles Warner. Not far from this interesting souvenir of Rossi's first visit to London is a velvet shrine, containing an entire porcelain service, made expressly for its owner by order of the German Crown Prince, who presented it to him. It represents all the important public buildings and monuments of Berlin, and as an artistic *chef-d'œuvre* is simply inestimable. Hard by stand the noble embossed and chiselled centrepiece in silver and bronze that Kaiser Wilhelm sent some short time ago to Rossi, "as a slight testimony of admiration and regard," and the priceless cup bestowed by Alexander II. upon "son grand et cher artiste," and the rare Sèvres vase, gift of the Italian Ministry; and the uncut ruby, as large as a bantam egg, offered as "debole omaggio al grandissimo genio," by the Duke della Galliera; and the splendid dirks, yataghans, stiletti, golden and jewelled collars, stars, &c., worn by Rossi in Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, Lear, Richard III., and other Shakespearian parts—all these *pretiosa* being presents to him from kings, princes, and other august personages. In another case are some dozens of albums, containing original sketches, sonnets and dedicatory verses by the leading painters and poets of France and Italy. One of these *recueils* consists exclusively of drawings



by French students who have at different times gained the *prix de Rome*, and subsequently have achieved fame and fortune—Gerôme, Boulanger, &c.

I cannot more fitly conclude this brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of Ernesto Rossi's "local habitation" in the land of his birth than by reproducing the words of an eminent Italian poet, who, only a day or two ago, after a long visit to the collection of antiquities in La Macine, broke out with the following spirited impromptu during the genial half-hour of post-prandial converse :—

“ Rossi, quel genio che ti brilla in fronte  
Gettò i suoi raggi sulla Grecia e Roma ;  
Apollo venne, e gli adornò la chioma,  
Ed ei le Muse addusse al sacro monte.  
Spandete, disse, sulla terra il fonte  
D' ogni arte che da voi s'abbella e noma  
E all' uom fia lieve dei dolor la soma,  
E sue virtù ad oprar nobil e pronte.  
Salve, d'Italia vero figlio ; noi  
Col cuor ci uniamo al plauso della terra,  
Che per te vivi qui parver gli eroi.  
O Italia ! se il tuo genio e segui e onori, <sup>2</sup>  
Onde grande tu fosti in pace e in guerra  
Riedi all' ombra a posar di eterni allori.  
G. F. GAMURRINI.”



# Pittite Memories.

BY GODFREY TURNER.

## CHAPTER II.

BRIEF experience in playgoing will suffice to teach a truth which may be recalled on occasion, to the great advantage of our judgments. All memorable successes of the stage have resulted mainly from a striking fitness in the actor for the representation of his part. When, by co-ordination as happy as it is rare, *all* the actors in a piece are alike well suited with their characters and with one another, an impression so felicitous is the result that we can scarcely endure the thought of any change in the cast. An indescribable feeling of disappointment is that which overcomes

us when we find, on going again to see a piece that has once pleased us, that the hero, or Charles his friend, is not himself, but somebody quite different ; that the villain shocks us with a new order of villany, that the comic man has given place to another comic man wedded to a totally dissimilar kind of fun, and that the bewitching heroine of the well-remembered first night has flown off like a linnet, Heaven knows whither, the stage-door being left open for her henceforth in vain.

Now all this, I say, may happen—has frequently happened—in a very short space of time. And thus the youngest playgoers will often experience the same mortification which they are apt to think unreasonable in their elders, whose predilections are not easily weaned from the past. “To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!” is a natural exclamation of the old critic irritated by current incapacity. Is it fair to denounce his repinings as querulous, when his juniors are even louder and not less odious in their comparisons of living actors? To judge by the language of some juvenile judges, they would be to the full as severe in the use of their memories, were these full grown. I call to mind the fact that a few of my old acquaintances, who had not seen Alfred Wigan play *Château-Renaud*, in Charles Kean’s first season of “*The Corsican Brothers*,” thought Walter Lacy’s *Château-Renaud* a most finished and excellent performance, not to be surpassed, said they, by Alfred Wigan, whose general superiority to his clever substitute they were quite willing to admit. If those friends had seen the Parisian duellist played by Alfred Wigan, they would have been less content with the version set before them by Walter Lacy, which was clever and effective in its kind, but had little more of the Frenchman about it than has the *Château-Renaud* of that manly and graceful young actor, Mr. Terriss.

So fortunate as well as fortuitous a concourse of talents as may be remembered in conjunction with Mr. John Ryder’s first appearance in London occurs seldom in a critic’s life-time, long though it is apt to be. The sterling actor I have named had been won by Macready from some provincial circuit to play the banished Duke in “*As You Like It*,” on the production of that healthful pastoral-comedy at Drury Lane. That I, as a boy, sat in the pit to see Macready, Anderson, Phelps, Keeley, Hudson, Compton, Elton, Ryder, Allen (the tenor singer), Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Priscilla Horton, and, I think (though my

memory on this point has been challenged), Miss Romer, act together in the delightful play, with Leffler, Sims Reeves, and others of rising celebrity, in the chorus, may be generously conceded to me by my young friends as one of the pleasures of memory in which it is not absolutely sinful to indulge. Lest it be supposed I am lauding the time past because it is past, I will here own that I have seen better Rosalinds than Mrs. Nisbett's, and that one of them—quite the best, to my thinking, of all—is the Rosalind of Miss Litton. In Mrs. Nisbett there was no getting away from an over-conscious what-do-you-think-of-me-now? kind of jauntiness, hardly befitting the impulsive lady flying from the Court of Duke Frederick. There was certainly a charm for all in Mrs. Nisbett's performance, but more especially for those who did not consider too curiously the character of Rosalind. The favourite actress gave a florid reading of the part—I may say, in every sense the representation was florid. Many ladies on the stage are terribly afraid of “going on like ghosts”—that is, putting too little colour into their faces. In this respect, as in some others, Mrs. Nisbett took anything but a ghostly view of Rosalind. Mrs. Stirling was in the June of womanly beauty when she played Celia. It was a kind of beauty admirably suited to the part of a high-spirited, and, withal, gentle princess. Delicacy, sprightliness, wonderful play of feature, that never for an instant fell into mannerism or trick, but, on the contrary, brought fresh grace to features distinguished, whether in repose or animation, by refinement and the highest type of elegant ease, sparkled at every turn of this hearty and polished comedian's representation of Rosalind's cousin, Celia. Anderson's presentment of Orlando was somewhat over-robust. In the forest scene, where old Adam faints, and Orlando endeavours to cheer him with the promise of food, Anderson carried Phelps in his arms as he might have carried a child; and the vigorous gentleness told well upon the spectators. The “young and tender” stripling, however, in an earlier scene, looked more than a match for his opponent, the Duke's wrestler—a part, by-the-by, capitally played by Howell. Anderson, though a young man at that time, had lost the look of slim youthfulness proper to Orlando. Twice only have I seen the wrestling managed with such good effect as to win unanimous applause and to escape laughter. The first time was by Anderson and Howell, as aforesaid, at Drury Lane, and the



second at Sadler's Wells, when the lithe, tall, and well-knit Henry Marston played Orlando, and a stalwart actor, named Knight, impersonated the brawny athlete. Marston, a Lancashire lad, wrestled superbly, and was as agile as a cat. I saw him, once, amid the cheers of the house, climb the side of the proscenium to tear down the drapery of a private box, ignited by a play-bill which had fluttered from a top box and lodged on a gas-bracket. As Orlando, in the wrestling match, Marston allowed himself to be caught up by Charles, so as to lean back over the wrestler's shoulder, while his own feet, being lifted clear above the ground, were coiled round the giant's firmly planted leg. For a few moments this statuesque position was retained; and then, just as Orlando appeared in utmost peril of being thrown, he suddenly regained his footing, reversed the situation, cross-buttocked Charles, and flung him heavily to earth. Usually, of late years, the wrestling has been the most farcical incident in the representation of a play seldom unscathed by clumsiness and buffoonery. It is not simply by reference to the splendid standard of acting and accessory embellishment raised at Drury Lane, and some years afterwards worthily upheld at Sadler's Wells, that I speak slightly of recent attempts to revive the play, in the interest of some ambitious Rosalind. Macready's production of "As You Like It" came as an effective protest against the kind of thing we have had again to put up with. For some time previous to the Drury Lane revival, stupid old "acting-editions" of Shakspeare's plays in general and of this play in particular had been lazily followed, or perhaps had been forced on weak managers by the unconscionable self-esteem of actors. The part of Jaques, for instance, was not deemed important enough for your Kemples and such great folk, less the speeches properly belonging to the First Lord were transferred to the humorous philosopher of the woods, who was thereby made a most egregious egotist, seeing that he himself was the subject of the lines grossly stolen from another part and clapped into his. By-the-by, clear evidence is afforded by those same decasyllabics that Shakspeare intended the name Jaques to be sounded as a monosyllable, as in French, though not after the French pronunciation. Macready, who did so much to restore the beauties and correct the stage-traditions of the play, could not go the bold length of trying the effect of so unromantic a name as "Jakes" on a Drury Lane audience. I

was interested in listening, as a boy, to a conversation held in the studio of Behnes, the sculptor, between one of my relatives and Macready, on this conflicting question of usage *versus* rhythm. The great actor admitted that usage was at fault in treating the name as a dissyllable, and spoke generously of Elton, who played the First Lord, and who, said Macready, "was much in favour of the strange but doubtless true reading." Nevertheless, it had been decided that "Ja-ques" should be the mode of pronouncing this name in deference to popular prejudice. With fine intelligence, and an impressing modesty that held the house at breathless attention, did Elton speak the speech describing the wounded deer. Had John Kemble heard the lines so well delivered, his good sense might have led him to regret that, in his own day, when playing Jaques, he had not endeavoured to find an actor like Elton, to whom such poetry could be safely entrusted. The bad old practice of robbing this part of the First Lord, merely to pamper the part of Jaques with ill-assorted fare, has been renewed in recent years. That the highest poetry is not only the most difficult to recite, but that it also demands the greatest intelligence and closest application in studying, is well known to every practised declaimer. I knew a good old "utility" actor in my boyhood who had played in many small parts with Mrs. Jordan, and who told me that he was once called on at very short notice to assume the important character of Oliver de Bois, Orlando's unjust and oppressive but afterwards repentant elder brother. The lady I have just named was the Rosalind on this occasion. Our worthy Oliver found it impossible to cope with the magnificent imagery of the tale which he had to recite in the closing scene of the fourth act. After stumbling three parts through the pictured history which opens thus :

" Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back,"

the blunders of diction increasing in number and absurdity as the speech continued to deal with the slumbering vagabond, the green and gilded snake and the lioness, "head on ground, with 'cat-like watch," the hapless Oliver came to an end of his recollection, and it then occurred to him that he might as well finish his narration in plain prose ; so when Rosalind inquired anxiously whether

Orlando left the sleeping man "food to the sucked and hungry lioness," poor Oliver, dropping his blank verse, replied, "Well, he'd a great mind to do so, and he turned away twice with that intention ; but, you see, he was such a good fellow that he forgot all about his revenge, and began cutting and slashing with his drawn sword at the brute, which made such a row that it woke me up."

From "As You Like It" to "Green Bushes" is a far cry, yet we must jump the distance between them. Acting is acting, whatever be the argument and the occasion ; and Jack Banister, in "The Babes in the Wood," was as admirable, to judge from recorded criticism, as Bensley in "Coriolanus." It was, I think, in the year 1848, when the kings in their cock-boats were tossed on the wild waves of revolution—or it might have been a year or two earlier—that I went with a fellow-student to the small Adelphi pit, the pit of the old house, which was narrower than the present. A new drama from the clever pen of Mr. Buckstone was to be played for the first time. How many hundreds of times, I wonder, has it been played since ! It was for the Adelphi that Buckstone had written his most successful melodramas ; these and his early farces being praised by Leigh Hunt with a warmth which, as he afterwards confessed or implied, was partly due to the interest he felt in the promising efforts of young Buckstone as an actor seeking the suffrages of a London public. These are Hunt's words, in justification of praise which he had bestowed on the farce of "Popping the Question :"—"We do not hold Mr. Buckstone to be comparable as a farce-writer with Mr. Kenney, or equal to Mr. Peake or Mr. Poole ; but such as we think him we report him, and not the less so for finding him in the humble situation of an actor of second-rate parts at a minor theatre." I had reached adolescence—nay, manhood—when "Green Bushes" first saw the light of gas ; and it seemed a long, long distance for memory to travel back so far as to the days of Jack Reeve as Marmaduke Magog, and Buckstone as Jemmy Starling. Indeed, it actually was a matter of eighteen years, for I was a small boy when I first beheld "The Wreck Ashore," and that was a year or two after it came out. It is interesting, as an illustration of changeful theatrical terminology, that "The Wreck Ashore" and "Victorine" were called "burlettas." When I held in my hand the bill of the play, that first



night of "Green Bushes," I could not but feel a strange emotion on reading the names of three prominent performers who had held as high rank in the early cast of "The Wreck Ashore." These were Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Mr. O. Smith. The second of the two ladies, indeed, was not the original Bella, that part having fallen first to Miss Daly. But, in the ensuing year, when the piece was repeated, Mrs. Fitzwilliam brought new blood into the acting, and especially strengthened the scene in the lonely cottage, when Grampus, wounded and dying, appears at the window, and frightens the two girls by demanding admission. The situation is one of the best in all English melodrama, and the conflict between pity and fear was admirably painted by Mrs. Yates and her sister-actress. They were destined to play together as effectively in the later drama, "Green Bushes." Were this excellently constructed piece, familiar and trite as it has become by long and hard wear—not always of the fairest—to be again played by such a company, it would awake to a popularity as boundless as ever. But it was written to suit Celeste, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Charles Selby, Hudson, Wright, Paul Bedford, and a working company long practised in the due manifestation of Adelphi effects. Selby was a lumbering, awkward creature, with a splutter and a stoop. He wrote pieces and acted in them, playing like an author, and writing like a player—that is, with a painfully constant eye to "business." But he gave striking individuality to the part of the Irish fugitive, and the scenes in the Indian hut have never been so well played by any other persons as by Charles Selby, Mrs. Yates, and Madame Celeste. This performance of "Green Bushes" I must ever count among the most delightful records of my first nights. I would willingly linger on this one Pittite Memory. But I am induced to hope, by the heartily terse encouragement of my friend and editor, "C. S.," that room will yet be found for other reminiscences of my younger play-going days, and I must not tax his or my reader's good nature too severely.



## The Story of a Picture.

[*Poem for Recitation.*]

'T WAS late on a wint'ry evening,  
The pitiless rain fell fast,  
And sweeping round every corner,  
Came the bitter November blast.  
The shops were brilliantly lighted,  
With the flaming gas turned high,  
Displaying their warmth and comfort  
To each comfortless passer-by.

The rattle and roar of the traffic  
Came dull through the rainy street,  
And the slippery flag-stones echoed  
With the clatter of hurrying feet.  
And away in the misty distance,  
Like the stars of the clouded night,  
The myriad lamps of the city  
Were shining with lustre bright.

To gaze in a gay shop-window,  
A desolate crowd had stayed,  
And among them a woman lingered,  
To glance at the things displayed.  
A woman with grim starvation  
Writ on her beautiful face,  
A woman whom trouble and sorrow,  
Had robbed of her girlish grace.

A row of theatrical pictures  
Had attracted the little throng,  
Of heroes and heroines, famous  
In drama and dance and song.  
And over the woman's features  
A look of misery fell,  
For she saw in the group of actors,  
A man she had once known well.

Back o'er her memory flitted  
 The scenes of the bygone years,  
 As she gazed with throbbing pulses,  
 Through a mist of bitter tears.  
 The days of her happy girlhood,  
 When life was so bright and so gay,  
 Events in that sweet existence  
 Forgotten this many a day.

Then the long, long years of trouble,  
 Of misery, want, and care,  
 That had wasted her pretty figure  
 And silvered her nutbrown hair.  
 Of the swift and reckless changes,  
 From the honoured name she bore,  
 To the ruin that lay behind her,  
 And the grim starvation before.

The crowd passed onward, and left her  
 To stand there silent still,  
 The cold rain lashing against her,  
 As she leant on the narrow sill,  
 Heedless of all around her,  
 Checking the tears that start,  
 As she looks on the face of the lover,  
 Who first won her pure young heart.

It was on her seventeenth birthday,  
 Now six long winters past,  
 That she saw him first as the hero  
 Of a play in a famous cast.  
 He was handsome and clever and graceful,  
 His voice was tender and sweet,  
 She can hear it still in fancy  
 Through the heavy noise of the street.

'Twas long ere she came to know him,  
 They moved in a different set,  
 And though often she saw him acting,  
 'Twas a year before they met.  
 He fell in love with her straightway,  
 And feared not his love to tell,  
 What wonder he made her love him,  
 He knew how to woo so well.



But she had a richer lover,  
Who had run through a mad, wild life,  
He loved her because of her beauty,  
And asked her to be his wife.  
And because of his wealth and riches,  
She listened to all he said,  
Forgetting the penniless actor,  
She gave him her hand instead.

She married as many a girl does,  
For all that his wealth would buy ;  
But she never could love her husband,  
Though she honestly meant to try.  
For she found he was wild and wicked,  
One of a lawless crew,  
That his comrades were reckless fellows,  
And his fortune a fiction too.

And the lovely country lassie  
Grew paler day by day,  
The life of disgrace and horror  
Was chasing her health away.  
At first he treated her kindly,  
Then, finding she loathed him so,  
He rained down oaths and reproaches,  
And many a brutal blow.

Now he had left her for ever,  
To starve or beg for her bread,  
Homeless, friendless, and dying,  
With nowhere to rest her head.  
She had begged a few shillings this evening,  
And, shivering past in the rain,  
She saw in the gay shop-window  
The face of her lover again.

Then a sudden hope came round her,  
That perhaps he loved her still,  
Might be willing to help her a little,  
Although she'd behaved so ill.  
She read his name on a poster  
By the light of a flaring jet,  
Then buying the coveted picture,  
She turned to the wind and the wet,

To wait till the play was over,  
 She stood at the dark stage-door,  
 Till her limbs were numbed and aching,  
 And at last she could stand no more.  
 So, paying her only shilling,  
 She crept to the crowded pit,  
 To a region of fairy brilliance,  
 Where a thousand lamps were lit.

The curtain was up already,  
 The stage was a splendid scene,  
 With a shimmering sea in the distance,  
 And in front a bower of green ;  
 And there was the man she worshipped,  
 With the light on his handsome face,  
 Playing his *rôle* of lover  
 With his easy and manly grace.

She watched, with a hungry yearning,  
 The love in his glorious eyes,  
 Striving to keep down and strangle,  
 The heartbroken sobs that rise.  
 Noting the play of the shadows  
 On his bright uncovered hair,  
 Dreading lest he should see her  
 Sitting and trembling there.

At last the drama was ended,  
 'Mid a yelling peal of applause,  
 And the audience, jostling and pushing,  
 Crowded to reach the doors.  
 The woman sat still without moving,  
 Bending her weary head,  
 And when they bade her be going,  
 They found she was cold and dead.

She had seen the name of the actor  
 She'd loved all her sorrowful life,  
 And further down on the playbill  
 The name of her hero's wife.  
 She had died in that home of pleasure,  
 And gone to a happier land ;  
 But they found her darling's picture  
 Clasped in her wasted hand.

## The Girl Graduate.

BY MARIE CORELLI.

SHADES of fair maidens and matrons of "*ye oldene tyme!*" If you could once more come among us, and see the changes that have been wrought since your departure to the Land of the Immortals, would not your delicate cheeks flush, and your modest eyes look downward to the earth in very shame at the abasement of your sex? *Abasement?* What? In this magnificent, miserable, far-searching, much-losing nineteenth century, is there, can there, be such a thing as the abasement of womanhood? Not possible! Bear witness, oh, Platform Women, who stalk with manly stride across the boards, and give lectures on anatomy and indigestion! Bear witness, oh, triumphant Female Preachers of woman's rights, who, proudly donning the divided skirt, bid yelling defiance to the tyrant Man! Bear witness, ye strange apparitions, clad in Newmarket coats, masher collars, and deer-stalker hats, who swing your crutch-headed canes airily as you walk down Regent Street, leaving us in doubt as to whether you are men or women! Bear witness all to the progress of the age, marked gloriously by the emancipation of woman from the bonds of slavery! Especially let us admire the educational, high-pressure system which produces the Girl Graduate, the patient, hard-working, long-suffering creature, in whom all the pretty vanities and fanciful follies of the feminine temperament have been crushed, and who has crammed into her delicate, over-taxed brain so much learning that she can often surprise and outrun in the race for knowledge the most patient male student that ever consumed the midnight oil.

Greek, Latin, algebra, philosophy, logic, all these things she is supposed to have command of; she has passed her examinations with glowing honours, she has taken her degree, she has won her heart's desire, and she is, or thinks she is, on an equality with man. Often she knows little or nothing about the European languages in common use; but, no matter, she has Homer. Certes, to read the grand old Greek in his own tongue is a privilege not to be despised, but a couple of fresh roses in the Girl



Graduate's cheeks would be a better poem than the Iliad. But the roses have paled and died long ago, the lustre of the eye is dimmed, the fine delicacy of the feminine wit is dulled, and while busied in endeavouring to master logic, the woman-student has lost her great gift of Nature—*instinct*, and she measures things by rule and plan, not by that wonderfully illogical way of reasoning, "I think so *because* I think so ;" a surmise which, absurd as it may seem at first hearing, has proved, in nine cases out of ten, to be correct, so really great are our natural instincts and presentiments, and so truly narrow is our logic.

I lately met a successful Girl Graduate, and melancholy indeed was the impression she made upon me. She had passed the examinations with the highest honours, and she was pointed out to me as a perfect marvel of knowledge, a walking encyclopædia of buried languages.

"How old is she?" I inquired.

"Just twenty-four."

Only twenty-four! I should have thought her at least forty. Pale and sallow, lanky and awkward, with straight hair cut short and put back from a high forehead on which there were already many wrinkles, she looked a plain, unhealthy woman, her shoulders had the student's stoop, and her movements were constrained and full of *gaucherie*. She was careless, almost slovenly in her dress; but I mentally excused all this in her, feeling sure that her conversation would be brilliant enough to make amends for all her other shortcomings. But what was my surprise when I found that she had scarcely anything to say for herself. Her conversation consisted almost of monosyllables. There was some little discussion concerning music going on around us, and after the ceremony of introduction and the first few words of greeting had passed between us, I asked—

"Are you fond of music?"

The Girl Graduate looked at the carpet and nervously twiddled her thumbs. "Ye-es," she replied at last, with hesitation. "At least—that is—I don't mind it much."

"Ah, I suppose," I continued, "that you think no music equal to the rush and swing of Homer's Iliad?"

She stared vacantly at me, and seemed puzzled. Finally she gave me a pale smile and said half confidentially "O, you mustn't think I care for Homer so much. Of course, when I 'went in' for

classics, I had to read him a good deal, and so had the other girls, but I don't think any of us cared much about it. As long as we could get through it somehow and pass, the rest didn't matter."

It was my turn to be puzzled now. I looked earnestly at the sallow young lady before me, and, feeling a little curious as to the result of my next question, I said—

"And what are you going to do, now that you have taken your degree?"

"Oh, I don't know. I am at home at present."

"Yes," I said; "but are you going to adopt any profession? Are you going to teach, or start a school, or practise any particular calling?"

"Oh, I don't know." (This with a deep sigh and a smothered yawn.) "You see, I am at home just now."

And no more information could I get from her. During the rest of the evening, which was a pleasant *réunion* of literary, musical, and artistic celebrities, she sat in a corner of the room, silent, inert, looking very tired and worn-out; and certainly, by her appearance, she seemed the least happy woman in the world. Later on, our hostess—a merry little lady, who was very well satisfied with her life of domestic cares and blisses—said to me—

"I see you have been talking to the wonderful girl-scholar. Do you know, she is one of eleven children, and her poor father and mother are working themselves to death almost to support their family. That is the eldest girl, who has just 'graduated,' and she cannot, or will not, help her mother in the least. She cannot mend her own clothes, she doesn't know how to darn a stocking, and she hasn't an idea of cookery or housekeeping—but she can read Homer!" And, with a shrewd nod, my hostess flitted away, "on hospitable thoughts intent," leaving me to stroll through her large conservatory, where the fragrant blossoms suddenly began to talk to me in their own sweet way:—

"If I," said a pure white rose, leaning softly against my cheek to attract my attention—"if I were to try and make myself like the strong cedar-tree outside, which has battled against a thousand hurricanes, how strange and foolish I should be. I should die in the attempt; for see how frail I am. Rather let me stay in my appointed place, content if I can soothe even one tired soul by the sense of my delicate odour."

"And we," murmured a cluster of violets, peeping up from their dewy nest, "if we were to try and climb as high as that great purple passion-flower above, which looks to us like a glowing star, we should sicken and fade, our stems would grow thin and weak, our blossoms poor and colourless. We never have the least wish to be other than simple violets; and yet, humble as we are, are we not loved? Are we not worn on brave hearts and carried in fair bosoms? and sometimes are we not tenderly laid, as the last most appropriate gift, in the hands of the happy dead? Need we wish for more?"

And they rustled their leaves softly as though they smiled.

"And I," said a blue Italian lily, "see how kind fate has been to me! I sought no home but the Italian fields, where my leaves drank in the colour of the sky, and my heart opened to catch the golden glory of the sun. I sought no honour, I craved no distinction, yet am I hailed by enthusiastic hearts as the emblem of Italy, and therefore the insignia of Art! Who could hold higher honours than I? And yet I sought them not."

"Sweet," sang all the blossoms together; "sweet are our lives and wonderful is the care bestowed upon us. Only fragile flowers are we, and yet how we are loved! Even here, how beautiful a crystal house has been built for us, we are tended every day, and we live in the joy of knowing that our lives are pleasant to all who look upon us. We asked for nothing, and yet all is ours!"

And they rustled their petals whisperingly together, and their voices that I heard, or seemed to hear in my fancy, sank gently into silence.

And I thought then how sweet might be the lives of women, the flowers of the human race, if they would be content to be flowers only, and not try to be trees, which they never can be. How many violets and lilies of womankind are spoiling their fragrance and destroying their natural grace, by the wild, senseless efforts they are making to become the equals of men. How is it possible to alter the decrees of Nature? And Nature has made woman's place in the world subordinate to that of man. I am told that the medical profession, for instance, is one that is very advisable for women to follow. It may be so. But I hope I shall be pardoned for having my doubts upon the subject. A woman's sphere is unquestionably one of home duties, and I would



infinitely rather see her train herself to be a first-rate house- and parlour-maid, than watch her career as a practising physician. At the Social Science Congress the other day, a learned man, speaking of education *versus* health, described in the most earnest language the sorrow and dismay he experienced after visiting the colleges of Newnham and Girton.

"Such women as I saw there," he said gravely, "will never be the mothers of heroes." The history of the coming generation may be foreshadowed in that brief sentence.

Is it impossible for women to remain in the place where Nature put them? Can they not be contented with their lot, which is surely intended to be one of love and peace? There are many brave, true-hearted men who are yet romantic enough in this so practical age, as to feel to their very hearts the truth of the lover's words in Tennyson's "Maud :"

"What care I,  
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl,  
The counter-charm of space and hollow sky,  
And do accept my madness and would die  
To save from some slight shame one simple girl!"

But, then, she must be a "simple girl" indeed, not a would-be man in petticoats. No woman can ever hope to awaken this exquisite tenderness, this delicacy of emotion in the heart of any man, if she persists in aping his manners, his dress, his customs; if she dares and defies instead of softening and soothing him; if she attempts to measure her puny strength against his in questions of law and politics, with which she is by Nature totally unfitted to deal, and if she *will* thrust herself into professions which will, in the long run, have the effect of totally unsexing her, and rendering her even at the best, only an object of kindly and half-pitying ridicule in the eyes of all sensible beings.

No; with all due deference to the promoters of the "Higher Education of Women," I would propose to them even a higher flight than they seem yet to have attempted—namely, that they should teach two great lessons of life, the worth of which can never be measured or valued too highly—Humility and Contentment. Roses are satisfied to be roses—why not women to be women?



## Poppy-Land!

OUT by the sea, and away by the sand,  
On the edge of the cliff called Poppy-Land,  
Two lovers, in wandering, missed their way—  
They were lost in a dream on a summer's day—  
It was all so sunny, and, ah! so sweet,  
As they crossed the stile and followed the wheat.  
But the birds sang carols,  
And breezes fanned  
These lost young lovers  
In Poppy-Land!

The sea grew rough on the sandy bar,  
And the lovers, still dreaming, wandered far:  
They left the meadows and golden corn  
When the black night shadowed the purple morn.  
It was all so misty, and, ah! so grey  
As they entered a town at close of day.  
And the world was cruel  
To hold no hand  
To the lovers who wandered  
From Poppy-Land!

For many a day, and many a year,  
They toiled together with grief and tear,  
For they saw the sorrow of pilgrim feet,  
And longed for the cliffs and the fields of wheat.  
It was all so weary!—but, ah! that day,  
When the summer-time came and they broke away  
To the sounding sea  
And the welcome sand,  
To lost love found  
In Poppy-Land!

C. S.



# Our Play=Box.

## "A SAILOR AND HIS LASS."

By ROBERT BUCHANAN and AUGUSTUS HARRIS. First produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Monday, October 15, 1883.

Harry Hastings ...	MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.	Polly ...	MRS. LENNOX.
Walter Carruthers ...	MR. WILLIAM MORGAN.	Susan ...	MISS Cissy ST. GEORGE.
Richard Kingston ...	MR. HENRY GEORGE.	Policeman ...	MR. MAYSTON.
Michael Morton ...	MR. JAMES FERNANDEZ.	Jew Slopseller ...	MR. SLOMAN.
Mary Morton ...	MISS HARRIET JAY.	Landlord ...	MR. C. JOHNSON
Esther ...	MISS SOPHIE EYRE.	Boy ...	MASTER SMITH.
Barby ...	MISS LILLIE YOUNG.	Lighthouse-keeper ...	MR. GEORGE GILLET.
Bob Downsey ...	MR. HARRY JACKSON.	Polly ...	MRS. BARRETT.
Green ...	MR. HARRY NICHOLLS.	Judge ...	MR. C. DOUGLAS.
Ben Armstrong ...	MR. JOHN RIDLEY.	Clerk of the Arraigns ...	MR. NICHOLSON.
Captain of the "Albatross" ...	MR. A. C. LILLY.	Foreman of Jury ...	MR. PHIPPS.
Mrs. Downsey ...	MISS M. A. VICTOR.	Police Inspector ...	MR. STEVENS.
Carrots ...	MISS CLARA JECKS.	Governor of Newgate ...	MR. VILLIERS.
Bradley ...	MR. CHARLES SENNETT.	Smith ...	MR. B. H. BENTLEY.
Hurt ...	MR. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH.	Chaplain ...	MR. C. JOHNSON.
Connell ...	MR. BRUTON.	Sheriff ...	MR. LEWIS.
Larry O'Brien ...	MR. PAGET FAIRLEIGH.	Coffee-stall-keeper ...	MR. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH.
Master of Ceremonies ...	MR. FRANK PARKER.	First Masher ...	MISS ADDIE GREY.
Black Waiter ...	MR. G. OKILL.	Mary Brown ...	MISS EMILY CLARE.

THE dramatic life and adventures of Mr. Augustus Harris are little short of miraculous. His appetite for adventure, his thirst for gore, his love of danger, difficulty, and dynamite are seemingly unquenchable; and living (dramatically) as he does in a seething whirlpool of criminal commotion and "effects," there is good ground for fear that the result on the actor-manager may be of a disastrous nature. In fact, it is high time to check his boisterous career, for this last Drury Lane monstrosity is really too much for us. When Mr. Harris some years back assumed the management of what he is pleased to call the National Theatre, he felt the pulse of the public, and pretty accurately diagnosed the very low state of the public taste requiring sensation, outrage, and noisy nonsense. He accordingly produced "The World," in which, with commendable accuracy, he played a villain. He then entered on a wild course of extravagance. He is a born stage-manager, and a master of mechanism. He has, moreover, a power of ludicrously audacious advertisement that tickled the public taste; and so he piled up horror upon horror in the series of bombastic pantomimes that he is pleased to call plays, and the public liked the horrors, and meekly, indeed cheerfully, swallowed them. Unfortunately, Mr. Harris was not content to be a king among melodramatic managers. He insisted on becoming both author and actor; and the result is that we have first protested, then laughed, then growled, and now are almost seriously sulky.

Mr. Harris's villain was a clever thing; but in an evil moment he took to heroes, and his heroes, with their flaunting valour and eternal generous manliness, are very irritating—their virtue is at times insufferable. Of recent days Mr. Harris has posed as the hearty, cheery, British sailor—fighting, roving, squabbling, rescuing damsels, bearding wicked folk of various types in their respective lairs, and being, at proper intervals, either shipwrecked or shot at—to his heart's content. Of this type is



the hero of "A Sailor and his Lass," who bears a strong likeness to the "Bold Boy Buccaneer" or "Young Pirate" of the juvenile penny novelette. Indeed, the whole play might be re-christened "The Daring Adventures of Harry Hastings, profusely illustrated, with full-page coloured Supplement. A piece of poetry by Shakespeare and other authors given away with each chapter. Complete in five parts." And its chapter-scheme would run some way thus :—

ACT I. "How Harry woos and wins Mary Morton in an orchard—the murder—the criminal grandpapa—Harry smashes the villain, and flies to London in a four-wheel cab. Original couplet given away with this chapter."—[Notes by reviewer. Flimsy sentiment and a real cow. Miss Sophie Eyre excellent as a "wronged sister" of the "Promise of May" type. Mr. Jackson's conservative comic cabman very healthy.]

ACT II. "Harry's daring deeds with the Dynamiters!—how he has tea with the cabman, takes compassion on Carrots and goes to sea. Terrible scene of midnight orgie in Ratcliff Highway (illustrated in colours). Given away with this chapter a box, containing an explosion that has nothing on earth to do with the adventures of Harry, and kills nobody, and may be safely used by the young of both sexes, also a passage from "Macbeth." How the villain ships a criminal crew on board the good ship *Albatross*. Mary's misery."—[Notes by reviewer. Mr. Nicholls amusing as a comic conspirator. Miss Clara Jecks' Carrots a charming vignette. Mr. Ryan's "The Docks" a capital cloth. Real rain, real horse, everything real save Harry. Quite evident that Mr. Buchanan has written a drama called "Macbeth" for himself, as the late William Shakspeare never wrote anything about "secret, black and midnight shapes"—why shapes? is it Buchanese for "hags?"]

ACT III. "Harry at sea on the magic ship with transparent water-tight bulkheads and bulwarks—the mutiny—the stowaway—the 'registration' of the name of 'the strong heroic man' Harry—the wreck—how grandmother Grace Darling, with half-drowned Carrots and the Ancient Mariner punts out in fathoms of stormy water—how Harry heeds the baby's cry, drowns a dynamiter, and saves the wet 'wronged sister' Sophie from what are evidently salt waves—how the baby takes its caul. Given away with this chapter, "the Ballad of the Stowaway."—[Notes by reviewer. The ship very foolish—the scene in the rigging short and excellent of its kind, the Buchanese ballad evidently not Clement Scott's—great feeling of relief that the majority of the nasty people are drowned.]

ACT IV. "The villain triumphant—the wronged one begins to right herself—comic conspirator begins to look mildly malignant—the tag of the trial. Given away with this chapter a full-page heartrending picture of the sad scene in the Central Criminal Court, by Grieve of course." [Notes—We rather like the wronged one, she is picturesque in her passion.]

ACT V. "Crime and coffee—the murderer's remorse—Mary Morton "evidently on the batter" before Newgate—sentiment in a snowstorm—glorious complications—the hanging of Harry—the black hour—the black watch, and the black flag. Up with the rag. The trap-warder. 'Are you ready? Pull!' 'No!' 'Yes!' The reprieve. Hurra for Harry! The end." Given away, "A London poem."

In all seriousness, this last act is very, very bad. The action shifts about uneasily, the tender adieu in the condemned cell is prolonged, mawkish, and, as far as "Harry" was concerned, was on the first night superbly inaudible. The act was saved by Mr. Fernandez's one moment of earnest acting in his confession. It was not really a very great effort. I have seen him do far better in the memorable scene in Mr. Wills's "Ninon," but it stood out from the gloomy atmosphere of bathos and bosh that pervades the last act, and the actor deserved the recognition of his effort that was thundered down to him by a long-suffering house. Of the rest of the long caste that has been collected above from a somewhat complicated programme, I thought that Miss Jay played the heroine over-romantically, at moments dangerously so. Mr. George's villain was consistent and sound; his voice is strong, and his bearing emphatic. Excellent in their respective forms of melodramatic clowning were Mr. Harry Jackson and Mr. Harry Nicholls—portions of this play are full of Harrys; and Mr. Sennett's mysterious dynamiter, Miss Victor's Mrs. Downsey, the motherly spouse of the comic cabman with severe notions of propriety, and Mr. Lilly's Captain, were all clever studies. Mr. Oscar Barrett's introduced music makes the play at moments operatic, and concerning Mr. Harris I will say no more. His pluck, enterprise, and managerial skill and ingenuity I admire; but it is my painful case that I never could, and never will, admire his heroes or his method of acting.

Touching the question raised by the critics, and recently replied to by Mr. Buchanan, as regards the "revolting realism" of the last act, I would point out that in all the details of the last scene *not a word is said, not a line introduced*, until the girl rushes on with the reprieve, and that consequently the scene is, to use Mr. Buchanan's own words, "a representation of revolting details, unilluminated by imagination, and untempered by art."

With all due respect to Mr. Buchanan, "Art with a big A" revolts against these "effects" without a single streamlet of humanity running through them. Terence complained of the people who deserted his plays to see the rope-dancers, and we are forgetting dramatic art in our hurry to see hangings, and shipwrecks, and glory of gunpowder, and mechanical ships, and it's high time all this should stop. *Quo usque tandem?* Shall we dramatise the Deluge or the Apocalypse?

### "IN THE RANKS."

A Drama by GEORGE R. SIMS and HENRY PETTITT.

First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, Saturday, October 6, 1883.

Ned Drayton ... ..	MR. CHARLES WARNER.	The Tiger ... ..	MR. M. BYRNES.
Colonel Wynter ... ..	MR. JOHN RYDER.	Village Constable ...	MR. GARDINER.
Gideon Blake ... ..	MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE.	O'Leary ... ..	MR. E. TRAVERS.
Captain Holcroft ... ..	MR. W. HERBERT.	The Hop-picker ... ..	MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.
Farmer Herrick ... ..	MR. J. G. SHORE.	Ruth Herrick ... ..	MISS ISABEL BATEMAN.
Joe Buzzard ... ..	MR. E. W. GARDEN.	Barbara Herrick ... ..	MISS MARY RORKE.
Sergeant Searle ... ..	MR. E. R. FITZDAVIS.	Mrs. Buzzard ... ..	MRS. H. LEIGH.
Mr. Timmins ... ..	MR. M. BENTLEY.	Mrs. Timmins ... ..	MISS HARRIET COVENEY
Mr. Leachmere ... ..	MR. F. MORELAND.	Polly Timmins ... ..	MISS MAGGIE WATSON.
Recruiting-Sergeant ...	MR. E. FRANCIS.	Mrs. Whiffin ... ..	MISS E. HEFFER.
Curtis ... ..	MR. H. COOPER.	Miss Pankley ... ..	MRS. ASHTON.
Warder ... ..	MR. EAST.	Mrs. Grindle ... ..	MISS DYOS.
O'Flanigan ... ..	MR. ARCHER.	Dinah ... ..	MISS ROGERS.
Working Man ... ..	MR. BRIDPORT.	Mrs. O'Flanigan ... ..	MRS. H. CARTER.

It was natural that the production of a new drama by Messrs. Sims and Pettitt, each of whom had previously singly scored success, should attract



a large and expectant audience ; and it is certain that the first performance of "In the Ranks" was witnessed by a thoroughly representative and brilliant gathering. That the story developed in the course of five acts, any one of which, from a scenic point of view alone, would have ensured the success of any drama in the old days, was followed with keen interest is undeniable, for the applause was throughout ungrudgingly bestowed, and at times amounted to enthusiasm. It is the cant of criticism to say of almost any "new and original production" now-a-days that it is neither "new" nor "original." That may be true in the abstract, and certainly there is the authority of Solomon himself upon which modern commentators may justify their statements that "there is no new thing upon earth," and "that all novelty is but oblivion." But the question which a dramatist may put to himself is whether an inspiration, or what he conceives to be a brilliant idea, may be practicable, and if so, acceptable. He is, it is true, dependent for his subjects on possibilities—probabilities have become almost exhausted, hence the cuckoo-cry, "It has been all done before ;" and as, after all, there is a limit to the range of human passions, though they may vary vastly in degree if not in kind, he is very much in the position of a *chef de cuisine*, whose art consists in disguising the remnants of yesterday's dinner and dishing them up so that they may be appetising and palatable to-day. Under these circumstances, and until—

"No longer shall dramatics be confined  
To draw true images of all mankind,"

we should welcome that which is not a mere *rechauffée* of such incidents as those are which depend more upon the mechanical skill of the stage carpenter than the ingenuity of the playwright for their interest and effect. And for this reason we are grateful to Messrs. Sims and Pettitt for the wholesome fare they have put before us. It would be interesting to try and trace the share of the work for which each author is responsible, and the result would probably prove that as much of the success of the play is due to one as to the other ; certain it is, however, that the collaboration has been productive of good. The great merit of "In the Ranks" consists in the fact that the story is not in any way complicated nor employed as a vehicle for "sensation." The attention of the audience is fixed at once, and its interest quickly awakened. The characters are drawn with vigour, and fit into the play so naturally that to imagine the omission of any one would be to destroy the completeness of the whole. The great secret of starting a play well is to make the motive of it clearly intelligible, and at once to leave no doubt as to the object and intention of each character, so that the attention of the audience may not be diverted from the main story by the indefiniteness of some of its surroundings. Simplicity of plot tends towards consistency, and, under the latter condition, the author who can invest his incidents with interest as well, is almost certain of success. That the authors of "In the Ranks" have not allowed the purpose of their drama to be obscured by intricacy of action, lack of continuity, or excess of detail, is beyond dispute. There is method in their treatment of events which culminate in a striking picture and strong situation at the end of every act. And though the play is crowded with



small characters, they do not hamper it, but rather enhance its general effect by real touches of human nature, giving life and colour to the action. The comedy element is not obtrusive, but, on the contrary, imparts a zest to the main interest, which is necessarily centred in the hero and his adventures, and the trials endured by his wife during her separation from him. An outline of the plot will convey but a faint impression of its strength, but will, at any rate, give some slight notion of its interesting features.

Ned Drayton is the adopted son and heir of Colonel Wynter, a fiery old soldier, who has planned in his mind a marriage between him and his only niece. The young man, however, unfortunately for the Colonel's scheme, has chosen another for his wife, and thereby so incenses the Colonel, that in an angry outburst, he reproaches Ned with ingratitude, and discloses to him the history of his birth, hitherto a secret to him. His mother had been the old soldier's first and only love, but she rejected him in favour of the banker, John Drayton, who, in Ned's infancy, committed fraud, and with his accomplice, Richard Belton, fled to Australia. When at last the wife lay broken-hearted and stricken with death, she appealed to her rejected lover on behalf of her child, whom he promised to protect for the sake of his old love. About the time that this staggering revelation is made to Ned, there appears upon the scene a mysterious person, described as a "hop-picker," who is no other than Richard Belton, returned after years of vagrancy, and who, having in his possession a letter written to John Drayton by his wife just before her death, seeks young Drayton, and uses this letter to establish his identity as Ned's father, long since passed away, and to extract money from him. Ned, horror-stricken at the blight of shame which has fallen upon him, falls into the trap, and appoints a meeting at night in Dingley Wood, so that he may there, unobserved, provide his felon-father with means to leave the country, and so free himself from the disgrace which his presence might bring upon him. Colonel Wynter is taking a short cut through the wood to his inn, when he finds himself face to face with the impostor Richard Belton, whom he at once recognizes and denounces, whilst the latter, furious at his detection, seizes a gun which he has seen hidden by a poaching rustic, and shoots the Colonel. One Gideon Blake, a distant relative of Colonel Wynter's and his agent, who has, in the previous scene, proved himself antagonistic to Ned on account of their rivalry in love affairs, now comes upon the spot with a gamekeeper on the look-out for poachers, at the very moment when Ned, who does not see the prostrate body of the Colonel, is giving money to the hop-picker. The latter is seized by Blake and the gamekeeper on suspicion of poaching, and questioned upon the possession of such a large sum of money. Ned, exasperated at their interference, intervenes, acknowledges the gift, releases the hop-picker, who escapes, and finally leaves the wood defiantly telling Blake that he knows where to find him should he be wanted. Blake and the gamekeeper immediately discover the Colonel's body, and the former, having overheard the quarrel that morning between the Colonel and Ned, who was threatened with disinheritance in case of disobedience, jumps to the conclusion that murder has been instigated by Ned, and that the money given to the hop-picker is the price for the perpetration of the crime. Circumstances certainly look black against Ned.





HERBERT STANDING.

'I argue not  
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward.'



He is charged with complicity in the crime. A warrant is issued against him, and he is arrested as he leaves the church next morning with his bride upon his arm, and the second act ends with one of the most striking and dramatic situations conceivable, and which works the audience up to the very highest pitch of excitement. In the third act we learn that the Colonel was not killed, and after recovering from his wound has gone abroad. The original charge has not been sustained against Ned, but still he has been in durance vile for an assault upon Blake, and also upon the plea of evidence turning up to connect him with the outrage upon Colonel Wynter. When, however, he is released from gaol, he is shunned by all except a faithful but humble friend, Joe Buzzard. He returns to Woodhurst, sees his wife, who has been unable to leave her father's bedside, and finding that Blake during his incarceration has been using his influence as agent and manager of Colonel Wynter's estates and property in the village to blacken his character, is driven by desperation into enlisting, and after a beautiful and pathetic speech to his wife, exhorting her to wait and hope, he follows the recruiting sergeant, accompanied by other recruits, including Joe Buzzard.

In the fourth act there is a very realistic representation of barrack-life, in which Private Drayton figures prominently. In the second scene, the change to which is wonderfully contrived, Ned's wife is seen in humble lodgings earning her living by making artificial flowers, and she has contrived to save a considerable sum towards purchasing her husband's discharge. Belton, whom she supposes to be Ned's father, is a frequent though unwelcome visitor to her. She gives him money; but he wants more, and having discovered her little hoard, determines upon drugging her tea with morphia to obtain possession of it. He accomplishes the first part of his object, when Blake, having discovered Ruth's address, presents himself at her lodgings and confronts Belton. An exciting scene follows between them, during which, in an unguarded moment, Belton betrays the secret of his imposture, which is overheard by Ruth, who, though nearly stupefied by the morphia, is still able to denounce the villains, one of whom is on the point of silencing her by strangulation, when Ned, whom she has been expecting, is heard approaching. The ruffians make their escape in time through an inner room. Ned rushes in, catches his wife in his arms, listens to her almost inarticulate account of what has transpired, and, in leaving the house to obtain assistance for his wife, is arrested by a picket sent after him for insubordination towards one of his superiors in the previous scene. After a terrific struggle he is dragged away as the curtain descends on the fourth act. In the fifth, he is thrown into the guard-room or lock-up, from which he escapes through a window, after wrenching the bars from it. He surprises the sentry, grasps his gun from behind, and accomplishes his flight just at the moment when Belton, who has watched his movements from the moment of his arrest in the street, is confronted by Colonel Wynter, and stigmatized as a thief and assassin. Ned quickly finds his way again to his wife's lodgings, is followed by Blake—ever on the *qui vive* to hound him down, but whose schemes of villany are suddenly cut short by the

appearance of Colonel Wynter, to whom Belton has meanwhile made a clean breast of everything. Captain Holcroft arrives with the welcome intelligence that the solicitor whom Blake had instructed to purchase Private Drayton's discharge, with the view of persuading him to leave the country, and thus removing the only obstacle to his inheritance of Colonel Wynter's property, has executed his commission, and that Drayton is, or soon will be, free. The last scene of the play is short, crisp, and very telling, and the curtain falls upon a perfectly satisfactory termination. There are many characters that have been scarcely alluded to closely connected with the story, but belonging chiefly to the lighter portions of it. These are—Captain Holcroft, Barbara Herrick, Ruth's sister, and the Captain's wife, old Herrick, Joe Buzzard and his mother.

The acting of the play has been entrusted to well-known and competent artists, and is altogether exceptionally good. To begin with : it would be difficult to find a more manly and earnest actor for the hero, Ned Drayton, than Mr. Charles Warner, who bears the weight of the play bravely on his shoulders, as he has often done before, but never more successfully than upon this occasion. His transition from light-heartedness at first to the anguish and broken spirit of the persecuted man, and, finally, to passionate intensity and despair at his helplessness to alleviate his wife's sufferings and redress his own wrongs, is depicted with real power ; and the beautiful speech which occurs towards the close of the third act is delivered with such unaffected earnestness and true feeling that it cannot be listened to without emotion. As Colonel Wynter, Mr. John Ryder is of the utmost importance to the play, the dignity of his speech and manner being the exact thing required to grip the audience when the story seriously commences. Mr. Beveridge is to be complimented upon the power he possesses of apparently without any effort extracting a very demonstrative acknowledgment of his exasperating capabilities. It is no small praise to say he is howled at and hooted at every opportunity ; and it is not improbable that if some of the excited spectators could lay hands upon him they would quickly make way for his under study. As Ruth Herrick, Miss Isabel Bateman plays with great tenderness throughout, and in the latter part exhibits great intensity. Miss Mary Rorke is graceful and *spirituelle* in the pleasing part of Barbara ; and Mr. W. Herbert lifts the character of Captain Holcroft into prominence by a performance which is easy, natural, and at times impressive. As Richard Belton, Mr. J. Beauchamp presents a rugged, picturesque appearance, and acts both forcibly and artistically. The authors have allotted the humorous portions of their play chiefly to Joe Buzzard and Mrs. Buzzard, and they have every reason to be satisfied with the interpretation of both characters. Mr. E. W. Garden as Joe Buzzard, makes a distinct hit, and secures some of the heartiest applause of the evening ; and Mrs. Leigh throws heart and soul into the performance of Mrs. Buzzard, and is duly appreciated. The scenes between the old lady and her son are received with much laughter.

There are many other subordinate characters, played to perfection by Miss H. Coveney, Mrs. John Carter, and Messrs. J. G. Shore, Gardiner, Bentley, and Moreland. Great credit is due to Mr. Charles Harris for the excellence of the stage management, notably in the artistic and picturesque



arrangement of the various groups. The beauty of the scenery alone would be worth a visit to the theatre; more exquisite specimens of woodland and village scenery have rarely been exhibited, whilst the massive sets in the latter acts are not only skilfully designed and painted, but are made to move with such marvellous ease and precision, that one is led to exclaim in amazement, "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder?" Messrs. Gatti are to be heartily congratulated upon the success which their wise and liberal management has contributed to. They have obviously spared no expense to make the production of "In the Ranks" as perfect as may be; and they will, doubtless, as they deserve, reap the reward of their enterprise in a long and profitable run of a stirring and interesting play.

### "LA VIE."

An Operatic Burlesque in Three Acts, after MEILHAC and HALÉVY. Music by OFFENBACH.  
Written by H. B. FARNIE. First produced at the Avenue Theatre, October 3, 1883.

The Baron von Gondremarcke ... ..	MR. LIONEL BROUGH.	Lady Catherine Wyverne ... ..	MISS C. GARDINER.
Hon. Tom Splinterbarre ... ..	MR. HERBERT STANDING	Flounce... ..	MISS CLARA GRAHAM.
Lord Guy Silverspoone ... ..	MR. FORBES DRUMMOND.	Trixie ... ..	MISS AIMEE PERIN.
Snip ... ..	MR. A. WHEATMAN.	Baby Greene ... ..	MISS IVY WARNER.
Knobstick ... ..	MR. R. J. WALDEGRAVE.	Taunto Tarrington ...	MISS FAIRFAX.
Mr. Muggins ... ..	MR. C. HUNT.	Victor Emanuel Jones...	MISS AGNES LYNNON.
Blucher ... ..	MR. ERNEST PALMIERI.	Captain Fluker ... ..	MISS JOSEPHINE CLARE.
Joe Tarradiddle ... ..	MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS.	Countess of Sevendials ...	MISS MAUDE DE VERE.
Gabrielle Chevette ... ..	MOLLE. CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.	Miss Slyboots ... ..	MISS LILY HARCOURT.
		Mrs. Muggins ... ..	MISS BESSIE BELL.
		Christine von Gondremarcke ... ..	MISS LILIAN LA RUE.

WHAT came we here to see? A Burlesque? Yes, and if good fun, laughter and bustling business go to make up a burlesque—we beg its pardon a Burlesque Opera, for that is what it is called in the bills—then has Mr. Farnie succeeded, for from the beginning to end the laughter was continuous. But what else could be expected with such well-known and able actors as Mr. Standing, Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Arthur Roberts in the cast. The story hinges on the saving of a lady's life by the Hon. Tom Splinterbarre (Mr. Herbert Standing). The lady's father, the Baron Von Gondremarcke (Mr. L. Brough) determining to come to England, for the purpose of compiling a book on the manners and customs of the English people, which is much after the style of the celebrated Portuguese phrase-book, "English as she is Spoke." The daughter (Miss Lilian La Rue) thinking to find her preserver if she comes to England, decides to come to England with her father. The Hon. Tom, having just been thrown over by a little *ballerine*, whom he believes to be the most faithful and devoted of girls, meeting his old servant, Joe (Mr. Roberts), now an hotel tout waiting for the Baron and his daughter, determines on seeing the photographs which the tout has to identify the arrivals, to change coats and places with Joe, and receive the Baron into his own chambers, for the nonce known as the "Griffin." Joe, who is elaborately got up as the Hon. Tom Splinterbarre, is presented to the Baron among the other guests, made up like him for the occasion; and the daughter, hearing the name, immediately fancies she has found her preserver, and makes desperate love to Joe, which he does not like, as he knows the real Hon. is looking on. Lord Guy Silverspoone (Mr. Forbes Drummond), a chum of Splinterbarre's, gets



up a diplomatic ball at his cousin's, Lady Wyvern's house, at which Gabrielle (Miss Camille D'Arville) an Alsatian glove-girl, and Blucher (Mr. Palmieri), a bootmaker, are introduced as distinguished guests, and servants figure as statesmen and ambassadors. The climax is reached on the return of Lady Wyvern, an old schoolfellow of Christine, the Baron's daughter, who has been in the country, when the Hon. Tom recovers his identity, and the lady, nothing loth, accepts him instead of the very unromantic gentleman whom she believed her preserver. The Baron is content, and "puts this down in his better book" among other interesting and curious episodes of life in London. There is no doubt that this piece owes much to the experience of Mr. Standing, who keeps the piece going with genuine good acting for Mr. Roberts and Mr. Brough to make jokes. It is perhaps needless to say that Mr. Standing plays this part with all the old Criterion vivacity, at which house, by-the-by, this piece was originally intended to have been produced. Mr. Lionel Brough's remarks of "Vat a larks!" bids fair to rival his catch-words of Rip Van Winkle "Chaluk it up." He is of course funny; it would be next to impossible for him to be anything else. Mr. Roberts, when he has lost some of the tricks and mannerisms of the music-halls, should become an excellent low comedian. At present he is rather inclined to be vulgar, though he certainly seemed to please his audience. Miss Camille d'Arville scored decidedly the success of the evening among the ladies, her jödling song being deservedly encored. Miss La Rue gave evidence of good musical training, but deteriorated somewhat towards the last part. Mr. Palmieri as the German shoemaker, sang with a pleasing voice, and Mr. Forbes played the part of the Masher Lord as a masher. As the orchestra is under the charge of Mons. Jacobi, it is sufficient warranty that it is efficient and excellent. The dresses, especially in the last act, are gorgeous, but the scenery seemed rather below the average of modern stage mounting.

### "THE MILLIONAIRE."

By G. W. GODFREY. First produced at the Court Theatre, Thursday, September 27, 1883.

Mr. Guyon ... ..	MR. ARTHUR CECIL.	Robert Streightley ... ..	MR. JOHN CLAYTON.
Gordon Frere ... ..	MR. CHARLES SUGDEN.	Katherine Guyon ... ..	MISS MARION TERRY.
Thacker... ..	MR. MACKINTOSH.	Hester Gould ... ..	MRS. BEERBOHM-TREE.
Charles Yeldham... ..	MR. EDMUND MAURICE.		
Fowler ... ..	MR. BARRIER.	Mrs. Cholmondeley-	
Jarvis ... ..	MR. C. SEYTON.	Browne ... ..	MISS H. LINDLEY.
Captain Cobbe ... ..	MR. CHALINOR.	Mrs. Holman ... ..	MISS COWLE.
Tippy Trafford ... ..	MR. GILBERT TRENT.	Lady Henmarsh ... ..	MRS. JOHN WOOD.

THE play by Mr. Godfrey, entitled "The Millionaire," founded on Mr. Yates's novel, "Kissing the Rod," will excite the admiration of those playgoers who delight in the spirit of repartee and badinage, which, in its careless frivolity, plays an important part in the present age, even, it may be said, to the detriment of the greater and more serious aims of life. "The Millionaire" is a play comprising a number of characters, who by their marked individuality leave little to be desired, but when the interests of the plot demand that the sympathies and lives of these people shall blend together, the hitch comes; and we ask in vain for an explanation of

events and harmony of detail which Mr. Godfrey has apparently been unable to give us in the compressed form of a four-act drama. The loves of Robert Streightley and Katherine Guyon are, from the commencement, presented to us in a somewhat unfinished style. It is scarcely to be believed that the love of this middle-aged man could not only be attracted, but absolutely won, by the tender eyes and gentle voice of a young girl, however pretty she might chance to be. Still less is it possible that the heart of Katherine Guyon could so irrevocably have been given to Gordon Frere, that a year's devotion and love on the part of her husband can exercise no possible influence over her conduct, when she discovers the deceit practised against her, which—however dishonourable—claimed the one great excuse that it was performed out of sheer love for her—a love which, we hear from her own lips, has brought entire peace and joy into her life. Mr. Clayton is unnecessarily depressed in a part which is throughout of a gloomy nature. Miss Marion Terry has seldom looked so well or acted with more earnest determination. It is not her fault that the weak, indecisive nature of Katherine Guyon fails to arouse our sympathies.

Beside these two, and intermingling with their several joys and sorrows, come the Lady Henmarsh of Mrs. John Wood and the Mr. Guyon of Mr. Arthur Cecil—both in their respective ways admirable performances. Mrs. John Wood's sense of humour is inimitable in its absolute freedom from vulgarity; and the character of the worldly, mischief-making Lady Henmarsh, for ever meddling in other people's affairs, and consequently never attending to her own, is one which suits this actress to perfection. It may truly be said of Mrs. John Wood that when she is on the stage the laugh never dies. But amongst the many and varied characters presented to us in this play there is one which, in bold decided contrast, seems as it were to stand apart from those surrounding her. Hester Gould is a life-like example of that old yet terribly true saying, "Revenge is sweet—especially to women." Strong in her love as in her hate, she rivets our attention as we see her moving about the place, her mind apparently at rest, though at times unable to conceal the evil intent of her thoughts. The part is given to Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, who, to our thinking, fails to sufficiently grasp the power which lies in her hands. The character of Hester Gould is so firmly and decisively drawn, that its portrayal must be unavoidably marred by the slightest trace of personal individuality; and also we want the passionate love the woman bears for her lover to go hand-in-hand with the deadly hatred she experiences towards *his* wife, *her* rival. These are points in Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree's impersonation which cannot with advantage be compared with others which are most admirable—notably the way in which she wishes the young girl all happiness and prosperity, even as she places in her hand the letter which she knows will completely destroy her peace of mind. But, as we have before said, regarded from an equal point of view, the performance is deficient both in strength of power and purpose. Nothing remains to be said concerning the remainder of the company, except in so far as they acceptably perform their parts in scenes which have but little to do with the main interests of the play. Mr. Godfrey principally fails in giving us a satisfactory explanation of the



several motives and events which influence the lives of his characters ; but, notwithstanding this, "The Millionaire" will prove to many both interesting and amusing.

### "YOUNG FOLKS' WAYS."

A New and Original Comedy in Four Acts, written by Mrs. BURNETT and W. H. GILLETTE, and founded on Mrs. BURNETT's story "Esmeralda."  
First produced at St. James's Theatre, Saturday, October 20, 1883.

The Marquis	... ..	MR. BRIAN DARLEY.	Servant	... ..	MR. DE VERNEY.
Jack Desmond	... ..	MR. J. MACLEAN.	Nora Desmond	... ..	MRS. KENDAL.
Estabrook	... ..	MR. KENDAL.	Kate Desmond	... ..	MISS LINDA DIETZ.
Old Rogers	... ..	MR. HARE.	Mrs. Rogers...	... ..	MRS. HERMAN VEZIN.
Dave Hardy	... ..	MR. GEO. ALEXANDER.	Esmeralda	... ..	MISS WEBSTER.
George Drew	... ..	MR. HERBERT WARING.			

"YOUNG FOLKS' WAYS" is a disappointing play. It begins well, dawdles in the middle, and ends badly. Founded on a good idea, the story is arranged with so little skill that the audience droops under its influence, instead of being animated by its interest. Briefly told the tale is simply this :—A henpecked old settler is living on a bankrupt farm in North Carolina with his termagant wife and tender daughter, when an American speculative agent comes on the scene to buy up the place and make a profit on it, owing to a supposed discovery of valuable minerals under the soil. The old man is sorry to part with the place because he is attached to it : Esmeralda, the girl, loves her home because there she has found her young lover, Dave Hardy, to whom she is engaged ; but Mrs. Rogers, or "mother," as she is called by her nervous husband, is sick at heart and discontented, and will exchange all sentiment for a life in Paris, and the prospect of a rich marriage for Esmeralda. So the property is sold at a very fair value, Dave Hardy is sent to the rightabout, the old man whimpers, the pretty girl weeps, and the Rogers family is transported bodily to Paris.

In the gay city Esmeralda attracts the attention of a cheery English family, the Desmonds, who learn that her mother is forcing her to marry against her will, and that her lover, Dave Hardy, is breaking his heart over the girl's inconstancy. Mainly through the instrumentality of the Desmonds, the course of true love is made to run smooth again, and when it is discovered that Dave Hardy is a millionaire, and that the minerals have been discovered under his estate, the obstinacy of Mother Rogers is conquered, and there is no longer any reason to delay Esmeralda's marriage with the man of her choice.

This thin and unsatisfactory story is padded out with comedy of a commonplace order, but, thanks to admirable acting, the radical weakness of the framework is, in a measure, concealed. The return of Mr. Hare to the stage was naturally a moment of great interest, and for the first half-hour it was thought that he had secured in old Rogers a character after his own heart. He introduced the old man admirably, with many delicate touches, all his artistic instinct, and an under-current of sly humour. But the character dies out of the story, and the actor cannot supply an interest that does not exist. When old Rogers has left North Carolina his individuality is lost. He is merely a simple-minded old man, pottering about fashionable balls and salons of Paris. The same



misfortune attends the Mrs. Rogers, played by Mrs. Herman Vezin with such admirable art in the opening scenes. Nothing could well have been better than the style in which Mrs. Vezin opened this play; it made one regret that such an actress is so seldom seen. But Mrs. Vezin could do nothing with the vulgar, ill-dressed woman, flaunting about Paris, and seeking a husband for her ungenial daughter. The play has been degraded from comedy to farce, and the tone of the opening was inconsistent with the scenes that followed it. Never was such disappointment felt as the Rogerses of the last act, when contrasted with the fine and sensitive character-sketches of the commencement. In this dramatic dilemma Mr. and Mrs. Kendal came to the front, and repeating the characters they have so ably sustained in "Impulse," delighted their audience once more with the flirtations of a bright cheery woman with a well-dressed and amusing man. The audience forgot the play, and were prepared to be amused with the Kendals, who, like the Bancrofts, can fill up the dull moments of any play with their attractive personality. Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Bancroft are popular in the highest sense of the word, because they are such charming companions. They talk to the audience, and the audience enjoys their society. To make matters worse for this play the young lovers were not so strong as they might have been. Miss Webster, the grandchild of Benjamin Webster of happy memory, has evident talent, but she is still a novice, and under no circumstances should have been over-weighted with the burden of the character of Esmeralda. It was not fair to the actress, nor to the public. It is a charming character, but the beauty of it was greatly lost on the audience. Mr. George Alexander again was strangely out of tune. Usually interesting he here became commonplace. His heart did not appear to be in his work, and the brave backwoodsman of Carolina became a maudlin and over-sentimental lover. The play is certainly mounted in excess of its requirements, beautiful as the scenes are.



## Proserpine.

WITH what an air of majesty and stern,  
Of wonder still that cannot understand,  
She sits, and lo! scarce tasted in her hand  
The fatal fruit that robbed her of return  
For ever! Yet methinks she seems to mourn  
As though she looked to some far-distant land  
Where phantasy's horizons dim expand  
With wistful eyes towards that pleasant bourne.  
Aye me! for her what profit could it be,  
Maidenhood's freedoms wild or calm serene,  
Thus to exchange for an imperial doom?  
To leave the happy vales and purple sea,  
Her Enna's flowers, albeit to reign the queen  
Of Hell's deep unimaginable gloom.

WALTER C. A. KER.

## Our Omnibus=Boy.

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THE doors of the Haymarket Theatre have once more reopened, and the winter season commenced, not with any other greater novelty—if that were possible—than the play which excited so great a sensation during the past season, Sardou's "*Fédora*." The large and brilliant audience assembled on the opening night were attracted by feelings of mingled curiosity and pleasure, the latter arising from the fact that Mrs. Bernard-Beere was again to enact the part of the ill-starred princess, the former from the announcement that the lover of *Fédora*, Loris Ipanoff, was to be no other than Mr. Bancroft. It may, indeed, be said that never was the first act better played by all assisting in it. Never did the intense silence and hush of the sick-room exercise a greater spell over our minds; never did the superb acting of Mrs. Bernard-Beere more absolutely command our admiration. From the moment when *Fédora* comes hurriedly into the room to that in which we hear her agonizing cry as she bends over the dead body of her lover, not a wrong note was struck, not a jar of situation or of circumstance was to be felt. The second act, with the entrance of Loris Ipanoff, was eagerly looked for. Mr. Bancroft, faultlessly attired, came in amongst the assembled guests, but not until after his first interview with *Fédora* could it be definitely asserted as to how he would think fit to play the part of her lover, though private surmises were many and varied in opinion. In most instances they proved only too correct in the belief that, however much Mr. Bancroft might personally feel the part he had undertaken, his whole method and force of individuality would be against him.

To comprehend the passionate love Loris bears for *Fédora* is one thing; to portray this love, so as to make an audience believe in it, is entirely another—a power which Mr. Bancroft evidently does not possess, and, as the play glided on, the general regret increased that Mrs. Bernard-Beere was not more adequately supported. It was not her fault that in the death-scene her terrified emotion was overstrained, and, consequently, not so effective as heretofore. True it is that *Fédora* can do but little towards helping Loris in this last act; but, on her side, the evil is all but irremediable if she is absolutely left to her own resources. The nature of Loris Ipanoff is strangely at variance, in its extremes of love and hatred. We must believe in his passionate idolatry for *Fédora*, so as to comprehend the brutal revenge which he feels on learning she has betrayed him, and is not the same woman that he loved. Mr. Bancroft, from over-excitement, lost the fierce power of the situation in the final act, which, but for the skilful management of Mrs. Bernard-Beere, might have proved somewhat disastrous in its effects. Turning to the lighter passages of the play, we become keenly aware of the loss sustained in the absence of Mrs. Bancroft. The irresistible fun and quiet humour with which she played the part of the Countess Olga was



inimitable. Miss Calhoun seems scarcely to realize that such is the case. Not even by the closest study of the original Countess Olga does she succeed in amusing us. Consequently, the scenes between her and her lover, De Sirieix (now played by Mr. Conway), are deficient in that inexplicable "go" with which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft invested them. There are several alterations in the minor characters, but these have little to do with the main interests of a play which, even in its present altered conditions, points out to us, as in the case of Mrs. Bernard-Beere, how absolutely the genius of a true artist loses all trace of personal individuality in the part she portrays. It is a cause of much regret that the Loris Ipanoff has not as yet appeared capable of giving this lady the adequate support she so well deserves. It would be difficult to praise too highly the Doctor of Mr. Elliott, one of the most complete and finished performances in the whole play. This is a young actor of great promise.

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The portrait of that excellent young actor, Mr. Herbert Standing, will be found in our pages this month. I have discovered the following notes of his professional career in a well-written memoir that appeared in a weekly journal some few years ago :—

"Mr. Standing is one of our most promising comedians, in the higher sense of the word. The work he has done hitherto has not been great in quantity, principally because he has had the good or ill-fortune to play important parts in pieces which have had very long runs ; but its quality has been such as to attract general attention and awaken sanguine expectation.

"Though coming of a Quaker stock, Mr. Standing's family, in the present generation at any rate, has evinced the most decided theatrical proclivities. Mr. F. H. Celli, the well-known baritone singer, is his eldest brother ; while a younger brother, Mr. W. Carleton, recently met with a marked success at the Alhambra, and is now fulfilling a good engagement in America. Mr. Standing himself possesses an excellent tenor voice, and has been advised by no less an authority than Dr. Sullivan, to cultivate it for the stage. Fortunately for comedy, however, he has as yet resisted the blandishments of opera.

"Mr. Standing is a Londoner by birth, having been born at Peckham in the year 1846. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, under Mr. Alfred Wigan's management, when he played Langford in 'Still Waters Run Deep,' the Hawkesley being, curiously enough, Mr. Charles Wyndham. He then went a provincial tour with Mr. Mark Lemon, playing Prince Henry to his Falstaff in selections from 'Henry IV.' His next engagement was at the Princess', first under Mr. Boucicault and subsequently under Mr. Chatterton. Here he remained three years, playing Don Manuel in 'A Dark Night's Work,' Cassio in 'Othello,' Lovewell in 'The Clandestine Marriage,' Valentine in 'Faust and Marguerite,' and other parts. He then joined the Lyceum company, where, it may be noted, he was the original Christian in the memorable production of 'The Bells,' which started Mr. Irving on the



road to fame and fortune. After a successful appearance in Mr. A. Thompson's 'How I found Crusoe,' at the Olympic, he played a short engagement at the Prince of Wales', where he appeared in the ill-fated revival of 'The Merchant of Venice.' A short season at the Mirror Theatre, Holborn, under Mr. Horace Wigan's management, was followed by the engagement at the Criterion, which has lasted ever since. Here his chief three parts have been Sir Percy Wagstaffe in 'The Pink Dominoes,' John Penryn in 'Truth,' and Captain McManus in 'Betsy.' By these he has made his mark, and is best known to the public; but they by no means represent the limit either of his powers or of his ambition. Yet they are all extremely clever assumptions. For ourselves, we consider John Penryn distinctly the most remarkable performance of the three. Mr. Standing made of a very lightly drawn part a perfectly finished and extremely humorous character-sketch, which dwells in the memory as the most notable feature of a not very notable play. To Mr. Bronson Howard himself Mr. Standing's performance was almost a revelation, as the part had been played in America in a tone of commonplace light comedy. Perhaps Mr. Standing's Quaker antecedents may have helped him in some touches of his performance. We should not be surprised if reminiscences of 'characters' he may have noted in his boyhood were recognizable to the initiated in his John Penryn. The true comedian always takes his studies 'from the life,' and Mr. Standing's mere powers of mimicry are very remarkable, his imitations of actors being considered by some judges equal to Mr. Toole's. Captain McManus in 'Betsy,' though not so original a conception as John Penryn, is a very clever sketch, and shows Mr. Standing's versatility in its utter dissimilarity from the smug and unctuous youth who 'could not tell a lie.' It is one of Mr. Standing's merits that he has not, as yet at any rate, developed any of those mannerisms which make some actors always the same in whatever parts they undertake.

"There is no doubt, however, that the line of work which falls to him at Mr. Wyndham's prosperous theatre does not give by any means the fullest scope to Mr. Standing's powers. He served his apprenticeship to the drama in 'the legitimate' under Mr. Phelps at the Princess', and his own tastes and tendencies are in that direction. The fates have been unpropitious in more instances than one, and his very success in lower work has nipped his budding aspirations towards a higher line of business. Some years ago he had actually concluded a three years' engagement with Mr. Fechter for America, when circumstances intervened to prevent its carrying out. We cannot say that we regret this, for America is certainly not a good school for young actors. More recently he was within an ace of having a chance of winning his spurs in higher work by playing the part of John Goring in 'The Crisis,' but again circumstances proved unpropitious. An opportunity cannot be long of coming, however, and indeed we believe that arrangements are pending for his appearance before very long in a series of morning performances, when he will probably make an effort in a higher sphere. He is at present in a critical stage of his career, when much depends upon his tact and judgment. He may possibly fly too high, or rather in a wrong direction. We are not sure of his success in the strictly 'legitimate,' partly because we are no great believers in the strictly





MISS SOPHIE EYRE.

'Do with me as you will, but take the boy for the  
sake of him that's gone.'

—DORA.



legitimate. There is a large district of debateable land between new French frivolity and old English heaviness. In the latter phrase we do not refer to Shakespeare, and still less to Goldsmith and Sheridan ; but Mr. Standing can scarcely look forward to a Shakesperian career, and the field of the best old comedy is limited. It is mainly to modern work, as it seems to us, that a young actor like Mr. Standing should look. Modern work, even of the immediate past, is not all frivolous, and, unless the signs of the times are deceptive, it will become much more solid and serious in the not very remote future. Mr. Standing, we believe, will find his true career in modern comedy and drama, and if he develops in accordance with his promise hitherto, he is likely to give valuable aid in establishing a serious and artistic English modern drama—for to this end good actors are almost, if not quite, as necessary as good authors. It is in itself a good augury for the future that an actor like Mr. Standing, who may be said to have made his name in French farces, and who has gained in them great popularity, with its concomitant pecuniary advantages, should be dissatisfied with such work, and should look to higher branches of art, as more consonant alike with his own taste and with the tendency of the time."

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Miss Sophie Eyre, whose picture adorns our frontispiece this month, has made rapid strides to secure her present important position on the stage, and within a comparatively short time. This highly intelligent and handsome young lady began—very wisely—her theatrical career in a stock company at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, only six years ago, where she patiently remained playing small parts for four months. She next started to the provinces with a "Diplomacy" company, and made a success as the Countess Zicka, Mrs. Bancroft's original character. She then came to London to "create" a part in "New Babylon," at the Holborn Theatre, and soon after quitted London again for three years, playing with unvaried success in "Masks and Faces," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and other prominent dramas, finishing at the Torquay Theatre, in another stock company, where Miss Sophie Eyre became a great favourite, and for nine months took the lead as Lady Clancarty, Julia in the "Hunchback," Liz, Lady Macbeth, and many other arduous characters. Miss Eyre's next appearance in London was as Lady Anne in the "Kingmaker," at a *matinée* at the Adelphi Theatre, and afterwards as Queen Elizabeth in "The Double Rose." These performances at once brought the actress into prominent notice, and she was engaged by Mr. Augustus Harris to support Madame Ristori, at Drury Lane. Her career was now quick and important. She was found at Mr. Toole's Theatre supporting Miss Fanny Davenport in "Diane," and at once proceeded to the Adelphi, where Mr. Charles Reade's quick instinct detected the highly intelligent artist, and he secured her for "Love and Money," "Rachel the Reaper," and "Dora," success being the result of each successive personation. Drury Lane was the next scene of Miss Eyre's clever work, and here she has appeared, as our readers must well remember, as Eve de Malvoisie in "Youth," as Suleima in "Freedom," and very recently as the leading actress in the new Drury Lane drama, called "A Sailor and his Lass." Although the form of this curious composition does not assist such art as

Miss Eyre has so conscientiously studied, still no one who sees the play can avoid recognizing the alternate power and pathos, the human tenderness, and the outraged scorn of the faithful woman who comes repentant home to be spurned by her parents, because she protects the name of the man she once loved, and lives to deal out retributive justice to a villain unworthy of woman's pity. There is the making of a valuable actress in Miss Sophie Eyre.

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A feeble attempt has been made to show that the critics were at fault who complained at the realistic representation of rain upon the Drury Lane stage, because no actual water was employed, but only a scattering and clattering of rice and spangles. For the life of me I cannot see that the material employed in the rain scene affects the argument. What the author and manager wish to convey to the minds of the audience is, that the stage is deluged with rain. Action stops, dialogue is rendered inaudible, sentiment ceases, the play, if it be a play, is halted in order that a mechanical trick may be introduced, and a sensational excitement secured. To my mind there is nothing beautiful or interesting in a deluge of rain pouring off the roofs of London houses and tumbling into the gutter. I can see it outside, and I see far too much of it every year I live. I can see far better rain if I want to study it outside than inside Drury Lane Theatre. As to the means by which the stage-manager realizes his rain, it is immaterial to me; it may be water or pebbles, or rice or peas. It sounds to me exactly like rain, it is meant to sound like rain, it is a very good trick, an excellent contrivance, a capital dodge; but surely the drama at Drury Lane should rise superior to tricks, contrivances, and dodges that have nothing to do with art and appeal to vulgar tastes. It is sensationalism that is at fault, not the rice or the spangles.

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Mr. Sydney Grundy has cut but a sorry figure in a childish controversy. The facts are these. Grundy wrote a play—honestly wrote a play, and hoped it would succeed. So did every one else, for many believe in Grundy's talent who regret his ill-luck. The play was produced in the provinces. Whether they liked it in the provinces is immaterial. They may have liked it or disliked it. London can judge of a play without the assistance of the provinces, just as the provinces can form an opinion without the aid of London. Time went on, and the play was produced in London. Some liked it, and some disliked it. Some thought it good; others considered it rubbish. Some clamoured about the brilliance of its satire, others cold-shouldered what they considered its bad taste and vulgarity. What the late Dutton Cook thought of it—a man with a well-balanced mind, and possessing the judicial faculty in a surprising degree—will be found in the last number of *THE THEATRE*. But what does that matter? Against Mr. Cook's honest opinion will no doubt be set the equally honest opinion of Mr. Archer, who in his "English Dramatists of To-day," considers Mr. Grundy another Scribe, if not a second Molière. Pages and pages of Mr. Archer's work are devoted to showing why



Mr. Grundy is not successful. "Mr. Grundy has many of Scribe's merits, and some of his limitations," says Mr. Archer. "His inventive power is similar in quality, though, of course, not equal in quantity. He is no more of a poet than Scribe was, and no less of a logician." And then, think of that, "*he dares to be moral.*" Having made this brilliant defence in favour of his highly moral and unappreciated young friend—"Mr. Grundy, I repeat, is as yet not far on the wrong side of thirty," pleads Mr. Archer, with persistent pathos—it is somewhat infelicitously asked why managers do not rush at him to adapt French plays? Fancy the dramatic Chadband, who "dares to be moral," soiling his fingers with Zola, and Sardou, and Halévy, and Alexandre Dumas!

It is strange, is it not, that an author whose "inventive power is similar" to that of Scribe, the most inventive and ingenious dramatist who ever lived, should be in such a sorry state of unappreciated depression? We soon get at the real reason. Mr. Grundy, like so many more unappreciated gentlemen, is a victim of the "dramatic ring." "How is it," asks Mr. Archer, "for instance, that after the success of 'Mammon,' he received no commission to adapt one or more of the serious French plays of which every season produces one or two?" (What! the man who dares to be moral! Perish the thought!) "Surely he had proved himself eminently capable of doing such work artistically and with success. Was it entirely owing to the blindness of managers and the exclusiveness of the reigning *dramatic ring*? Perhaps so; but the *dramatic ring* is hedged by no divinity, and might have been broken into and taken by storm." Alas! this is the unfortunate gadfly that tortures and irritates poor Mr. Grundy and his friend. He has given his views before about the dramatic ring, and been laughed at for his pains. It is his monomania this "dramatic ring." How little does he know the patience and perseverance of the gentlemen whose duties take them to the theatre to review plays; how little does he understand them; how difficult it is to persuade this ill-used gentleman that public writers never combine except to aid, assist, and encourage. Dramatic critics do not go into holes and corners like bandits and cutthroats, vowing vengeance against men who are as fruitful in ingenuity as Scribe, and as moral as King Arthur; they only pray devoutly that the stage may be blessed with more of them. So far as my experience goes—and it dates twenty years back, a period before Mr. Grundy was out of the nursery—the dramatic ring is more blamed by the public for leniency than severity, and that, on the whole, authors, actors, actresses, scene-painters, and the like have suffered very little at their hands.

On Mr. Grundy's showing he has nothing to wail about. His play is successful in spite of the dramatic ring; his bitterest opponent is unhappily no longer with us; crowds go to the "Glass of Fashion," and according to all accounts are turned away. The "profession" is enraptured with it, as if the public cares two straws whether they are or not. Mr. Grundy, according to his own evidence, has at last been elected into Scribe's vacant chair. What on earth, then, is the matter with him? Some one has told him of a still more iniquitous proceeding of the dramatic ring. A member of it—so somebody says, and somebody at the accepted theatrical



rendezvous is always right—had been consulted about Grundy's work beforehand by a manager, and somebody says it is a dramatic critic who has done this dastardly thing of assisting a manager in a dilemma, and somebody puts a name to the dramatic critic just to irritate poor Mr. Grundy.

Away goes the future Scribe on his wild-goose chase. He believes what he cannot prove; he pesters a perfectly innocent gentleman with his ridiculous supposition; he challenges him to deny the idle fabrication of a mischievous brain; he puts him up in the pillory to be pelted at by the dramatic riff-raff, and then, when he finds that he is utterly mistaken, and has been chasing the wrong hare, the indignant dramatist turns round and honestly owns that, after all, if a critic had advised a manager on a play, no possible harm would have been done, and no honourable feeling would have been forfeited. This, briefly put, is Grundy's logic. A man has read my play behind my back, and given his opinion on it without my leave. The system is iniquitous and dishonourable. If the man did not do what I hear he did, then the system is excellent and praiseworthy, except for the hated man! Was there ever such a storm in a teacup? Grundy, unarmed by any evidence whatever, accuses a writer of unprofessional conduct, and when the writer shows he is innocent of the charge, the indignant dramatist does not apologize for his mistake—to put it mildly—but owns that there was no bad faith in the transaction, even if it had occurred. Let Mr. Grundy take my advice, and avoid cantankerousness. He is a clever man with a grievance that disturbs his better judgment. He has been overpraised in some quarters, and possibly underrated in others; but let me assure him, as one who knows, that praise is not purchased by the culinary method suggested by Mr. Mowbray Morris, nor is blame the outcome of any spiteful association or dramatic ring. For my own part, nothing would delight me more than to sit out a clever, effective, and workmanlike play by Mr. Grundy, and to say so. When I get the chance I shall applaud him with both hands. I have lived down prejudice and misrepresentation more silly and obstinate than his, and I don't despair yet of converting Sydney Grundy. I keep a debtor-and-creditor account at home of authors who hate and love me according as they write bad or good plays. Some day Grundy will balance like the others. But he, and so many like him, constantly forget that independent writers do not write for the praise of managers, authors, actors, actresses, or scene-painters, but for the approbation of the public and the credit of the journals they serve.

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I have received the following courteous letter:—

*"October 21, 1863.*

"I think that the rumour of Cibber's being buried in the Abbey comes from the fact that his son's (Theophilus) wife is interred in the North Cloister there. The registers of the Abbey have at certain times been scandalously kept, but in and about 1757 they are all right, so that had Cibber been buried there a record of it would have been kept, and we should have had it in the tenth volume of the Harleian Society's publications,

which gives the date and spot of Mrs. (Susanna Maria, *née* Arne) Cibber's burial.

"Yours faithfully,

"ROBERT R. HAMILTON.

"Clement Scott, Esq."

P.S.—These registers are a more certain guide than either Stanley or Neale. They are for baptisms and marriages as well as deaths.

To criticize "Ariel" at the Gaiety adversely, to pretend to say it was not the most brilliant production of this or any other age, to dare to hint that the loss of Mr. Edward Terry is most acutely felt, or that the Gaiety company is not what it was, would be to draw down on our devoted heads sarcastic advertisements in the daily Press, the scorn of the leading comic paper, and the studied impertinence of the popular sporting oracles. To say that "Ariel" is written down to the intelligence of the typical masher is sufficient to say that it could not contain any definite sign of the merry geniality and robust humour of its author. It is not at all likely that the Johnnies and Chappies of the Gaiety brigade take the slightest interest in the art that THE THEATRE endeavours to foster and encourage, and it is most certain that the directors and sympathizers with THE THEATRE differ *toto cœlo* from the Gaiety brigade. The world is wide enough to hold partisans of either school. It has been said, and unfairly said, that it takes a very heavy hammer to force a joke into a Scotchman's head. The author of "Ariel" evidently thinks that the masher's cranium is harder still, so he refuses to take the trouble to force a smile upon the sheep's faces of an uninteresting crowd. To say that a burlesque is written for the special patrons of the Gaiety is enough to say that it is pap food for overgrown infants of amiable temperaments and blameless exterior. The author of a criticism of "Ariel" in a comic paper, mainly devoted to ridiculing all who do not consider "Ariel" the most side-splitting and hilarious entertainment ever produced, professes himself as objecting to "gush." Probably he omitted to revise the proofs of his article, for he does not practise what he preaches. Incidentally, however, he touches on a subject on which much has been said from time to time in these columns. He writes as follows:—

"Objecting to 'gush' as we do, we could wish that in the interests of true criticism the critics' night were everywhere postponed until the third performance of any new piece." We wonder if that opinion would have been changed if the "gush" had been ladled out pretty freely within a few hours of the first performance. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the production of a new burlesque or any other play is considered as news of the day, and treated accordingly by the conductors of newspapers. This is an implied compliment to the drama of every degree. If things go on as they are going on now, it is quite certain that the newspaper-reading public will no longer allow the news of the world to be postponed in favour of the recorded history of the latest melodrama or the newest burlesque. Newspaper space is valuable, and the burlesque that can wait three days to be criticized, may well wait for three weeks or any indefinite period. It is either news or the reverse; and it is surely a false policy to demand that recognition in the daily press of the country

should be removed from what is now generally recognized. If the mashers like "Ariel," if the management is satisfied, if the author is pleased and looks upon the production with pride, why, of course it must be good. Let the author take a leaf out of the book of Augustus Harris, and boldly advertise "By far the best burlesque I have ever been associated with!" An inelegant sentence, but in strict accord with managerial modesty. *Cela va sans dire!* There is no more to be said about it. But it is not beyond the regions of probability that even Miss Farren and her clever companions have from time to time given more favourable specimens of their art, although their popularity was never more strongly pronounced. The Gaiety is popular, Mr. Burnand is deservedly popular, the company is equally popular; but critics are not necessarily idiots because they consider the public time is occasionally wasted, or because they deplore the existence in the stalls of a steady contempt for all humour, a wretched hankering after the childish in art, and an inert materialism that is necessarily the opponent of fancy and imagination.

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#### ON THE RIVER.

HAPPINESS complete! For over-head  
 Bright shone the sun, and blue were summer skies,  
 While the calm peacefulness of all around  
 Lay clearly mirrored in her radiant eyes.  
 The gaily-painted boat, with white set sails,  
 Its sides lapped gently by the kissing stream,  
 Rocked us to slumber, and I, sitting there,  
 A boyish lover, dreamed a sweet day-dream:  
 In which in those dear eyes there slowly crept  
 A look of love,—a dream in which in mine  
 Were placed those gentle hands, at whose soft touch  
 My life was flooded in a bright sunshine  
 Such as did mock the sunshine of to-day!  
 A dream in which the dipping alder-boughs  
 Which fringed the stream, dipped lower still to catch  
 The tender gladness of whispered vows.  
 . . . . At length I woke, in answer to her voice,  
 Which sang as sing the birds, untutored, true.  
 And as she sang I felt my secret slip  
 From out my keeping, as her sweet voice drew  
 My longing to my eyes; and as the sun,  
 Sinking to rest, shone redly on the strand,  
 Her beauteous face flushed hotly as she ceased,  
 And, happy at my heart, I rowed to land.

September.

M. E. W.





THE LATE DUTTON COOK.



I have received the following interesting notes from Australia :—

“Your readers may be interested to hear how Australians are faring in the important respect of theatricals, and I therefore venture to send you the following few notes.

“Australia has, of course, no dramatic literature of her own, and all the pieces we see have had the bloom of novelty pretty well rubbed off them before leaving England or America, as the case may be ; so you shall be spared further reference to this point.

“Our theatres and their management may also be dismissed with very brief mention. The former either bear a close resemblance to old-fashioned country playhouses, or are mere temporary structures with one gallery, in which, to speak Hibernically, is placed the dress circle. This, I may remark, is still the highly priced part of the house, admission to the stalls costing about as much as that to the ‘balcony’ or upper boxes of London theatres.

“The managers, *par excellence*, of the Antipodes are ‘the Triumvirate’—as Australians love to call them—Messrs. Williamson, Garner, and Musgrove. The first and second of these names are known to London playgoers with memories however short. In 1876 or 1877, Mr. Williamson and his wife, Miss Maggie Moore, were attracting no little attention at the Adelphi, and Mr. Garner was a leading member of the Globe Company at about the same time. The firm now have control of the Theatre Royal and Princess’s, Melbourne, and the Theatre Royal, Sydney, and are the only managers, in the widest sense of the word, that we have.

“Australian actors and actresses—those, I mean, who seldom if ever ‘perform out of Australia’—are a fairly numerous class, and amongst them may be mentioned (besides Mr. and Mrs. Williamson) the following comedians : Messrs. J. L. Hall, Harwood Dampier, Vernon, B. N. Jones, Steele, J. E. Kitts and Miss Nelly Stewart. The fraternity has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Mrs. Arthur Garner (Miss Blanche Stammers), which happened very suddenly a few weeks ago. This lady was very popular, both on and off the stage, and it will be difficult to find a successor to her in her particular line.

“Plays which are seen in one Australian town naturally find their way sooner or later to the others ; but it is, perhaps, oftenest in Sydney that an important piece makes its first appearance among us. This is due, not to any supremacy of Sydney over the other colonial capitals, but to the fact that there is a duty on theatrical properties in Victoria of 25 per cent., which is somewhat of a check to managerial enterprise there. Melbourne, however, has five theatres, which are generally all open, while Sydney has only three ; but two important houses will be in the course of erection here before many weeks, at each of which we are promised all the latest appliances before and behind the curtain. These, it may reasonably be hoped, will involve a greater amount of comfort than the audience have hitherto been accustomed to. Wild hopes are even entertained that Mr. Irving may be induced to prolong his absence from England, and open Her Majesty’s Theatre, Sydney ; but this would be too much to expect, and I doubt if the Lyceum *répertoire*, with its wondrous mounting and stage management, would meet with proper appreciation.



"But Antipodean audiences are rapidly educating themselves, and though still rather fond of pieces of the rough-and-tumble order, would no longer 'look at' plays which were successful a few years ago. This improved state of things may be said to date from the arrival of Mr. Garner's Comedy Company, some four years ago. The troupe was a small one, and appeared only in a few modern comedies and dramas, but their all-round excellence of acting, scenery, and *mise-en-scène* astonished our public, and led them to demand better things than they had been used to. It was a Bancroftian enterprise on a small scale, and its influence has been proportionately widespread. At present, at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, we have Miss Jennie Lee, and a fair company, who have been playing 'Jo' to crowded houses. Miss Lee's constant appearances in this one character before un-English audiences, have had their effect on the truthfulness of the picture, and the wonder is that the performance is still so striking, and in parts so pathetic. 'Jo' has been followed by the 'Grasshopper,' a piece which bears a curious resemblance to Mr. Hollingshead's Gaiety adaptation. This 'Grasshopper' has the same names, and in great part the same dialogue, but it is 'adapted from Meilhac and Halévy,' so says the programme, 'by Mr. J. P. Burnett.' Miss Jennie Lee is well-suited with Miss Faren's old part, and meets with good support from Mr. H. R. Harwood as Gygell, and Mr. Burnett as Flippit.

"At the Opera House, 'Manola,' 'Les Manteaux Noir,' and 'Boccaccio,' have been capitally sung and acted by a company which includes Mr. Appleby (of the late Mdlle. Beatrice's Company), Messrs. H. Power, Knight Aston, Lorédan, and Deane Brand. I prophesy a future for the last-named gentleman, who has only recently joined the ranks from those of the amateurs, and who has been wise in selecting the colonies as the scene of his first attempts. Of the lady principals of the company not much can be said, but the chorus are well up to the mark, and the orchestra is excellent. Performances like these show what advances have been made lately in this part of the world.

"At our only other theatre, the Gaiety, Herr Bandmann's company are playing in 'the great moral and religious play,' the 'Woman of the People,' the success of which is greatly owing, I must believe, to extremely clever advertising. On the night I was there a venerable and clerical-looking but somewhat illiterate person got up, in a conveniently situated box, and addressed the audience between the acts on the excellences of the play and the interpretation. The papers, too, teem with letters from clergymen and reformed drunkards who have alike been edified. The chief members of the company are Mr. Augustus Glover and a Miss Louise Beaudet. Herr Bandmann himself plays a comic part.

"Histrions who have lately visited us, and are now playing in the other colonies, are Mr. George Rignold, with the 'Romany Rye,' 'Clancarty,' and the inexhaustible 'Henry V.'; Mr. Polk, a versatile American comedian, who appeared with his wife in a roughly constructed but very successful farce, 'The Strategist,' the Emelie Melville Opera Company, also American; Mr. Wybert Reeve, and Mr. W. E. Sheridan, a good tragedian, who once belonged to 'The Danites' company in London. These have almost all made financial successes, which is not at all sur-

prising in an amusement-loving community like this. The run of a successful piece in Sydney is about six weeks, while in Melbourne 'La Fille du Tambour Major' ran for 100 nights. This, however, was phenomenal, and in either place a run of six weeks means a pronounced success.

"I have said nothing of Adelaide and Brisbane and other Australasian towns, and have only casually mentioned Melbourne, because I consider that one place may fairly be taken as a type of all."

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What, we may well ask, would have been done to an author, say, fifty years ago, who, when his play had been attentively and courteously listened to from half-past seven in the evening until half-an-hour after midnight, who had never been reprimanded for tediousness, or reproached for prolixity, who had been pardoned for an excess of realism, and called before the curtain to be congratulated when all the trains and trams and most of the omnibuses had done running, had dared to turn round and without a shred or tittle of evidence, had told the world that there was "an organized cabal" against him! I should have thought that the rashness of another author who one night bounced before the curtain and talked of "an organized opposition," and was never forgiven for years by the public he had insulted, would have been warning enough against such intemperate and unjustifiable conduct. When authors make these statements they are bound in honour to prove or to attempt to prove what they say. Where was the organization that opposed "A Sailor and his Lass?" Was it in the gallery that cheered, in the pit that encouraged, or in the stalls that yawned? In what part of the house was there a trace of any organization save that of good-temper and good-will. There was not even spirit enough in the house to protest even feebly against the vulgar realism of the prison scenes in Newgate, let alone an opposition that, if organized, would have burst out on the very smallest provocation.

And what, may we ask, would have happened to managers in Sheridan's time if they had so constantly forgotten, as they forget now, that they are not dictators, or autocrats, or absolute monarchs, with the people as their slaves and vassals, but are simply the servants of the public, and bound, above all things, to be deferential to the public voice. It is not beyond the bounds of probability that authors who accuse audiences of bad faith and the most detestable form of cowardice, and who unblushingly state that they know people have been cruel and dastardly enough to combine to ruin or injure an author, have gone just a little bit too far; it is very generally felt that the managers who have ridden roughshod over the prejudices of the public are preparing for themselves a retribution which will not be pleasant. A corrective power of some sort is most certainly wanted, and it may come far sooner than any one expects. The pit was once a power, and though for some time past it has abandoned its functions and slumbered a little, it is quite possible to revive its dormant energies. As matters stand, applause is delivered in a listless and half-hearted way, and authors are called more for the pleasure of looking at them than in order to bestow on them any particular compliment. But



when authors who submit their work to the public talk of organized cabals, and when managers go so very far beyond their proper functions as they do now, it is time to revive the stimulating lash of the pit, that is never used rashly, and seldom until it is heartily deserved. If there be any organization in the theatre of to-day, it is one in favour of dull folly or hopeless vulgarity. People never combine to resent what is inartistic or foolish, but they join hands in applauding the rubbish that seemingly is the more pronounced as the masses become more educated. The kindliness of modern audiences is an admirable feature ; but, so far as art is concerned, we only go from bad to worse, when hands are found to applaud within the theatre what tongues will heartily condemn outside five minutes afterwards. The best organized band in a modern theatre is that composed of insincerity and faithlessness.

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It is very satisfactory to find that Robertsonian comedy is not so dead as many people were inclined to believe. The recent revival of "Ours" by the company, headed by the author's son, shows at any rate that the public are just as glad as ever to listen to and applaud these delightful little plays, that certainly go far better in a bijou theatre than in a larger one. This particular play has never gone so well since it was last acted at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. The dialogue was found to be exhilarating, the military scenes as exciting as ever, and it was certainly proved by the result that the success of Robertson's plays had much more to do with Robertson than many were ever prepared to allow. It is easy enough to pull these comedies to pieces, but they have never been equalled or approached by any of Robertson's imitators, or diminished in popularity by the efforts of determined detractors. It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Robertson's son carries off the prize of honour in the character of Hugh Chalcot, playing it in a different vein from any of his predecessors and with excellent humour. When young Mr. Robertson assumes a beard in the Crimean scene the likeness to his father is most striking. A more extraordinary resemblance has seldom been seen, and it was noticed instantly by all the dramatists' old friends in the house. Mr. Beaumont also gave an excellent and new rendering of Prince Perovsky with an accent that was faultless. The return of Miss Amy Roselle is very welcome, and for her sake alone "Caste" ought to be revived. The Esther Eccles of Miss Amy Roselle is one of the constant playgoer's happiest memories—as pathetic a performance as the modern stage has seen.

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But it is to be feared that there will not be time for another Robertsonian revival, as Mr. Toole will be back before Christmas, laden with the honours and spoils of the most successful tour on record, the established favourite of the provinces, and the very best "star" that ever goes out of London. That all London will rejoice when Mr. Toole returns to his pretty little theatre goes without saying, for there is ever a sense of something wanting, some cheery spirit absent, when London's best and most favourite comedian is away.

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A faithful friend writes from America under date, October 15, as follows :  
 "What with the opening of the two opera seasons and the coming of Irving there is great excitement all around the horizon. Irving will be grandly received, and Miss Terry will have added honours on her first appearance—the second night. Coghlan, I am sorry to say fell flat, and "Money" was shelved after a run of six nights. Wyndham played a big engagement here, and is now in Boston. What a lot of your musical and dramatic people we have this season ! I am sorry you couldn't come over for this month, and next : they will be very lively ones with us."

The Oxford Philothespians have fixed December 7 and 8 for the dates of their performances. These enterprising undergraduates gave "Money" last year with considerable success, and it is to be hoped that they will do equal justice to their last selection, "The Merchant of Venice."

The new work, "Voice, Tongue, and Speech," by Messrs. Lennox, Browne and Emil Behuke, advertised to appear on the 1st of November, will be delayed for a few days, in consequence of Messrs. Putnam and Sons, of New York, having taken half the first edition on condition that publication in this country be postponed for fourteen days after the date of shipping to America, so that the work may make its appearance simultaneously in both countries.



## Vidi—vici—audivi.

[*Poem for Recitation.*]

THE ship lay anchored, and the sails were furled :  
 "Tell me, bronzed seaman (but no long-bow draw),  
 In all your wanderings round the wondrous world,  
 What was the fairest sight you ever saw?"

He laughed ; then gave his nether garb a hitch ;  
 "The fairest sight? that, sir, is easily told.  
 It was a winter midnight, black as pitch,  
 The water three-feet deep within the hold.

"Choked were the pumps ; then one huge wallowing wave  
 Shattered the deck-house sheer from off the deck,  
 And crashed the compass : our crew's hearts were brave,  
 But all hope fled to save our ship from wreck.

"Then suddenly in the clouds a rift—a flaw,  
 Down gleamed a star upon the blinding foam ;  
 The fairest sight, sir, that I ever saw  
 Was that bright star that steered us safely home."

"Tell me, brave soldier (for your breast is starred  
With glory from the foes your valour slew),  
In all brave fights, wherein your strong arm warred,  
What was the proudest hour you ever knew?"

"The proudest hour? We fought from morn till night;  
The plain was purple with the gory dead;  
My sword was blunt with slaughter: the fierce fight,  
From heel to helm, had dyed my body red.

"It was a glorious victory for us:  
I felled two foemen with one mighty blow,  
For the red fight made me blood-ravenous,  
And giant-strong: the enemy lay low.

"Back, through heaped dead, we galloped to the town,  
When lo! before us, on the bloody track,  
Stood four of the enemy. We were charging down,  
A dozen strong: 'Hold off, my men: stand back,

"We are three to one!" their captain heard me call.  
I saw his faint eyes fill with tearful dew:  
'Bless you, brave soldier, and brave enemy all!  
That was the proudest hour I ever knew!"

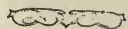
"Tell me, musician (for your lute-stringed heart  
Hath ever to sweet music, echoing, stirred),  
Of all sweet songs, in which your soul had part,  
What was the sweetest sound you ever heard?"

"The sweetest sound? It was an Easter day.  
A Sabbath morn, that all in sunshine smiled;  
The church-bells chimed: I rose, and past to pray,  
And, with me to the church, I brought my child.

"The long aisle trembled to the sounding psalm,  
The great church shook beneath the organ's roll,  
The soft hymn soared, perfumed with incense-balm,  
Like wings that bore to God my tranced soul:

"The white-robed choir, like choirs of cherubim,  
Chanted; when lo! by Heaven's first rapture stirred,  
I heard my child's voice blend with the soft hymn:  
That was the sweetest sound I ever heard!"

SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.









MISS KATE SANTLEY.

'And therefore Kate  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation.'

—TAMING OF THE SHREW

# THE THEATRE.

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*December, 1883.*

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## Claire Earnestine.

A STORY OF THE STAGE.

BY H. SCOTT DREW.

“DO I remember the night when Claire Earnestine made her *début* before a London audience? My dear Jack! it was not an event I am likely to forget were I to live for the next century. In reality it is little more than five years ago; but I think in less than a quarter of that time the world almost forgets the existence of men and women who have shown themselves independent of its laws and government.”

My curiosity was somewhat aroused by my friend's words. Not so much from the fact of hearing some new and perhaps startling incident in life, as from a certain animation in his manner which spoke of an unusual amount of interest which had been suddenly awakened in him by an altogether chance question on my part, of a woman whose short-lived fame had proved somewhat of a mystery to me from the abrupt way in which it had terminated.

I must tell you that this was the first evening I had spent with Fred Hamilton for some four or five years. In college life we had been the closest and best of chums, but subsequent events had inevitably separated us, and the thoughtless boy now appeared to have turned into a staid married man, whose chief delight seemed to consist in home and its consequent pleasures. Many and various were the subjects which we had severally discussed on this our first meeting; amongst other matters, the merits and demerits of several actors and actresses claimed our attention,

and I was not a little pleased when Fred consented to tell me what he knew of the short yet brilliant career of the beautiful and universally admired Claire Earnestine. I will endeavour to tell her history as far as possible in my friend's words.

"Claire Earnestine's childhood was passed in the peaceful seclusion of a country village, remote from the roar and tumult of town life. Her mother she had never known, for Cyril Earnestine's childlike bride had been a wife little more than a year when she died, leaving her husband with the cares of the world staring him full in the face, and with no one to comfort and cheer him but the little fair-haired daughter, whose grey-blue eyes painfully reminded him of the young girl whose life for so short a time had been one with his.

"Claire was a quiet, gentle little thing, possessing at the same time a decided will of her own, scarcely to be credited, except as it was indicated by the firm chin and set look of the rather thin lips. 'A queer child, with strange ideas and fancies,' so her father said; and having engaged a governess capable of giving her a good and sound education, he considered he had done his duty for the time being, and saw little if anything of her. But it was not very long before he perceived that the girl's mind was of no common order. Quick and intelligent to a degree, imaginative almost to a fault, the first twelve or fourteen years of Claire Earnestine's life were passed in a seclusion unparalleled in the case of one so young. So long as she remained contented with such quietness there was little cause to fear for her happiness. But unconsciously with advancing years came shadowings of discontent; her desire increased to know something about a world of whose joys and sorrows she so much loved to read. Nor would she ever listen to her father when he tried to tell her how far short of perfection her dreams would prove when realized—how false and untrue she would think the world compared to that in which she had existed since her infancy.

"For hours together would Claire Earnestine, now of some sixteen summers, pore over tales of fiction which she found in her father's library, living for the time being entirely in her own fancies, imagining herself first one person, then another, but always possessing the firm idea that one day she would become both great and noble. Ambition, that most dangerous of gifts when there is no hand to guide it, was strongly implanted in her nature. Poor



child ! what did she then know of the sorrows and trials through which ambition is so often achieved ? Who could tell her of that mysterious race for life in which friendship and loyalty, in many instances, are counted but as very little things compared with self-advancement and self-interest.

"Two more years thus glided away, and just as Claire was on the point of completing her eighteenth year, a great and serious change broke up her life. Her father, who for some time previously had been suffering from a weak action of the heart, suddenly died, leaving his daughter fairly well provided for, and the advice to write to a sister of her mother's, at that time residing in London, with whom she might stay until she came to some definite decision as to her future movements. Needless to state that Claire acted upon this advice at once, and not many weeks had elapsed before she said 'Good-bye' to the quiet, peaceful home, and accepted the one which her aunt offered her.

"The change in her life seemed strangely sudden and abrupt. What she had so long wished for had at last come to pass ; and it was with the firm determination of a woman, combined with the trusting innocence of a child, that Claire Earnestine faced the world of pleasure and of fashion. It was at this time, Jack, that I first met her. Many months had passed away before I knew what I have already told you of her life. I was an old friend of her aunt, Mrs. Montgomery, who had become a widow within the last three years ; and having no children of her own, it had long been a constant regret that Mr. Earnestine would not allow his daughter to spend at least a few weeks in the year with her.

"I had often heard of the beauty of her niece, but I was never more bewildered with admiration than when I came face to face with her. She was a tall, slender girl, with soft blue eyes, rather large but sensitive mouth, and golden-brown hair, which formed a halo round her face ; and I confess that the impression she made upon me was one not easily to be forgotten.

"Child as she was then in years, it seemed absurd to call her so when one listened to the gentle yet determined ring of her voice, and noted the calm decisiveness of her manner. She seemed to me a woman who, having once decided upon a thing, would allow of no hesitation or doubt in its fulfilment, however difficult her course of action might chance to be.

"Such was my idea of her character ; and as time went on,

giving me increased opportunities of studying her nature and disposition, I found no cause to alter my mind. Fortunately for me, she knew nothing of the creed so largely believed in by the world—that pure and true friendship is an impossible thing between man and woman. Had she done so, I do not believe it would in any way have influenced her manner towards me. Still, as you can imagine, there was no little charm in being made, however unconsciously, the confidant and companion of a beautiful girl, whose mind was full of ideas and longings which, if guided by a hand of judgment and love, I foresaw would create for her a grand and brilliant future. Without this protection her ambition, mingled as it was with absolute ignorance of the world, might possibly lead her into a life wholly at variance with her lovable, sensitive nature. But, as I often argued to myself, what right had I to mar the hopefulness of her youthful dreams with my fears and apprehensions?

“About that time it was rumoured that an actress, whose name was well known in America and the greater part of England, was coming to London. The event had proved, for some time past, the talk of most people in theatrical life, and, when it became generally known, her name seemed to be on every person’s lips. I had known the lady for some years, and was consequently interested in the opinions and conjectures as to the success she would make in the great metropolis. Claire Earnestine was naturally not a little excited when I told her some details of a life which, till now, had proved a profound mystery to her, her experience in such things only existing in the pleasures of a circus to which her father had taken her when she was quite a child. Imagine, then, her delight when I put into her hands tickets for the first night’s performance of the new actress (whom I will call Mrs. Crayford), with the request that I might be the one to accompany her and her aunt to the theatre. The bare idea made her eyes bright with pleasure, and the thanks which came from her lips sounded very sweet to my ears. Many and various were the questions she asked me as to the life of the lady she was about to see. I amused myself in satisfying her curiosity as far as I was able to do so, little thinking of the result, or what would be the fruit of the seed I was so unconsciously sowing in her mind.

“Well! the night at length came, and the hour arrived when



I found myself for the first time sitting by Claire in the stalls of a London theatre. The play, I recollect, was 'Romeo and Juliet,' but my memory completely fails me as to the performance, for, to tell the truth, my whole mind and soul were riveted upon my companion's face. I can see, as if it were but yesterday, the marvellous change that satisfied imagination seemed to have made on it. I plainly saw that she followed the play with no artificial interest: the tears which filled her eyes at the sorrows of the ill-starred Juliet came from her heart, and the evident impression upon her mind startled me so much that, when the play was over and we were driving home, I almost pointedly discussed opinions with Mrs. Montgomery, only speaking to Claire in a general way.

"The days following I was unable to see her, owing to some important business which I was obliged to transact for a friend; but, as soon as possible, I found my way to the house, with the query as to whether Miss Earnestine was at home. I had not long to wait before she appeared, looking more beautiful than ever, and seemingly quite her old joyous self. But ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before she asked me if I would strengthen our friendship by granting her a favour. A strange dread seemed to take possession of my heart, as I told her I must know the request before I could promise to fulfil it. 'You can do so, I know,' she replied, 'if you really wish it;' and then, after a slight pause, she quietly added: 'It has something to do with the play we saw the other night.'

"I scarcely needed to be told that such was the case, though the confirmation of my ideas greatly heightened my curiosity as to what she was going to ask of me. I suppose she guessed my thoughts, for, with a low laugh, she said—

"My request is only this: I want you to introduce me to your friend, Mrs. Crayford—the lady who acted Juliet.'

"*Only that!*' I stammered, as I looked up into her face. 'Claire! are you mad, or only making fun of me?'

"Neither one thing nor the other,' she replied. 'Why should you think so? You must know very little of my character, if you imagine I am anything else than serious at the present moment;' and the blue eyes seemed to me to have grown strangely scornful. 'If, as you say, you are my friend, will you not grant me the only favour I have ever begged of you?'



“‘Impossible, Claire!’ I said. ‘You don’t fully comprehend what you ask. I only know Mrs. Crayford very slightly, as I have told you before now. Even if you gained your aunt’s permission, what would be my excuse for taking you to see her?’

“‘My aunt has no legal power over my actions,’ she replied. ‘As to excuses, all I ask of you is to introduce me to the lady.’

“‘Why?’ I questioned. ‘Tell me your reasons, Claire.’

“‘Very well, then; if you wish to know them you shall;’ and her voice startled me in its quiet decisiveness. ‘Ever since that night when I saw her as Juliet I have had but one thought, one desire: to speak to her, and ask her something of a life which seems to me the most attractive one that an ambitious woman can lead. Perhaps you cannot understand,’ and her voice grew softer for the moment; ‘you cannot comprehend what it is to have one’s dreams absolutely realized, if only for a few hours. I feel I must see her; I must talk to her. Will you not help me? Will you not do this one thing for me?’

“Her voice was almost piteous in its earnestness, and I could only bury my face in my hands and try to think what it all meant. Was it not some hideous dream, from which I should soon awake? Could this be the Claire Earnestine who, only a few months ago, had told me she cared for no one in particular, and yet at the present moment was possessed of a fancy which appeared unconquerable in its power and strength? The brightness of my life seemed to have been swept away as I looked up and saw her standing before me, attentive to know what my answer would be.

“‘I cannot promise you *now*,’ I said, taking her hand in mine. ‘You must give me a few days to decide upon the matter. Perhaps, then, *you*, too, may have altered your mind. I hope it may be so.’

“She did not speak, and so I said, ‘Good-by,’ and left her, my brain in a whirl of doubt and confusion. And yet, I asked myself, what was the cause of my fear? Why should such a simple request have aroused in my heart feelings of jealousy and distrust such as I had never before experienced? I could not say; I only felt unutterably lonely.

“Looking back upon that time, I think how selfish I was. How selfish *all* men are, in a greater or lesser degree, towards the woman they love and admire. I had never told Claire how

much she had grown into my life during the past few months; scarcely had I confessed the fact to my own heart; and yet at the present time I was absolutely jealous and miserable because she had asked me as a favour to introduce her to Mrs. Crayford, confiding to me how much she admired the lady and also her profession in life. I had known Mrs. Crayford for some years past as a woman gifted not only with a wonderful degree of talent, but with a certain fascination of manner which proved almost irresistible to those to whom she was personally attracted. Naturally, I questioned myself as to the influence she might possibly possess over Claire, supposing she both liked and admired her; a fact of which I had little doubt. The other problem I found even more difficult to solve—as to whether I was justified in introducing Claire into a life the inner workings of which I knew so little about.

“During the ensuing days I thought both long and seriously upon the matter. I plainly felt it was worse than useless to ask Claire for a return of my affection whilst she seemed to be longing for a life of change and excitement. If her nature were satisfied by these things I would give them to her as far as I was able to do so. If I found her inclinations to be other than I imagined? I would not allow my mind to dwell with any degree of earnestness on the subject, for I appeared to know beforehand what her answer would be in regard to the fact which I had made up my mind to tell her. And my fears proved only too correct when I confessed to her that my love and my life were in her hands to do what she liked with; that the world into which I wished to lead her was that where I should be always by her side to comfort and advise her, not only in the light of a friend, but in that of a husband.

“Her answer was sweet and gentle, as she had ever been to me; but it made me see how absolutely love was as yet unborn in her. I felt it was only time which would solve the question as to whether she would care for me in the way I longed for. Knowing this, how could I allow my life to blend more closely together with hers? And, on the other hand, what reason had I for denying her the only favour she had ever asked of me—that of being able to see more of a world which, up to the present time, had proved to her a complete mystery? Whether its pleasures and temptations would take her irrevocably from me remained to be



seen ; *my* greatest wish was to possess, in however small a degree, the power of making her happy. And so it was that I promised to introduce her to Mrs. Crayford ; and on the first opportunity I fulfilled my word to her.

“With regard to the friendship that existed between them I knew but little, for just at that time I was most unexpectedly offered a very good appointment abroad, which necessitated my absence from England for the space of some six or eight months. As is usually the case in such instances, the eight months glided into a year, which had been succeeded by a second, before my thoughts turned with any definite purpose towards home. During this time I had received many letters from Claire, telling of continued happiness and contentment in her life, which right well gladdened my heart ; but for the past six weeks or two months I had not received a line from her, and I puzzled myself sorely as to the reason. I could scarcely believe it was owing to forgetfulness, though it seemed strangely like it ; so you can picture my delight when, just on the eve of my departure for home, a letter, in her handwriting, was given to me. I tore it open, eager to know its contents. They told me of a great and important change in her life—she was just on the eve of making her *début* on the stage. Could I not manage to be there on the first night ? She hoped that I would be able to do so. That was all. Little more than a page was filled by telling me news which absolutely stunned me by its suddenness, as by its literal fulfilment of my forebodings of two years ago. I grew sick at heart as I felt how still more irrevocably separated we should be by the profession she had chosen to adopt, whilst my mind seemed possessed of only one idea—to arrive in England by the date she named. I found that, with constant travelling, I could just manage to do so, and sent her a line to that effect—nothing more ! My heart seemed too full for words.

“By the afternoon of the long-expected day, I found myself once more in London. A seat had been reserved for me at the theatre, so my mind was at rest on that score ; and I could only wish for the hour to draw near in which I should see the girl whom I had taken to her first theatre. How long ago it seemed ! How difficult it was to believe that that night had ever existed, except in so far as it had proved the commencement of the life which Claire Earnestine was now about to lead. The hour at last arrived ; the curtain drew up upon that most pathetic of plays, ‘Broken Hearts,’



by Gilbert. Not many moments elapsed before Claire Earnestine stepped upon the stage as Vavir—an exquisite picture of youthful grace and beauty, nervous to a degree, which almost made one tremble for her, but possessing a strange power of attraction, marvellous in the case of one so young, and with so little experience to guide her. All through the play I saw nothing but her face, heard nothing but her voice, which seemed to fill my heart with a gladness to which it had long been a stranger. The varied opinions of those around me, as to the merits of her performance, I cared little for. I hated to think of the congratulations and praises which would be poured into her ears ; and on my homeward way I tried to push all the evening's success into the far distance, and think of Claire Earnestine as the imaginative poetical woman she had always appeared to me. Even if the greatest success were gained, the highest ambition realized, could it be possible, I asked myself, that the life of an actress would prove entirely satisfactory to such a nature ? Could its success be the absolutely highest aim of her life to achieve ? Who could tell ? except time, which reveals the issue of all things ?

“My waking thoughts on the following morning were naturally upon the prospect of seeing her once again. I earnestly hoped that I might experience the good luck of finding her disengaged. When I arrived at the address she had given me, I was ushered into a small drawing-room, quaintly furnished, where I was asked to remain a few moments until Miss Earnestine would be able to see me. The quietness of the place seemed to exercise a corresponding calm upon my mind, and when the door opened and Claire came in, it seemed to me as if it had been only the day before that we had met, so little was she changed in face or figure. Her manner was most charming in its complete friendliness and want of conventionality, just like the Claire Earnestine of the bygone days, but tempered with a greater degree of determination and self-control than she even at that time possessed. She spoke enthusiastically of her life, of her profession, and of the evident work which lay before her, but in a way which seemed to forbid any questioning into those matters which more immediately concerned her personal interests and pleasures. These appeared to have been replaced by an overmastering spirit of ambition, which by its influence seemed to have changed the womanly part of her nature in a way which I could feel rather than express. Have you never expe-

rienced the force of misunderstanding which exists between some people, even when you are on the closest terms of intimacy? There is a lack of sympathy between them, the existence of which almost seems to baffle description by its uncertainty? This was the case of things between Claire and myself, on the day of which I am speaking; we met and parted friends, as we had ever been, but the varied influences of her present life had imperceptibly altered her nature to an extent which I could scarcely have credited.

“For the next six months I remained in London, consequently I saw a good deal of her; and many were the pleasant talks we had about her work, and of the triumphs which were in store for her in the dim future. It was a strange part which I had to play at that time, caring for her as I did, and yet striving to conceal every word and look which would reveal that such was the case. To tell the truth, I valued her friendship more than that of any man or woman’s I had ever known. She gave it me so trustingly and so frankly, that to have misunderstood or abused her confidence would have seemed to me like blaspheming some holy and beautiful thing. Those days glided on so peacefully and happily for me that I never stayed to question myself as to how they would end; consequently you can imagine what I felt when she informed me that she was on the point of accepting an engagement in the provinces, which would inevitably separate us for some time to come. I felt dazed and bewildered at the news, and never did a harder thing in my life than when I obliged myself to advise her to close with an offer which would prove of such immense advantage to her in her public career. I am sure she was surprised at my seemingly ready acquiescence with her wishes; but nothing further was said on the subject until the inevitable day of parting arrived, and ‘Good-by’ had to be said. It was then I asked her to promise me that if ever the day should come when I could prove of any use to her, she would let me know; and I believe the earnestness of my manner touched her heart, for there were tears in her eyes as she put her hand in mine and promised me what I asked. The next moment, however, a cold look came across her face as she said, ‘I, too, have something to ask of you. Why did you appear so glad when I told you that I was going away for some time?’

“‘Glad!’ I echoed, and a sickening desire came over me to tell



her of the love which was deep in my heart for her as it had ever been. It was a fatal moment as I looked into her eyes, which drooped before mine as I whispered: 'You know, Claire, I would give my whole life and existence to be always with you—to love you as you ought to be loved!' All the intensity of my affection seem to have been centred in the words. I only remember her hand closing round mine for a second—it was our last moment together—in another she was gone! and I was left absolutely and utterly alone, with one thought in my mind—as to whether she would ever write or speak to me again.

"At the end of a week my fears were dispelled by the arrival of a letter telling of her safe arrival, and of the constant employment of her time—a letter of entire confidence, such as I had always received from her, which, in the present instance, set my mind at rest to a certain degree.

"I must now pass over the ensuing eighteen months, during which time I can tell you but little of Claire Earnestine's life. Very often did my thoughts revert to her with an indescribable sorrow that our lives should be so irrevocably divided. From many quarters I heard of her gradual success in her profession. From herself, as I have already told you, I heard but little, especially during the last six months, in which I had not received a single line from her. At that time I had been travelling for some time past in Germany, and had given orders that my letters should be forwarded to the *Poste Restante* of those towns at which I intended to stay over the night. But, on my return to England, after an absence of several weeks, I found a letter from Claire awaiting me. It had arrived quite a month previously, but my servant (as is generally the case in such instances) had accidentally mislaid it, and had only come across it on the eve of my return. I was far too much agitated by its contents to say much to him on the subject. Claire wished very much to see me. Would I fulfil my promise, and come at once to her? Needless to say that I started at once for the place she named, although I could not cherish the idea that I should be lucky enough to find her there. My fears proved correct. On my arrival I learnt that the whole of the company had started three weeks previously for Edinburgh. You can imagine what I felt, but I was more than thankful in being able to find Claire's present abode. I lost no time in pursuing her, and in less than two days found myself at the door of



the Victoria Hotel, with the request that the porter would take my card immediately to Miss Earnestine, and ascertain as to when she would be able to see me. In another second I was ushered into a room, where I found Claire with outstretched hands bidding me welcome. The change in her manner so affected me, that it was with difficulty I told her of the delight I experienced in seeing her again.

“‘I can indeed say the same,’ she replied ; and then, in a half-nervous, half-impulsive way, she added : ‘How good it is of you to have granted my request to come and see me!’

“‘Good!’ I echoed. ‘You must have thought it strange that I did not come long before this. I would most certainly have done so the instant I received your letter, but, the truth is, I have been wandering about for some time past. Your note was accidentally mislaid, and so I only got it on my return some three days since.’

“‘Are you, then, still keeping to your intention of travelling from one place to another? Does there not exist some spot either in England or abroad that you can call home?’

“‘No,’ I answered ; ‘it has never been my lot to have a home of my own, and, latterly, I have quite given up the idea of such a thing ; so, as a substitute, I wander about from one place to another, and try to console myself with the thought that such a life affords one ample experience of the world, if it does nothing else.’

“‘What a strange thing it seems, how quickly, and often unexpectedly, experience of the world and the world’s ways comes to some people ; and yet, how absolutely and entirely it changes the course of their lives in a way which they could have little dreamed of!’

“I was not a little surprised at Claire’s words. They appeared to have a truthful ring in them, which showed that she evidently meant what she was saying.

“‘I have often caught myself wondering,’ I replied, ‘what is the sort of knowledge *you* have gained of the world in the past few years. Don’t think me over-curious, Claire : but I would give all my life to know if perfect happiness and contentment have at last come to you.’

“‘I see you want to know a great deal—in fact, everything about me,’ she said, with a faint smile, as she seated herself on a sofa some little distance from me.

“‘You talk of “perfect happiness.” Do you know that I almost believe it is unattainable in this life. Certainly, I must confess that experience of the world does not lead one to infer that it is a very general thing!’

“‘That is a stern, if practical, conclusion,’ I replied. ‘It shows me you must have seen something of the stormy side of life.’

“‘Not necessarily so!’ she answered. ‘I think one of its greatest faults is, that people are so seldom true to their better natures and to the feelings which prompt them to lead the life which they know to be the best, and, consequently the highest. Don’t think me strange for talking to you like this,’ she added, with a low laugh; ‘but if you wish to know about my present life, I must tell you something of the feelings and inclinations which induced me to lead it.

“‘That day—so many years ago it seems!—when you granted my request and introduced me to Mrs. Crayford, I had no more intention of going on the stage than you have at the present moment. I was quite contented to stand, as it were, on the outskirts of a life which seemed to me both beautiful and fascinating, and the friendship which sprang up between me and my ideal “Juliet” was one which I found to be neither transitory nor evanescent as time went on.

“‘I sometimes felt that it was perhaps more appreciated on my side than on hers; but I ceased to wonder at this when I became aware of her absolute devotion to her art, and the incessant demands it made on her time and energies. Scarcely a day elapsed on which I did not manage to see her, at some hour or another. Her friends seemed to be without number, and I used often laughingly to tell her that I believed she knew nearly all the members of the literary and theatrical world; but, as her house happened to be somewhat small, she could only let them in by instalments.

“‘At the end of the season her London engagement terminated. She had scarcely decided as to her future movements, when she was offered, by a well-known manager, a very high salary if she would consent to play leading parts in the principal towns of England and Scotland for the following six months.

“‘When I saw her she seemed very much inclined to close with the offer, but before doing so definitely, she asked me if I would



promise to stay with her for at least three months of the time which she would be away.

“‘I hesitated, not only from the fact of leaving my aunt for so long, as from the inexplicable fear that our friendship might not prove strong enough to endure the numerous and petty worries of everyday life. But this she positively asserted would never be the case. I should do just as I liked in all things if I would but live with her as her friend.

“‘I felt I had no adequate reason to give for refusing her what she asked ; besides, the idea proved most attractive to me, when I thought of the insight I should gain into the world by being with her, and I was quite fond enough of her to feel very glad that we were not about to be separated.

“‘Just before I started I wrote a long letter to you, telling of my decision, and asking your advice on one or two subjects, but I found long afterwards that the letter had been accidentally burnt. I often think you must have been surprised at my never telling you my reasons for leaving Mrs. Montgomery.’

“‘I scarcely heeded who you were with,’ I answered. ‘If I had received your letter it would probably have only increased my doubts and fears as to your happiness.’ How strange it all seems ! and I covered my face with my hands trying to compose my mind and thoughts.

“‘About five minutes passed in silence, unbroken by a word or whisper. When I looked up I was startled by the expression of Claire’s face. It looked so pale and sad !

“‘Are you not going to tell me any more ?’ I said, gently taking her hand in mine. ‘Don’t do so if you would rather not, or if it gives you pain.’

“‘It is not that,’ she answered, in a low voice ; ‘but it seems almost impossible to tell you of the change which came over my feelings in the following days.

“‘For the first month I was very happy in my new home. Mrs. Crayford was wonderfully kind to me, and our life was a very merry one. In the evenings she had, of course, her work to attend to. I either went down with her to the theatre, or else stayed quietly at home. The former I preferred, for I was naturally very much excited at being permitted behind the scenes. I used to stay in her room while she was on the stage, and it made my heart beat fast with excitement to hear the loud and



repeated applause accorded her. After the theatre, she often gave a little supper to any of her friends who might chance to be in the place, and these did not break up till a late, or rather early hour in the morning.

“‘And so day succeeded day—one very much like the other—all spent in a constant whirl of change and excitement! You know enough of my nature to imagine what I felt when they glided into weeks, and the weeks into months, and there was no one near me to whom I could speak a serious thought, or utter an earnest word. I might have possibly confided some of my ideas to Mrs. Crayford, who was of far too sympathetic a nature not to have listened to me; but I had quickly perceived how entirely her ideas and feelings were influenced and immersed in her art.

“‘It was quite natural that such should be the case. If she had proved to be the affectionate, womanly friend I so much needed, she would never have been the actress who could command the homage and admiration of the world. The realization of ambition is often, I think, attained at the expense of our better feelings and nobler instincts.

“‘I thought of telling *you* of the troubles which filled my heart, but I could not do so when I reflected on what you had given up by introducing me into my present life.

“‘No: I determined with all the strength of my nature to battle and fight against my evident inconsistency, and try to adapt myself to the people by whom I was surrounded. A foolish desire possessed me to raise myself in their estimation, and prove that I was something more than a mere looker-on at the race for life. I thought that in this way I could satisfy myself by giving way to the ambition I possessed of being courted and admired.

“‘One night, I remember, at a large supper at which I was present with Mrs. Crayford, a discussion arose as to the style of face and figure which looked the best behind the footlights. The question was one which naturally gave rise to various opinions, but I was more than astonished when Mrs. Crayford turned to me, saying, “I am not much given to flattery, as you know, Claire, but ever since the first moment we met I have thought that in certain parts there is no one who could compete with you, supposing that you put your heart and soul into the life and work of an actress.”

“ ‘Her opinion was endorsed by many of her friends, most probably from the wish to flatter and please me. But long after the discussion was dropped, the idea remained firmly fixed in my mind, and that night I had but little sleep from thinking of the subject which was uppermost in my thoughts. It seemed that a simple remark had in an instant altered the whole course of my life! Fate seemed to have suddenly placed in my power the possible fulfilment of my ambition, if I cared to accept it.

“ ‘For the next successive weeks I thought of little else. I turned the subject about in my mind, looking at it first from one point of view, and then from another.

“ ‘I finally told Mrs. Crayford of my thoughts of going upon the stage, and asked her advice upon the matter. Naturally she was a little prejudiced in favour of the idea ; and, imagining that she completely understood my nature and disposition, she told me that she felt confident I would never repent such a step if I determined to throw my mind into the matter, and employ the next six or eight months in real and earnest study.

“ ‘Needless to say that her opinion greatly contributed to my definitely making up my mind, and an incident which occurred in my life just at the time seemed to predict that no hindrance or obstacle should prevent me from doing what I desired.

“ ‘A fortnight before, I had written to Mrs. Montgomery, saying that I intended shortly to spend two or three weeks with her. I received in answer a few lines informing me she had been suffering from a dangerous attack of bronchitis, from which she was slowly recovering, but at any time she would be only too delighted to welcome me to her home.

“ ‘Just on the eve of my departure for London a letter was put into my hands, telling me of her death, which had occurred quite suddenly on the previous night. I was more shocked at the news than I can tell you! For though we had not known each other for any length of time, we had been the best of friends, and her death seemed to leave me utterly alone in the world. I was obliged to go to town for a short time to arrange about certain things, afterwards I returned to Mrs. Crayford at her most earnest request.

“ ‘Perhaps you may now understand what were my reasons for adopting the stage as a profession. I saw that its consequent work and study would fill up my time which, till then, had been



so much wasted, and keep my thoughts from wandering too much into a land of dreams and fancies.

“The next eight months were fully occupied by hard and incessant work, which I grew thoroughly to enjoy ; and when the day for my first public appearance drew near, I could scarcely believe I was the Claire Earnestine of the olden days. My mind seemed to be immersed in a life of change and excitement.

“I cannot altogether explain the reasons which prompted me to ask you to come to London. I felt I wanted to see you and to hear your voice once more, but I rather dreaded to think of the change which you might perceive in me.

“You never gave me a sign whether such was the case ; indeed, I must own that those months in which we saw so much of each other made me appear a greater mystery to myself than ever ! It seemed as though I was being pulled two separate ways, as though, now that my new life had absolutely commenced, the old one had risen before me, reminding me of many things which I wished to lose the remembrance of for ever ! You had the power of looking very closely into my heart, and as I owned the fact to myself, I determined, by every means in my power, not to let you see what my thoughts and feelings really were towards you. I would not confess that you exercised a certain influence over me which made me repent of the step I had just taken. I felt it could not be undone ; I could not blot out the past year as though it had never existed ! And, therefore, I tried to content myself with the unexpected success which I had so early gained in my career.

“But after some months I own I was relieved to find that my profession would take me for some little time from London. Under the circumstances, I felt it was best for both our sakes that our lives should be divided, and I was sure my opinion was right when I heard your parting words, which told me how very much you cared for me !

“For weeks and months they kept ringing in my ears ! They seemed to come between me and my work ; they made me feel what an utter falsehood were the letters which I wrote to you.

“Months glided away, but they did not bring me the forgetfulness which I longed for ! My sadness had nothing to do with my public career, for I could desire no greater success than I had already gained. But I felt it had been attained at the expense of



the affection and longings which I could not root out of my heart ! They had been born in me ; they had been strengthened by you in the days when I knew nothing of the world by which I was so soon to be surrounded.

“‘Could I ask for your forgiveness? could I hope that I was still of some little value to you? I dared not say! I fought against my inclination to write to you as long as I was able, but the day came when I could do so no longer! I felt that I could not live without your sympathy! your——’

“I could hear no more, for Claire had thrown herself at my feet, crying as if her heart would break!

“‘Tell me what is in your heart, for God’s sake!’ I said, as I gently raised her. ‘Claire, be true to yourself; be just to me. You craved a life of change and excitement; I gave it to you as far I was able to do so. But because your dreams have not been realized is no reason why they should not be so eventually. You are young and beautiful. You can have the world at your feet if you like. I could only give you in exchange a life of peace and contentment; a life of love and of rest. But you might tire of these things in time, and so absolutely ruin our happiness for ever!’

“‘Will you never be able to trust me again?’ she almost whispered.

“‘My faith in you has never wavered for a single instant!’ I answered. ‘I felt sure that some day—sooner or later—you would again become the girl I have always adored! But tell me, sweetheart, can it possibly be true that you love me so well as to give yourself to me for ever?’

“There came no answer to my appeal; but the warm lips which met mine—the arms which clung around my neck with a strength born only of love—told me more plainly than thousands of words could have done how absolutely Claire Earnestine had placed her life in my hands, and sworn to be faithful and true to me for everlasting!

“There is little more for me to tell you, Jack. The past eighteen months had proved, in a way, good for both of us. They had only deepened the love I had ever felt for Claire, which seemed to increase a hundredfold as I found her to be a woman capable of the truest devotion to a life composed not only of ambition—but of love and self-surrender! Two months later the London

world was startled by the fact that Claire Earnestine's public career had ceased to exist. She had married, and intended (as rumour would have it) to pass the rest of her life in foreign lands !"

"But what am I to infer from all this ?" I said. "Can it be true that Claire Earnestine is your wife ?"

"You are right, Jack, in your supposition—much as you may believe it to be impossible. But it is nevertheless true ; and you shall see the heroine of my story any time you please to come to our home."

Needless to tell my readers that I availed myself as soon as possible of the offer, and that Claire Earnestine (as I shall always call her) is as truly my friend as she is the idolized wife of my old chum, Fred Hamilton.



## Salvini on Shakespeare.

"KING LEAR."

AS every one may easily know, a Welsh chronicle relates that Lear, son of Bladud, reigned for sixty years, and died eight hundred years before Christ. It is asserted, also, that Lear was the founder of the town now called Leicester ; nor must we be surprised that the poet has adopted, in treating of a time so remote, names of places, of persons, of ranks, of tortures, and of manners and customs much more recent ; and, in fact, the titles of earl, duke, prince, and king, feudal castles, hunting expeditions, the methods of punishing criminals, the proof by iron of the justice of God, all give a mediæval atmosphere, and it would be erroneous to attempt to give to the representation the colour of any other epoch.

To the free inspiration of Shakespeare, more than to another, we must concede the right to hover in the space of anachronisms, and disregard of exactitude as to times and places—so much the more that in this tragedy we clearly perceive that he sought to demonstrate moral rather than historical truth.

That moral truth is human ingratitude !

As in "Hamlet" he sought to bring out the power of thought over action, in "Macbeth" that of excessive ambition, so in "Lear" he shows the force of human ingratitude.

Here is an old king, weary of the grave cares of his kingdom, who, when the solemn day arrives on which he must marry his three daughters and give them dowries fitting their rank, divides his vast kingdom in three parts, keeping for himself only the name and dignity of king.

This act, which by many is judged as a sign of mental aberration, seems to me, on the contrary, the emanation of a generous heart, trusting in gratitude and filial love. If it were to be considered as arising from loss of reason, then the rebellion of the two elder daughters would be in part excusable, since it is allowable to face and oppose the dispositions and desires of a madman.

But what is there insensate in the determination of the old king? In our own times, indeed, the act would be but too blamable, since the liberal—perhaps too liberal—education which we give to our children might lead us to expect a change in the affection, respect, and reverence due to their parents; but in an epoch in which an austere training taught that the will of a father was almost as the will of God, and that the love and respect due to a parent should be as that due to the Almighty, the belief was not admissible (and, least of all, in a father-king) in the ingratitude of his children and an open revolt against the paternal dispositions. And the dispositions of the octogenarian king have nothing unreasonable in them! He yields the government of his State to his daughters' husbands, because, after reigning sixty years, he feels weary of grave political cares, and for himself he retains only the kingly rank and a hundred knights as his retinue, to be maintained by his successors. This appears to me, in the face of the cession of a large kingdom, to have been but a very mild impost, and it seems but due to him that he should disburden himself of his grave political occupations in order to devote himself only to the pastime of the chase and the merry or biting speeches of his fool. But it may be asked, How can you justify, in this rational king, the resolution to disinherit Cordelia simply because she could not declare her affection for her father, as her two sisters did, in courtier-like words of adulation? In my opinion it is amply accounted for by the same argument—the training of the times. Lear, in asking his daughters, in the presence of his Court, how much and how they loved him, was certain of receiving as answer the same assurances that they must have



repeated to him a thousand times in the course of his life, and arising from affection, from respect, or from duty. Cordelia, more sincere than her sisters, the solemn moment being arrived when father and husband must each have a place in her heart, feels it her duty to reply that she loves him as nature and respect impel her. This, assuredly, was not the reply which Lear expected, least of all from his favourite daughter; nay, from her more than from the others he anticipated a declaration of deep affection—enthusiastic words of infinite love. Thence the disillusion; thence the shame of being wounded in his fatherly love, and in the face of all his Court, too; thence, finally, the reaction in a character haughty, impetuous, autocratic, violent, and which knows no limits when wrath seizes it; hence we may call it hasty, passionate, irreflective, but not irrational.

I have already said that Lear had passed his eightieth year, and, looking on him in the light of our own times and our present customs, not a few regard him as a man broken down by the weight of years; but I consider him as one of those aged oaks whose leaves may have been torn off by the force of winds and fury of storms, but whose trunk and boughs are still firm and sturdy.

And here it will be useful to quote what has been said on this subject by the *Progresso Italo-Americano*, a highly trustworthy journal:—

“We must remember that the old men of Lear’s time were more robust and muscular than those of our day; that they did not then drink coffee at ten in the morning; but that they rose with the sun, and at breakfast ate large slices of beef or lamb. It is well to reflect that those Saxon races, accustomed to horse-exercise, and to continual gymnastics, preserved to their most advanced age a sound body and vigorous muscles. How could King Lear be declining, if he still followed the chase and rode on horseback, as is shown by the tragedy itself? And, then, how could a weak, ailing old man support all the emotions, all the very violent scenes of the drama? Would Shakespeare have put into the mouth of his protagonist so many expressions of wrath, grief, indignation, malediction, if he had conceived him feeble and broken? An old man, who was not most vigorous, beginning, from the very first act, to indulge in such furious rage, would certainly die of syncope before reaching the last. The long series of tumultuous emotions would very soon kill him.”

In order to confirm my assertion, and that of the Italian critic, I will now refer to some of the expressions used by Shakespeare himself.\*

In the beginning of the third act—that is, after the great scene with his two daughters, when Lear is driven to wander abroad homeless, and without either food or shelter from the fury of the storm, the gentleman meeting Kent on the heath, describes the king as

“Contending with the fretful elements ;  
 . . . . unbonneted he runs,  
 And bids what will take all.”

And in the fourth scene of the fourth act, Cordelia says to the physician,

“Why, he was met even now  
 As mad as the vexed sea, singing aloud.”

Then he, himself, when the gentleman comes suddenly upon him to take him to Cordelia, thinking himself arrested, cries—

“No rescue? What! a prisoner? . . . .  
 . . . . No seconds? All myself?  
 Why this would make a man a man of salt.  
 . . . . I will die bravely,  
 Like a smug bridegroom.”

And all this, after having provoked scenes of violent anger with his two ungrateful daughters, after having withstood and despised the extreme rigour of the elements, and undergone all the material privations of life! *To contend with the fretful elements*, to be mad *as the vexed sea*, and to die bravely like a

\* The following are the translated passages which Signor Salvini quotes in support of his argument. It will be seen from the literal English version given that they are sufficiently free :—

1. “Degli elementi in guerra sostiene l'insulto  
 Alto imprecando che si sperda il tutto.”  
 “He sustains the insults of the elements at war,  
 Cursing loudly that every thing is destroyed.”
2. “Sì, l'incontrai poc' anzi.  
 Furente al par di tempestoso mare.”  
 “Yes, I saw him even now  
 Raging like the tempestuous sea.”
3. “Alla riscossa! Illa da forte  
 io morirò qual fidangato che a morte vada.”  
 . . . . Qui dentro c'è vita ancora!  
 “To the rescue! But bravely will I die,  
 Like a bridegroom who goeth to his death.  
 . . . . Here within there is life still.”

suing bridegroom, a man must be of a firm and robust temperament even at the age of eighty!

But let us look at the character now from the æsthetic standpoint of representative art. If Lear were presented to the public as a poor, ailing, infirm old man, paralytic and asthmatic, imbecile and enfeebled by the weight of years from the very beginning, where would be the contrast? where the interest in and sympathy with his many successive misfortunes? Much more worthy of commiseration is he as a man who, happy at first, feels keenly the bitterness of subsequent misfortune, than as one who, already suffering, undergoes new trials. The first is followed with interest, because he contends bravely against the unforeseen calamities of life; the second, impotent to oppose them, is worthy of pity, and one can only wish him a speedy death to shorten his sufferings. In fine, the former touches and interests you; the latter pains and wearies; and this, without a doubt, is the effect which would be produced on the auditor (as not a few examples have already proved), if the performer, in his representation of this character, were to follow in the footsteps of many contemporaries, based on the pernicious system of imitation—recent imitation; for after all that has been said of the great American artist, Edwin Forrest, especially in this part, it is certainly not from him that our contemporaries have got their belief in a weak, failing Lear; not from him who, with his loud sonorous voice, his energy of action, his majestic gait and lofty conceptions, gained for himself a name and an honourable, well-merited memory.

In my opinion, it is necessary to make the audience understand how King Lear, although generous, is always the autocratic king, great, majestic, passionate, and violent in the first act; how in the second, feeling keenly his daughter's ingratitude, since repeated and increased, he becomes more father than king; and how finally, in the third act, aggrieved and weighed down by his physical suffering, he forgets for a little his moral pain and, rather than father or king, shows himself a man reacting against rebel nature. These three phases in the character of Lear are just those that remove its monotony, and render it, I repeat, interesting and not painful. Hence, then, the necessity of representing him as strong and vigorous in the beginning, then torn with anguish and affecting, and afterwards enfeebled and touching.

I do not think I err in stating that whatever is difficult in art is



embraced, I do not say in the interpretation, but in the execution, of these three acts. There is in representative dramatic art a precept, well-known to all, which demands a gradual increase of the effects as the action develops, so that the climax—the exodus, if you prefer it—shall be incisive, powerful, and impressive ; and every artist ought to reserve his natural powers and save them in order to gain this end. In *King Lear* it is impossible to act on this law without falling into the unnatural—the part imposes on you an entirely opposite treatment. Instead of increasing the natural means so as to produce the effects, it is necessary to diminish the former in proportion as the latter are to be increased. I say necessary, in order to be true to Nature, because Lear, although vigorous in the first act, must, in the second, become feeble by reason of his age, and of the emotions which he has undergone ; and still more so in the third act, especially after the scene on the heath, where he “contends” with the storm, despising and enduring it in his nervous excitement ; also in consequence of enfeeblement his mental disorder occurs in the fourth act. There are some who represent him as a madman, and it is a mistake ; others make him a demoniac, and it is an error. He seems to me a mind unhinged by ingratitude, the impression of which is strengthened by the adversity of the elements, and confirmed by the degradation of man in the person of the brutalized Edgar. And indeed those scenes are all imprecations, examples, similes, gloomy meditations, and moral and philosophical reflections, which spring from the same fixed idea, having for root ingratitude. If it were not so, he could not at the first sight of Cordelia become so soon sane again. A raving madman cannot be cured by such simple means. His is only the bewilderment of a nervous, highly-excited mind, which resumes its natural condition when, in the affectionate care of Cordelia, it finds again the salutary balm of filial love and respect.

From this point there remains nothing more of any importance in the part of Lear, if we except the last scene, so sublimely conceived to represent the last spark of a dying brand.

Now the great difficulty consists in contriving to increase the effects required by the rules of art, in spite of the necessity of diminishing at the same time the physical means. One portion of a highly intelligent audience may be able to observe and appreciate an artist who, having philosophically studied the

position of the character, strickly adheres to Nature, and finds that sufficient without striving for vulgar effects ; but the ability of the artist must attain the end of interesting also the mass of the public, and securing increasing results while remaining in the field of Nature. And how is it to be done ? I do not think it possible to explain it : it is a question of feeling, and feeling cannot be taught. We may trace out the road that is to be followed, but to arrive even halfway without stumbling, it is necessary to trust to your own inspiration. And for this inspiration you must wait, perhaps for the space of five years, perhaps in vain, since it is by no means certain that you will be able to represent my conception to an audience. I do not deny that the time is too long ; that if each interpretation of a great character were to occupy so enormous a space of time, the repertoire of an actor would come to be very limited ; but this difficulty was evident to me from the very beginning of my study, and increased greatly in proportion as I occupied myself more seriously in it, and it appeared to me so insuperable that I was obliged, in spite of myself, to wait till my nerves and all my senses lent themselves to the embodiment of my idea. All conscientious artists will agree with me that it is not possible at any given moment to find the colours necessary to the painting of a picture which the painter may see already finished in his imagination. And how many artists find themselves frequently obliged to represent only a portion, not feeling sure of their power to reproduce the whole of the beauty. A sunset will frequently offer an artist a varying scale of colour for his landscape ; the glance of a woman's eyes a new form of affection ; a visit to a madhouse a new phase of mental aberration ; a shipwreck, various manifestations of anguish ; a convulsion of Nature many expressions of horror and despair. And it is profitable to observe all, to analyze, to study all, and with judgment to appropriate. And to do all that requires time : with time experience, and with experience *genius*. But I perceive that I am digressing, and I must, for still a little space, return to my subject.

If I persist in my belief that Lear in the beginning must be a vigorous old man, I must equally refuse to admit that he continues up to the last to be strong enough to carry the dead body of Cordelia in his arms, as he is always made to do.

May my brothers in dramatic art forgive me, but how is it credible that an old man, broken down by so many disasters, and on the

point of rendering up his soul to God, can possess such Herculean strength? And you, critics, before all, must admit the improbability of this action, you who will have your protagonist to be failing from the first. To me it seems that Lear, not allowing any but himself to touch the beloved body, must drag it in with difficulty, not concealing from the public his trouble in doing so, an action which, in my opinion, is more in accordance with Nature, and adds to the interest and increases the effect.

And now I wish everlasting peace to this generous, proud and unfortunate king, praying that he may be born again through the vivifying breath of some artist who will render him more pitied and more admired than I have been able to do.

TOMMASO SALVINI.



## Mr. Irving in America.

BY AUSTIN BRERETON.

AT five o'clock in the morning of Sunday, October 21, a small group of men assembled at the wharf belonging to one of the great ocean steamship companies. The place, which was situated at the west side of the harbour of New York, bore a mysterious appearance. It was but faintly lighted, and the visitors were silently passed on from the outer gate of the shed to the furthest point by the waterside. There one of the finest yachts of which America can boast, by name *Yosemite*, lay at anchor, with her engines ready, and apparently eager to do their work. The sailors were alert, and the watchful captain waited instructions to start on his voyage. Rapidly enough the intending voyagers arrived, and all were ready to set forth. "All?" nay, in good truth, not all: a certain learned doctor of medicine was missing. Without him the party would be incomplete. It was certain that he had not come on board; yet he was renowned as a punctual man. No doubt he had been detained by some call of duty, but he would surely be at the vessel presently. Two figures waited for him at the wharf gate, ready to pounce upon him the moment he made his appearance. The remainder of the passengers occupied themselves with vague conjectures as to his



non-appearance, and a little feeling of disappointment was general on board the yacht. The advisability of starting without the missing doctor was being discussed, when who should emerge from the staircase leading to the saloon but the object of all the delay and discussion. He had come on board early and without being observed, and, being a wise man, he had retired below to finish the peaceful slumber from which he had been disturbed in order to join the party which had been formed for the purpose of welcoming Henry Irving to America. Good feeling being thus restored, the yacht prepared to set forth. A rope, some four inches in diameter, not being properly tempered, snapped like a thread of silk, and released the vessel from her moorings. The lantern lights were now extinguished, and the *Yosemite* steamed down the harbour. The morning light broke cold and grey ; the atmosphere was chilling.

Whilst the yacht is nearing her destination, and that large four-masted steamer, the *Britannic*, lying yonder at the mouth of the harbour is waiting to be passed by the quarantine officer, let us look at her passengers. That short man there, with the dark eyes and thoughtful face, is Lawrence Barrett, one of America's leading actors, who will appear before you at the Lyceum Theatre next Easter. He it is who has had a great share in organizing this meeting of welcome. His companion, standing close by there, with genial face and sparkling eye, evidently, say you, a low-comedian, is W. J. Florence, whom you have already seen at the Gaiety Theatre. He, with the dreamy face and wistful eye, is one of the purest and simplest, and, at the same time, one of the most brilliant writers of America ; he is a graceful poet and a lover of the beauty of our England. He has written delightfully about our country, and you certainly ought to know his name—it is William Winter. You are English : you know that the land you live in is beautiful, and you pass over the admiration of a foreigner with the feeling that his description could not match the charm of the reality. This charming writer is in earnest conversation with a man somewhat younger in years, also a writer, whose name is not altogether unknown to you, who has travelled across the Atlantic in order to be present at one of the greatest events in the history of the English stage. But the sound of a cannon booming forth across the water announces that the *Britannic* is neared. A small boat is lowered from the *Yosemite*, and the two actors—

Mr. Lawrence Barrett and Mr. William J. Florence—are rowed towards the great steamer. But the doctor has not yet been on board the *Britannic*, so that some little time is lost before the friends can meet (they are very cautious, these Americans). At last, however, the American tragedian and the English meet ; there is silence between them for a moment, then the word of welcome is spoken, and all the boat is alive with excitement. Mr. Irving is transferred from the *Britannic* to the *Yosemite*, and, as he steps on the yacht, one notices that he is paler than usual and shaken by nervous excitement. He is quickly followed by the partner in his triumphs, Miss Ellen Terry, who looks wonderfully well, and is in excellent spirits. The yacht moves off, and the *Britannic* gives a parting salute to the actor.

The saloon of the *Yosemite* bears an animated aspect. Standing erect in the centre of the room is Mr. Irving, brighter, and evidently restored to his self-possession, surrounded by his faithful friends, Bram Stoker, H. J. Loveday, and Joseph Hatton, and some thirty newspaper reporters. With that courtesy for which he has been always distinguished, he hands round to the interviewers some cigars. Then occurs an almost bewildering series of questions, to all of which he replies calmly and with excellent taste.

Whilst Mr. Irving is engaged with the reporters, a far different scene is being enacted on deck. Miss Terry has been persuaded to stay in the open air and view the magnificent suspension-bridge which connects New York with Brooklyn, and the harbour of the city wherein she is about to make her first appearance in America. The sight of the unfamiliar country reminds her of her kind friends at home, and for a moment she looks sad. Her eyes are dimmed by tears for a moment, which vanish as quickly as an April shower, to give place to a smile of delight as she is told of the brilliant reception with which she is certain to meet from her new admirers. The yacht has reached its destination, and Mr. Irving and Miss Terry set foot for the first time in America. This is before ten o'clock in the morning, and after having undergone the tedious form of signing a declaration, and passing their luggage, the distinguished visitors drive to their respective hotels. Mr. Irving is located at the Brevoort House, an old-fashioned and fashionable house, close to Washington Square, where he receives his many visitors, and is still besieged by the newspaper reporters.



Miss Terry is at the Hotel Dam, not Damon, as I have seen it printed in the English papers, a pretty house, not in, but near to, Union Square, and within a stone's throw of the Star Theatre.

From the time of his arrival in New York until the date of his first performance there, Mr. Irving was kept exceptionally busy. What with rehearsals in the morning, and dinners in the evening, his time was fully occupied. Miss Terry might have been seen constantly driving in the vast Central Park. The time passed quickly enough until the following Saturday, October 27, when Mr. Irving was entertained at a banquet given in his honour by the members of the Lotos Club. The chair was taken by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the proprietor of the *New York Tribune*, and Mr. Irving made his first public speech in America. That part of the room wherein he sat at dinner was called after him, and now bears the name of Irving Place.

The night of October 29, 1883, will long be memorable in the history of the stage as the date of the first appearance in America of Mr. Henry Irving. The Star Theatre, which had been selected by Mr. Henry E. Abbey, Mr. Irving's manager, for the scene of the actor's triumphs, was, in days gone by, fashionable enough, and situated in the best part of New York. But the residents of the city have, from time to time, retired "up town"—the "West End" of New York—and the Star Theatre has been left behind, until it is now surrounded by shops, and has become, in point of fact, situated at a greater distance from the more select quarters of New York than any of its rivals. At first sight, the small Star Theatre is not prepossessing. Its approaches are of the commonest order, and the flimsy passages, only partially covered by the roughest matting, are a great contrast to the solidity and grandeur of the Lyceum. However, "the play's the thing" after all, and the building wherein it is acted matters but little. "The Bells" had been chosen for the play wherein Mr. Irving should first appear in America, and on the night of its first performance the theatre was crowded—literally crowded—although the reports in a certain London paper would lead you to suppose that such was not the case. True, there were some vacant seats, but what of that? Early in October all the best seats for Mr. Irving's engagement had been sold, and many of them had fallen into the hands of the "speculators." These enterprising gentlemen had bought all the seats that they could possibly obtain, and had been unable to



dispose of all their places. The mode of business adopted by these leeches is to buy the best seats in the house for a popular performance, and sell them for whatever they will bring. If they had never sold a single seat for Mr. Irving's engagement the loss would have been all on their own side. These speculators are the most abominable nuisance with which a theatre was ever infected. From four o'clock in the afternoon it is impossible to pass the theatre without being requested to purchase, at exorbitant prices, seats for the evening's performance. As time wears on, the prices become lower, with the result that stragglers—having purchased seats for a comparative trifle—keep dropping into the theatre and disturbing the audience, and annoying the actors. The reason why some seats were unoccupied on the 29th of October was that for many hours before the opening of the theatre, New York had been deluged with rain; the people who had their seats already reserved were, of course, in attendance, whilst those who had not tickets wisely preferred to remain at home instead of getting wet through on the remote chance of buying a seat from the speculators. But the theatre was, nevertheless, crowded, and those who witnessed the audiences which subsequently rushed to the Star Theatre can have no doubt as to the financial success of Mr. Irving's American tour.

When Mr. Irving stepped on the stage, attired as Mathias, in "The Bells," he received a truly magnificent greeting. The applause was long-continued, and the great actor had every cause to be satisfied with his welcome. He played with all his old power, and instantly achieved a triumph, although it was not until the climax of that terrible dream scene in the last act that the audience gave vent to their enthusiasm. The papers were occupied next day with discussing Mr. Irving's style of acting, and, for the most part, in praising his interpretation of Mathias. The actor had achieved a triumph in one character, and he immediately courted judgment in another. "The Bells" was succeeded on the following night by "Charles the First," and excitement was kept at fever heat by the announcement that Miss Ellen Terry would appear as the Queen in that play. From the moment that Miss Terry set foot on the stage she conquered her audience, and made an instantaneous success. There have not been two opinions concerning her. The audience had never seen any actress so delightful and fascinating.

The Queen Henrietta Maria, of Mr. Wills' play, with her charming comedy and delicate pathos, won all hearts, and Miss Terry was rightly and freely applauded to the echo. No actress ever achieved so immediate and so complete a success. Mr. Irving's impersonation of the King was also greatly admired. In two nights he built up a success that was heralded far and near; but he did not rest upon his laurels. - On November 5 he produced "Louis XI.," and again succeeded in rousing the enthusiasm of his audience, and in eliciting unstinted praise from the press. On the 6th, came "The Merchant of Venice," when, in the character of Shylock, Mr. Irving once more won the sympathies of his audience, and Miss Terry, as Portia, again won a resplendent success.

It is curious to note that before Mr. Irving appeared in New York, much dissatisfaction was expressed that he was bringing his own scenery to America, and I was told such a proceeding had already done, and would continue to do, him harm. The newspaper already alluded to attributes much of Mr. Irving's success to the beauty of his scenery. That such is not the case, and that scenic effects go for very little in America, I will endeavour to show in a future article on the subject. For the present, let me remind you that neither "The Bells," "Charles I.," "Louis XI.," or "The Merchant of Venice," are particularly remarkable for their scenery, nor had the scenery used in these plays anything to do with Mr. Irving's success in them in this country.

The merits of the Lyceum company have been duly appreciated in New York. It was in "The Merchant of Venice" that the company was, for the first time, shown in its strength. Mr. William Winter wrote, in *The Tribune*, that "Mr. Terriss gave the best Bassanio that has ever been seen on our stage—handsome, manly, noble, ardent, thoughtful, and gay. A strong and picturesque performance of the Prince of Morocco, notable for sonorous and discreet delivery of a difficult text, was given by Mr. T. Mead. Antonio was made dignified and earnest by Mr. T. Wenman, who is also notable as a judicious and polished speaker, keenly sensible of the delicate shades of meaning in the text. The address of the Duke of Venice could not be better done than it was by the veteran Mr. Howe, whose dignity and feeling, in this character, graced by suggestions of ripe experience, wisdom, and humour, made this one

of the best representations of the night, and certainly the best Duke that we can call to mind. Miss Millward was gentle and pleasing in Jessica."



## Our Play=Box.

### "FALKA."

A New and Original Opera Comique in Three Acts, produced at the Comedy Theatre on Monday, October 29, 1883, after MM. LETERRIER and VANLOO. Written by MR. H. B. FARNIE, with music by F. CHASSAIGNE.

Folbach... ..	MR. HARRY PAULTON.	Boleslas ... ..	MR. W. H. HAMILTON.
Tancred... ..	MR. HENRY ASHLEY.	The Seneschal ... ..	MR. JAMES FRANCIS.
Arthur ... ..	MR. LOUIS KELLEHER.	Falka ... ..	MISS VIOLET CAMERON.
Lay Brother Pelican ...	MR. PENLEY.	Edwige ... ..	MISS WADMAN.
Konrad ... ..	MISS VERA CAREW.	Alexina de Kelkirsch	MISS LOUIS HENSCHEL.
Tekeli ... ..	MR. VAUGHAN.	Mina ... ..	MISS MADGE HAMILTON.
Boboky ... ..	MISS ROSE MONCRIEFF.	Janotha... ..	MISS E. NICHOLLS.

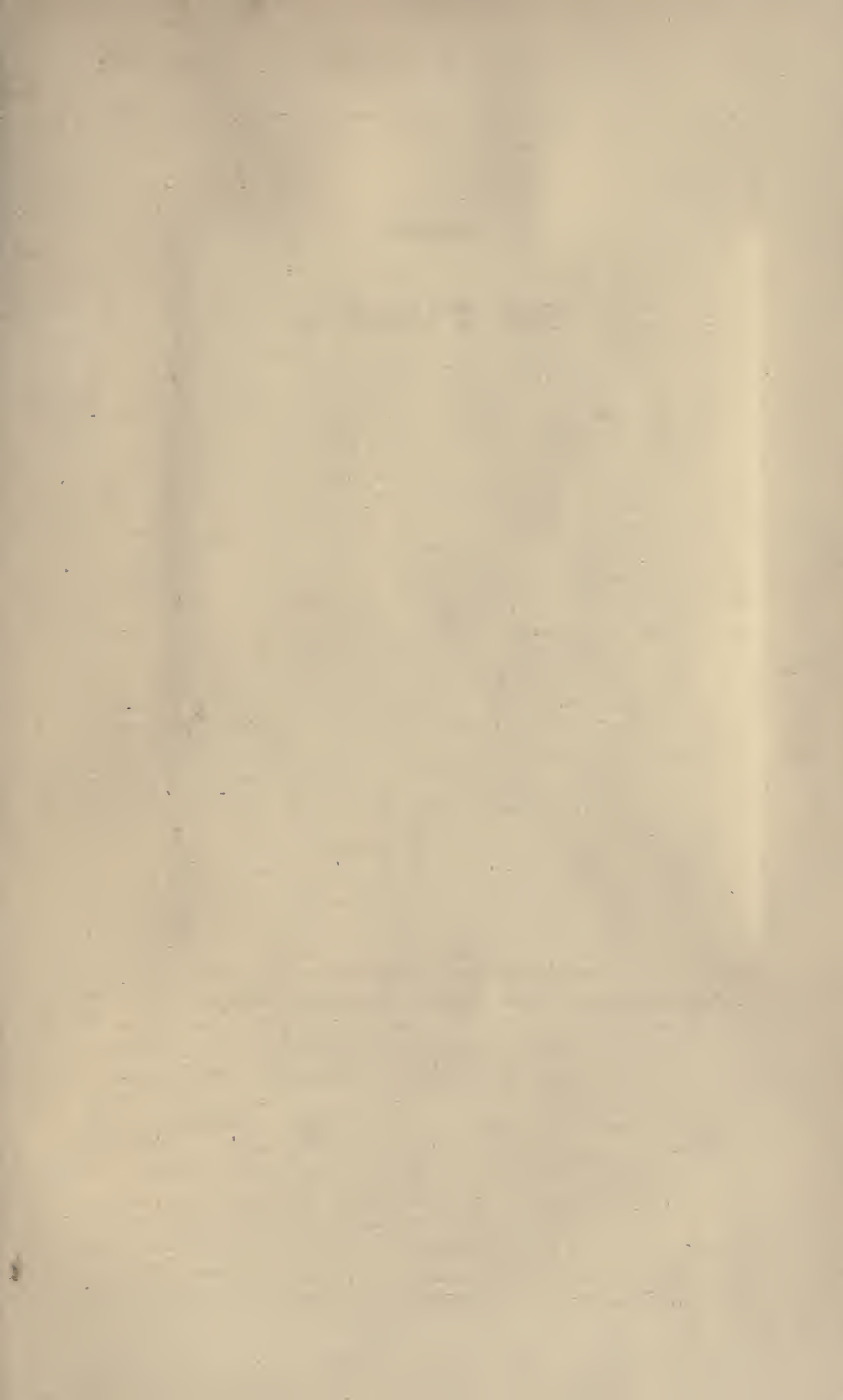
THE new and original comic opera, entitled "Falka," now being performed at the Comedy Theatre, is a forcible example of how absolutely satiated one's ears may become of a continuous run of melody which lacks the power of originality in any great or striking degree.

And yet, notwithstanding this admission, "Falka," as an illustration of how completely music may interpret the sense of words, shows signs of a considerable amount of ingenuity. The short introduction—which might, with advantage, be somewhat lengthened—is composed of many attractive melodies, the principal of these being in the form of a "March," which, strangely enough, constitutes the ending of the first act. That fact is to be regretted, as it unavoidably leaves the impression on our minds that we have been all the time listening to little more than the varied treatment of one particular theme.

The plot, as is usually the case in such instances, is of very simple construction. Falka, a pretty girl of some eighteen summers, wearied with the seclusion of convent life, resolves on the desperate step of eloping with her lover. Their flight is immediately discovered, and the culprit, to elude unavoidable detection, resolves on the expedient of changing places with her admirer, who, on assuming the blue-and-white garb of the convent, is at once carried off, while his intended bride, attired as a boy, quickly earns for herself the good opinions of the Baron Folbach, to the detriment of Tancred, his rightful heir.

The subsequent complication of affairs is illustrated by music, which lends itself, with admirable versatility, to many and numerous situations. Take, for example, the trio in the first act, sung by Miss Wadman, Mr. Ashley, and Mr. Hamilton. Could anything, in its way, be more amusing than the varied emotions which are here depicted in song?—the haughty, bombastic bearing of the savage chieftain, the alternate joy and fear of the gipsy girl, and the terror and supplicating prayers of the so-called waiter, bearing the name of Tancred! The same praise may be given to the trio







J. H. BARNES.

"Tis past—forget it,  
I am prepared : life has no further ills !"

—LADY OF LYONS.

in the following act, where Falka, being compelled by her persecutors to repeat a certain given sentence, does so in a varied harmony of scales. The effect is good, and the idea is decidedly ingenious.

Unfortunately, the fun seems to die out with the commencement of the third act, which is consequently the least attractive of the play. The song here awarded to Falka is neither pretty nor strikingly original—its mode of treatment bearing a strong resemblance to “The Novice” in “Madame Favart.” The lullaby song is far worthier of praise, and would have proved much more attractive had Miss Violet Cameron sung it as a conductor to sleep. But here—as throughout the entire play—this lady’s voice has a hard metallic ring, which completely banishes every idea of sympathy and feeling. Miss Cameron has been well trained and evidently knows how to use her voice to the greatest advantage, but never for a moment does she appear to *feel* what she sings. The impression on our minds is very like that of a good musical-box, which when wound up will go on playing as long as desired, only we must banish the idea of it possessing any chords of tenderness or sentiment.

It is a pity that Miss Wadman has so little to do. This young lady seems to be thoroughly in earnest with her work, and her voice is moreover of a rich and sympathetic nature, which cannot fail to please. The prize for comic acting and power of facial expression must certainly be given to Mr. Ashley who, as the wronged and persecuted nephew of the great Baron Folbach is intensely funny, especially in the earlier scenes of the play. The same may be said of the peculiarly quiet humour exhibited by Mr. Paulton. The utter want of respect shown for old age in the person of Mr. Francis, the Seneschal, is somewhat extraordinary, to say the least of it.

Mr. Penley, as Brother Pelican, is decidedly amusing; but it seems a pity that the subject of religion should be so closely touched upon. The spirit of irreverence is already too strong in the present day. It surely ought to be ignored as a means of evoking laughter and consequent approbation.

### “LORDS AND COMMONS.”

An Original Comedy in Four Acts, by A. W. PINERO. Produced at the Haymarket Theatre, on Saturday, November 24th, 1883.

Earl of Caryl ... ..	MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.	Mr. Tredger ... ..	MR. ALBERT SIMS.
Lord Percy Lewis- court ... ..	MR. C. BROOKFIELD.	Prasenger ... ..	MR. PERCY VERNON.
Sir George Parnacott, M.D. ... ..	MR. ELLIOT.	Baby Radbone ... ..	MR. STEWART DAWSON.
Tom Jervoise ... ..	MR. BANCROFT.	Countess of Caryl ... ..	MRS. STIRLING.
Mr. Smee ... ..	MR. ALFRED BISHOP.	Lady Nell ... ..	MISS CALHOUN.
Mr. Chadd ... ..	MR. GIRADOT.	Mrs. Devenish ... ..	MRS. BERNARD-BEERE.
		Miss Maplebeck ... ..	MRS. BANCROFT.

THE new play by Mr. Pinero, entitled “Lords and Commons,” is a curious example of a talent which seems to delight in studied contradiction, and seemingly persists in portraying human interests and emotions in a way least calculated to arouse our sympathies. In order to illustrate certain ideas of his own concerning social rank and standing, Mr. Pinero has chosen for his subject an involved scheme which, taken from a general point of view, is often uninteresting in detail, and frequently improbable in characterization. The family of the Caryls, from past indiscretion and



recklessness, are forced to quit the house which has belonged to them for many successive generations. The place has been already purchased by a Mrs. Devenish, a rich American widow, whose advent is heralded by Tom Jervoise, her principal man of business. After a tedious conversation with an old family servant, who, unlike the usual run of his class, is greedily ready to side immediately with the "new people," Tom Jervoise gains the opportunity of speaking to Lady Nell, the aristocratic and only daughter of the house, and subsequently to her brother, Lord Caryl. Both brother and sister unite in unmitigated disdain and hatred of the new comer, which is the means of quickly expelling Jervoise from the scene. The entrance of Mrs. Stirling (looking, by-the-way, infinitely more like the *grandmother* than the *mother* of the children) brings us back to the main interest of the play, which is increased by the unexpected entrance of Mrs. Devenish and her friend, Miss Maplebeck. Proud contempt and haughty words are unavoidable between the past and present owners of Caryl Court; but complete lack of good breeding on the one side, and entire absence of womanly consideration on the other, prevent us from feeling any great sympathy for either party, and, as the curtain falls on the prostrate form of Lady Caryl, who has swooned from the emotion of leaving her old home, our minds are absolutely in the dark as to the subsequent course of events. In act ii. we find the Caryls obliged to accept Mrs. Devenish's hospitality, owing to the continued illness of their mother. Here arises our first great opportunity for studying the character of the new mistress of Caryl Court. Mrs. Devenish is a woman of no small determination of purpose. In the ensuing scene with Lord Caryl she well knows that the game of humiliation is in her own hand, and she is evidently resolved to make the best use of her power, when she asks him to accept the post of manager in some lead mines which are being worked on the estate. The offer is naturally met with indignant scorn and resentment. We scarcely see any practical dramatic reason for such a cold-blooded result, until, after giving expression to some rather startling sentiments, we hear a history from this woman's lips which seems to have aroused all the revenge and cruelty of which her nature is capable. There is an ineradicable blot on Lord Caryl's past life, which is apparently only too well known to Mrs. Devenish, for she discloses a picture which makes the man start back with horror as he recognizes the portrait of a girl whom years ago he had called "wife." To us, who feel that Mrs. Devenish and this girl are one and the same person, the situation proves both dramatic and effective, but it is seriously jeopardized by subsequent talk and explanation. That a boy and girl should have been hastily married at an old aristocrat's bedside is a strained motive: that the boy husband should leave the girl wife when he learns she is illegitimate, makes us heartily despise the hero of the story.

Nothing could be finer than the thoughtful discretion with which Mrs. Bernard-Beere played the whole scene. Its difficulty can scarcely be over-estimated when we consider how artificial and stagey the character of Mrs. Devenish might have become in less experienced and artistic hands.

The following act brings about a great change of events. Love, not hatred, seems at length to be the prevailing spirit. Old Lady Caryl is completely softened by the consideration and kindness of her hostess.

Lady Nell, contrary to all reason and common sense, evinces a passionate liking for Tom Jervoise, whose existence a week ago she had refused to recognize; whilst Mrs. Bancroft, as Miss Maplebeck, elicits unlimited applause by her persistent and open flirtations with Lord Percy Lewis-court. But all this has little to do with the main interest of the plot, which is somewhat lamely pushed on by an accident which occurs to Mrs. Devenish whilst driving with Lord Caryl to see the fire that is destroying his temporary home. The lady is carried in in a fainting condition, but not many seconds have elapsed before returning consciousness brings back the thought which is uppermost in her mind. A second time does she ask Lord Caryl to accede to her request, and become master of the mines, and he, apparently swayed by the mysterious influence of awakening love, and with his house burned down, consents to do what she asks of him.

The fourth and last act is by far the best in the play. Though impeded in action by a long speech from Lady Caryl on social rank, which possesses but little meaning to the public in general, the sentiments it arouses are true and natural. Nothing in its way could be better than the subsequent reconciliation between husband and wife.

Mrs. Devenish, no longer craving for triumph and revenge, here becomes a loving, anxious woman, distrustful of her powers of fascination, and terribly fearful concerning the result of a scheme which will either make or mar her future happiness.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere's attitude of suspense—her wavering resolution and final passionate appeal to her long-lost husband—are points in a performance which will linger in the minds of her audiences with an influence which can only be aroused by true genius. Those who have watched with interest this lady's gradual but steady rise in her profession, will be the first to own that, as Mrs. Devenish, she has amply fulfilled the hopes of which she first gave promise in *Jane Eyre*. She has at last "created" a part, as it is called. Nay, more, she has rendered with intelligibility a half-hearted and unsatisfactory sketch. Mrs. Bernard-Beere's work is full of that originality of thought and feeling which proves her to be an artist in the truest and highest sense of the word. Nothing, we think, can be better than the Lord Caryl of Mr. Forbes Robertson. This gentleman evidently feels and understands the character he has to deal with—a rare and striking merit in young actors of the present day! As Miss Maplebeck, Mrs. Bancroft finds ample opportunity for the display of that irresistible fund of humour which is as genuine as it is inimitable.

Mr. Bancroft, as Tom Jervoise, has to deal with an uninteresting and somewhat improbable character. Mrs. Stirling invests the part of the Countess Caryl with that calm dignity and measured form of speech which seems so peculiar to her. Miss Calhoun cannot be complimented on her impersonation of Lady Nell, while on the other hand the character sketches of Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Elliot are most admirable. Mr. Brookfield is a disagreeable type of humanity, but we fear a true one, a thoroughly snobbish man of good breeding, a man who, in another class of life, would be deservedly called a "cad," and ignored for his egotism and selfishness. Mr. Elliot represents a fashionable physician



with admirable fidelity and very delicate humour. Needless to add that the play is beautifully put upon the stage. No pains apparently have been spared on the part of the management, and the artists generally, to make "Lords and Commons" an unqualified success.

### "GILLETTE."

A Comic Opera, music by AUDRAN, words by MM. CHEVOT and DURN. First produced in Paris at the Bouffes Parisiennes in November, 1882. Adapted from the French by SAVILE CLARKE, and first produced in England at the Royalty Theatre-on Monday, November 19, 1883.

Count Raymond	... ..	MR. WALTER BROWNE.	Richard	... ..	MISS GRANT.
King René	... ..	MR. FRED KAYE.	Robert	... ..	MISS DOUGLASS.
Oliver	... ..	MISS MAUD TAYLOR.	Toinette	... ..	MISS RIVIERE.
Griffard	... ..	MR. W. J. HILL.	Suzanne	... ..	MISS TREVELLYAN.
Menotte	... ..	MR. J. WILLES.	Rosita	... ..	MISS KATE MUNROE.
Barigoul	... ..	MR. C. COWLRICK.	Gillette	... ..	MISS KATE SANTLEY.

NOTHING is more common in the writings of the old romancists than the incident chosen by Boccaccio for his story of "Gillette de Narbon," and by Shakespeare for his comedy of "All's Well that Ends Well." A fascinating and frivolous Count pretends to fall in love with a street ballad-singer, and certainly induces her to believe that she has inspired him with a true affection. The same ballad-singer, Gillette, has rendered the king of her country an enormous service by curing him by means of a wonderful elixir. Her reward is to be the granting of any request she cares to make to the grateful monarch. What more natural than she should ask to be united to Count Raymond, the man she loves. But this arrangement does not at all suit the Count, who, though forced into marriage with the love-struck little lady, determines only to be a nominal husband until the woman he loves can conjure a certain ring off his finger. Gillette sets about her apparently hopeless task. Disguising herself as a young officer, she follows Count Raymond to the wars, and makes herself acquainted with all his amours and intrigues. At present he is laying siege to the heart of a married lady, the wife of an obese old tutor to the reigning Prince. This is Gillette's chance. She goes to her rival, represents who she is, and asks her the great favour of allowing Gillette to personate Rosita at an amorous interview that has been arranged. There is a certain piquancy in the incident that did not fail to attract the attention of Shakespeare, who, unlike the French authors, treated it without a suspicion of pruriency. Gillette, disguised as another woman, and admitted to the embraces of her faithless lord, soon won the ring from his finger, and ultimately secures the affection for which she had so long and so anxiously pined.

It is almost certain that had Mr. Savile Clarke taken this subject in hand and treated it in his own fashion, he would have made a very pretty book out of it, but his hands were tied. He had an offensive libretto to cleanse, and French verses to treat in English. He was not his own master. But for all that his book, as it stands, is infinitely preferable to those dreary mixtures of bad jokes, worn puns, and atrocious anachronisms that are so continually praised by critics. To take a French libretto and to pepper it and salt it with subtle advertisements and wretched vulgarisms, is not a feat of authorship of which any one need be very proud, but such books have become so fashionable that those arranged on a different principle are voted dull. We talk about the educating influence of the



stage, but, in some respects, it was never so common and so unimaginative as now.

The comparative failure of "Gillette" on the first night was due to the extreme faultiness of the stage management. A worse piece of taste and judgment was never seen than the introduction of four gawky, uninteresting young women as personal attendants on the Count Raymond, utterly incapable of appearing at their ease, unable to walk, talk, laugh, or to make themselves subordinate to the scene. No wonder that the audience hissed, for this blot on the picture was unduly emphasized, and there seemed to be a general opinion that these Brobdingnagian extra ladies ought to be put down once and for ever. But what are we to say of a stage-manager who could see a dress rehearsal, be made aware of the eyesore, and still permit the poor young ladies to place themselves in such a false position? But look at the stage-management elsewhere. Would any experienced person have allowed Mr. Willes to make such an exhibition of himself as he did in a comic character, or have permitted poor Mr. W. J. Hill to go running on and off the stage, and doing so little throughout the evening? The opera was superbly mounted, the dresses were rich, extravagant, and often very pretty; but of what value are silks and satins, stuffs, and stockings, if the wearers of them are so inexperienced, and apparently so stupid into the bargain. Miss Kate Santley, Miss Kate Munroe, and Mr. W. J. Hill had a difficult uphill fight of it. They alone seemed familiar with the stage. By this time, no doubt, matters are improved, but an ill-rehearsed play seldom recovers from the shock of the original verdict. Practice may make "Gillette" go more smoothly, but it cannot give voices to the voiceless, or intelligence to some of the young ladies, who, amusingly enough, think they have the requisite capability for a stage career. It is a sad thing to waste so much energy, and to spend so much money on a luckless entertainment; but a clever stage eye ought at once to have detected the blunders that, in this instance, were scarcely pardonable. The music, by Walter Slaughter and Hamilton Clarke, was infinitely preferable to the whole score by Audran; and the best bit of art was the dancing of Miss Ada Wilson.



## The Lost Dog.

[*A Poem for Recitation.*]

THE weather was warm and cloudless, the summer winds sunk to rest,  
And the blue sea dimpled and dotted, by the ships on her shining  
breast—

And a breathless glittering stillness held the sunny afternoon,  
As it slept in the hazy beauty of lovely, lazy June.

Three sides of the lower lighthouse were girt with a grassy plain,  
And beyond it lay acres of clover, and wavering fields of grain;  
But behind, the shimmering wavelets lapped lazily, softly, still,  
In gentle, murmuring music, on the boulders of Portland Bill.

The tall cliffs gaunt and rugged, marked miles of unvaried grey,  
 And cut off the glimpses of Dorset, and the beautiful Weymouth bay,  
 And the treacherous Race was sleeping, and the Shambles a silver line,  
 Though many a gallant vessel, lay deep in that rippled brine—  
 And down through the barley-tresses, and the billowy lengths of corn,  
 A man came hastily speeding, quick over the level lawn—  
 A man about eight-and-twenty, stalwart, and tall, and fair,  
 With his cap pulled over his forehead to shield his eyes from the glare.

He crossed the stretches of open, and unlatching the white-barred gate,  
 He knocked at the door of the lighthouse, impatient at having to wait ;  
 And when the lighthouse keeper had opened and asked his will—  
 He stood there handsome and sunburnt, but horribly worn and ill—  
 "I saw in last Thursday's paper, that you'd lost a dog," he said,  
 "He answered the name of 'Pilgrim,' a Newfoundland, you thought, well  
 bred.

The description is that I take it of a dog I had called that name—  
 Excuse my asking the question—Can you tell me whence he came?"

Then the lighthouse keeper answered, "The dog don't belong to me—  
 But I've had him, sir, nigh two winters—he was cast up here by the sea ;  
 He's a splendid fellow is 'Pilgrim,' here he comes with the little child—  
 Good Heavens, why, what's the matter? don't look so scared and wild."  
 He caught him firm by the shoulder for the man turned ghastly white,  
 As a sweet little blue-eyed maiden, ran out in the soft sunlight ;  
 And the dog came lazily trotting, close to the baby's side,  
 And both stopped short together, as the stranger they first descried.

Then the great dog bounded upon him, and licked the young man's cheek,  
 Velping his recognition as plain as a dog can speak ;  
 Then, fawning and madly joyful, he grovelled about his feet,  
 Surely that dog and master were strangely glad to meet.  
 And the child and the man stood staring, till the stranger raised his  
 head,  
 "This dog is my dear old 'Pilgrim,' he came from the sea, you said.  
 Did he bring the little one with him?" "To be sure he did." "Brave  
 boy!  
 Will you come to me, Flossie, sweetheart? I'm your father, Leslie Roy!"

That night when the lamps were lighted and shone on the moonlit sea,  
 The father told them his story, with Flossie upon his knee.  
 With tender caressing fingers, stroking her silken hair,  
 And the other arm thrown round "Pilgrim," who sat by his master's chair.  
 "'Tis nearly two years, my darling, since I last was on English ground,  
 Since I took my stand on the steamboat, for America outward bound.  
 For I'd angered my father sorely, I'd married against his will,  
 You see I'd been spoilt and petted, I was wild and wilful still.

"My father had loved me dearly, for I was his only son,  
But when he heard of my marriage, he thought 'twas a crime I'd done,  
And swore he would never forgive me, in spite of his failing age,  
For my sweet little wife was an actress, and he hated the slandered stage.  
So we lived for a time in London; we led such a happy life,  
For though I had lost my father, I'd my beautiful blue-eyed wife.  
But soon came the bitter winter, with it's piercing keen-edged blast,  
And the day that you came to us, Flossie, my darling breathed her last."

He paused, as his soft voice trembled, and gazed o'er the shining seas,  
Where a schooner set in silver, dipped to the cool light breeze;  
And Flossie, her wavy tresses lifting from off his breast,  
Patted the great Newfoundland, and clamoured to hear the rest.  
"Well, I toiled and hungered in London, until you were three years old,  
Then I settled to try the new world, and chance for the fields of gold.  
I took you out with me, Lassie, and poor old 'Pilgrim' too,  
I'd been asked to sell him often, but he'd been too staunch and true."

"That night we passed by yonder, just where the schooner lies,  
'Twas a gloomy, leaden evening, and the fog began to rise;  
The lightship lamp was haloed, in tender luminous haze,  
And the beacon on either lighthouse flared with a lurid blaze.  
We sat on the deck together, my baby, the dog, and I,  
Watching the wind-chased scud-lengths skimming the angry sky.  
But later I joined my comrades, to seek from my thoughts relief;  
I'd got into habits of drinking in trying to drown my grief."

"I left the dog there with Flossie, I thought they were safe and sound,  
It never occurred to her father, that the child might be hurt or drowned.  
I stayed in the bright room drinking in the noise, and heat, and glare,  
Till some one asked of the baby, then I reeled up the narrow stair.  
The deck was deserted and silent, the sea looked rough and wild,  
I searched the good ship over, but found neither dog nor child!  
Ah! that terrible, terrible evening! I was mad with remorse and pain  
When they told me my bonnie wee baby I never should see again."

"I stayed in America working, till a month ago or more,  
When my father, dying, forgave me, and I sailed for the English shore.  
I read in the *Times* last Thursday, that a dog like mine was lost,  
And a light of hope and longing my broken spirit crossed.  
I came here fearing and dreading to feel that light depart;  
Thank God! whose goodness and mercy have healed a sinner's heart—  
Thank you! who cherished my darling with love and affection true;  
And thanks, my brave old 'Pilgrim,' my faithful friend, to you!"

B. H.





## Our Omnibus=Box.

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I HAVE received the following letter from Mr. William Archer, the author of that clever and useful work, "Dramatists of To-day":—

"Writing of 'The Glass of Fashion' in the THEATRE for November, you place some utterances of mine in the scale against those of the late Mr. Dutton Cook. Though it is not doubtful on which side you mean the balance to decline, I can only feel honoured at being weighed, even in irony, against such an authority. At the same time, lest your readers should receive a false impression, you will, perhaps, allow me to state that the passages you quote were published long before 'The Glass of Fashion' was produced, even in the country, and, therefore, cannot contain the smallest reference to that play, of which I knew absolutely nothing until I saw it for the first time yesterday evening (November 1).

"As for the 'dramatic ring,' I think it is pretty plain, from the context of the passage you quote, that I am no great believer in the effective existence of such an institution; and, at any rate, I had no intention of including the critics in its magic circle.

"I think, too, that you somewhat misapprehend my meaning in saying of Mr. Grundy: 'He dares to be moral.' I meant: 'He dares to give his plays an ethical tendency;' you interpret my words: 'He dares to be goody-goody.' It requires no daring to be goody-goody; to be moral, as the reception of 'The Glass of Fashion' amply proves, requires a good deal. I regret the ambiguity of expression which has given rise to this misunderstanding. Elsewhere in the book from which you quote, I have tried to emphasize my belief in the seeming paradox that French immorality is sometimes more moral than English goody-goodness, that 'Zola, and Sardou, and Halévy, and Alexandre Dumas,' are better moralists than some of our 'dramatic Chadbands.'"

"I should scarcely have troubled you on these points, but that I wish at the same time to make an explanation of much more importance. You, Sir, refer to Mr. Grundy once as my 'friend,' and again as my 'young friend;' and similar innuendoes have lately appeared in other quarters where I did not think it worth while to notice them. Is it not a strange comment on the boasted independence of criticism, that when a critic speaks of a play with any warmth of appreciation, he is at once presumed to be a personal friend of the author? 'Friendship' is a word which I, for one, do not care to fling about loosely; but that I have the honour of Mr. Sydney Grundy's personal acquaintance I gladly admit. Those, however, who attribute to this fact the tone of the article on Mr. Grundy in my 'English Dramatists,' confound effect with cause. In that paper I deal with three of Mr. Grundy's plays, and all that I say of them was written and printed in one form or another before I ever saw Mr. Grundy. I knew Mr. Grundy because I admire some of his work; I do not admire his work because I know him. Since I made his acquaintance I have not

had occasion to write a single word about any play of his ; but were I not confident in my own readiness to state, and Mr. Grundy's readiness to take in good part, an outspoken opinion on any of his productions, past or future, I can assure all whom it may concern that Mr. Grundy and I would never have been 'friends.' "

I can assure Mr. Archer that I never implied or sought to imply that a very natural and proper friendship influenced a very remarkable criticism. But judging from past experience I should fear that the friendship hangs merely on Mr. Archer's reticence to express any adverse opinion on Mr. Grundy's work. I should say that Mr. Grundy was about the last person in the world "to take in good part an outspoken opinion on any of his productions, past or future," except one Robert Buchanan, who has made himself just as ridiculous in his wild attempt to criticize his critics as Mr. Grundy has. However, when Mr. Archer has written criticisms for as many years as I have, he will learn to treat with sublime indifference the antics of these self-sufficient gentlemen. They have both recorded their pitiful position in the columns of the *Era* newspaper, and left there the fatal mark of their deplorable indiscretion.

Two months have not elapsed since Miss Mary Anderson made her first appearance in England. During this time opinions have been various as regards the talent this lady possesses of merging personal individuality of gesture and manner into the nature of the characters she portrays. Miss Anderson's *Parthenia* has been affirmed by many to be a performance of most exquisite grace and beauty. Those of her audiences whose sympathies were not greatly aroused by the joys or sorrows of the Grecian maid, explained the fact by the almost unintelligible statement that "*Ingomar*," as a play of the olden times, cannot possess as proportionate a hold upon our minds as that of the average drama of the present day.

These people seem to forget that the love which is shown to be patient and enduring, the friendship which is proved to be staunch and real, are sentiments which must always command our admiration (however unfinished may be the framework in which they are set) so long as the hearts of the actor and actress are in their work.

"The Lady of Lyons" is a play dealing with human interests and emotions, however forced and overstrained they may sometimes appear to be. It undoubtedly demands on the part of the heroine a strength of feeling and personal charm of manner so as to enable us to overlook the artificiality of many of its situations. Granting this, however, it must be allowed that Pauline is a character of no little charm in her alternate passions of love and revenge. We cannot but feel that the affection she bears for her lover is both true and womanly in its intensity.

It may be pretty accurately affirmed that Miss Anderson, as Pauline, highly delighted the majority of her audience, while to those who had previously studied her method and mode of acting she can scarcely be said to have proved disappointing. Charming as the lady may be, both in look and gesture, she is certainly wanting in that inexplicable impulsiveness, that absolute abandonment of consciousness and self-possession, without which all acting must appear false and untrue.



The well-known scene in the cottage, where Pauline, after learning her husband's deceit, taunts him with a reiteration of the pleasures and joys which were to have been her lot in life, is full of opportunities for displaying the passionate love and consequent hatred of the wronged girl.

At the recent revival the situation lacked both life and spirit, and when, after the beating of the drum, the hysterical emotion of Miss Anderson, and the boisterous grief of Mr. Barnes, the curtain descended amidst loud and repeated applause, the question involuntarily arose as to its value and meaning, since little more than three months previously it had as freely been bestowed upon a lady whose power chiefly consists in the nameless charm of impulsiveness and lack of artificiality! Sincere and earnest praise is to be awarded Miss Anderson for her evident talent and perseverance. But to speak of absolute perfection already attained, is to ignore the one standpoint from which all true art must be criticized. Because the highest position in acting (as in all other professions in life) can only be won by incessant toil and industry, is surely no reason why we should, in a manner, oblige ourselves to be contented with what we feel and know to be wrong. No better description, we think, can be given of Miss Mary Anderson than that which is conveyed in the well-known lines: "Faultily faultless—icily regular—splendidly null—dead perfection—no more!" But there is a perfection of art, and also a perfection of Nature, in which art plays but a secondary part. It remains for us to decide which of the two exercises the greater and more lasting effect upon our minds.

The Claude Melnotte of Mr. Barnes is full of determination and spirit. If the impersonation lacks poetry and imagination, their absence seemed to be scarcely felt by an audience who showed evident appreciation of Mr. Barnes' hearty and boisterous style of love-making. Mr. Archer can scarcely be complimented on his rapid delivery of the lines awarded to him in the character of Beauséant. Mrs. Billington, as the Widow Melnotte, is most admirable, and the same may be said of Mr. Farren who, in the character of Damas, has ample opportunity of displaying a certain spirit of quiet humour which seems so peculiarly to belong to him. The play is well mounted, the first scene of the third act being especially noticeable for its beautiful and harmonious colouring.

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The following notes on Miss Mary Anderson and her art, written by a clever lady, will no doubt be considered interesting:—

"It has occurred to me that something may be said from a woman's point of view concerning the want of thought and consistency which is displayed in our powers of reasoning when we are called upon to discern between what is true and what is false in art. It is a difficult thing to say how far any actor or actress of the present day is criticised from that standpoint of perfection which can no more be influenced by personal individuality, or charms of face and manner, than light can be compared with darkness. It has lately been my fate to see a good deal of theatrical life, and I have noticed with no small degree of interest the wonderful versatility of opinion and power of adaptation which has suddenly possessed society, now that another land has deprived us for some time to come of, perhaps, our most favourite actress. In exchange, we are honoured



with the presence of a lady whose name and reputation have long been familiar to us.

"I need scarcely say that I speak of Miss Mary Anderson, whose beauty and grace of manner have been the general topic of conversation for some weeks past. These I do not intend to allude to at the present moment, my opinion being that they have nothing to do with the question as to whether Miss Anderson is an artist in the truest and highest sense of the word—capable of influencing and affecting our minds as she desires—by the silent power of genius which is as mysterious as it is beautiful. Scarcely three months have elapsed since the artistic and literary world assembled one evening to bid 'Farewell' to a lady whose powers, in certain respects, are unequalled, and who, in every part she undertakes, keeps ever before her mind the nature and disposition of the characters she has to deal with. I allude to Miss Ellen Terry, who has given us a series of living poems—created, not enveloped, by her striking individuality—which have justly made her name a household word to all of us. Looking back over the long list of characters she has at various times portrayed, it may with all sincerity be affirmed that not one of them has lacked that spark of genius which can neither be attained by the closest study or the finest imitation. The evening I have mentioned will long linger in my memory, as in that of many others who were present. The heartfelt and repeated applause was justly merited. It had been both well and hardly earned, and the regret seemed universal that the day of return was so far distant. But there happened (as in many instances) to be two sides of the picture, and as I took my seat to witness Miss Mary Anderson's first appearance in England, I devoutly hoped that they would prove equally true to Nature as to art. What, then, was my surprise to find that the same applause was elicited, the same enthusiasm aroused, by a certain talent of artificiality and imitation apparent to the most unobservant playgoer. Miss Anderson is undoubtedly absolute mistress of everything that art can teach and study achieve; but, on the other hand, she is wholly wanting in any natural impulse of sentiment and feeling. That we would hold out the right hand of fellowship and goodwill to the new-comer was more than certain. Her position amongst us as a total stranger demanded an exceptionable amount of deference and cordiality, which we at once extended to her. But, I venture to assert, that from the moment Miss Mary Anderson stepped upon the stage the position of things was entirely altered. She challenged criticism, she asked for our true and unprejudiced opinions. Why is it that we have not accorded them to her as frankly and fearlessly as we have hitherto done to so many of her brothers and sisters in art? On all sides one hears of the lady's beauty. What has this got to do with the question in hand? If the possession of good looks and graces of manner can so entirely sway our judgment and captivate our admiration, of what use, one naturally asks, is the incessant toil and thought which the true artist gives to her work so as to enable her to lose all trace of personal individuality of tone and manner except in so far as they help and aid her conception of any given character? I despair of obtaining a satisfactory answer. Only a few days ago I questioned a friend, whose opinions I rather value, as to the reasons she could

give for the unbounded enthusiasm she expressed for Miss Anderson's talent. 'Well, really, my dear,' was the answer, 'I don't think I have ever thought about them, except that she is so very pretty and graceful, and she looks so charming in those classical dresses; and, then—her smile!' 'But,' I interrupted, 'I was not speaking either of her looks or dress. 'You scarcely thought of such things when you used to talk so admiringly of Ellen Terry.' 'Ah, well, dear!' and my friend seemed nonplussed for the moment; 'we can't find an Ellen Terry every day of the week, you know!'

"So apparently ended the argument from *her* point of view. From *mine* it seemed to imply we must be contented with that which is second best, when the latter is unattainable! Of the two ladies I have mentioned, I venture to assert that if the art of one is *right*, the other must be absolutely and entirely *wrong*. A more charming face, or greater attraction of manners will not raise the scale on either side in the slightest degree. The question at stake, is of *artistic* not of *personal* feeling. Even if this were not the case, something might be said to show that Miss Anderson is not the first and only lady who has aroused our admiration by the graceful way in which she wears her classical robes. Not so very long ago all London was talking of the exquisite picture Miss Ellen Terry made as Camma, in 'The Cup.' We have no need of photographs to enable our minds to wander back to the living poem she looked as, harp in hand, she sang and listened for her husband's return home; or when, as the High Priestess of Artemis, almost enveloped in clouds of incense, she made the centre-piece of a picture which, once seen, could not easily be forgotten. And yet many of our leading criticisms are filled up by noting the perfect picture Miss Mary Anderson makes, sitting before a fire, her head resting on her hand; or of the artless grace she displayed as Parthenia, reposing by her mother's side. These things are all very well in their way. But they did not *make*, they only *embellished*, the Camma of Miss Terry. Beauty alone could not put life and being into the character any more than it can put heart and sentiment into the Parthenia or Pauline of Miss Anderson. I have been told that this lady's popularity is chiefly owing to the immense admiration her looks have excited in the minds of her own sex. If such be the case, I can only say that I never realized until the present time how great is the influence we possess over the opinions and judgment of our several lords and masters."

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The dramatic articles in the New York *Spirit of the Times* are remarkable alike for their vigour, their sound sense, and their determined independence. Mr. Stephen Fiske has studied the stage of America and England for over a quarter of a century, and whatever he says on dramatic matters, whether we agree with him or not, is worth reading. It is, therefore, with particular pleasure that I quote what he has said about Henry Irving and his success as a student-interpreter of Shakespeare, and as the designer of the most beautiful stage-pictures ever seen:—"In 'The Bells' and 'Charles I.', last week, Mr. Irving puzzled the public; in 'Louis XI.' and 'The Merchant of Venice' he has astonished, overwhelmed, and com-



pletely captured them. We pass over 'Louis XI.' more hastily than it deserves, in order to deal with 'The Merchant of Venice,' in which the same art was devoted to one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies. It is difficult to write with moderation of a performance which is certainly the most perfect we have witnessed on any stage, and which came like a revelation to the crowded and brilliant audience. We doubt whether half a dozen of the persons present on Tuesday evening had ever seen the whole of 'The Merchant of Venice' before; we know that none of them had ever seen it represented so magnificently and so faultlessly. Usually, in this country, the selfish and inartistic policy with which Joseph Jefferson deals with comedy has been extended to 'The Merchant of Venice;' it is cut down to a one-part play, and the tragedian who mouths and rants as Shylock is considered to be a Shakesperian actor. Mr. Irving has exploded this system in a single evening. Hereafter the tragedian who cuts down 'The Merchant of Venice' will be regarded as a Vandal, and if he mouths and rants as Shylock he will be laughed at or hissed. Mr. Irving has restored the comedy to the proportions which Shakespeare intended. Antonio, not Shylock, is the merchant of Venice, the hero of the play; and Portia, instead of being a mere satellite of Shylock, shines as one of the most brilliant of Shakespeare's heroines. The last act, which has generally been omitted here, is now presented in its entirety. The conclusion of the fourth act, after Shylock leaves the court, which has always been omitted here, is now so deliciously acted by Miss Terry that it seems one of the strongest comedy scenes. Shylock, in Mr. Irving's hands, becomes a natural and probable character, instead of a raving scene-chewer and impossible monstrosity. From first to last the play is filled, without being overburdened, with the life and light and music of ancient Venice, and, whether we regard it as a triumph of acting or of stage-management, it is unquestionably superior to anything ever before presented on the American stage. These are strong words, but they are not too strong for the occasion. Mr. Irving's success was unqualified and unprecedented. For over a quarter of a century we have longed and laboured to bring about just such a performance of Shakespeare as that of last evening, and now we find our ideal realized in every character and every detail."

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"In the 'Lyons Mail,'" continues Mr Fiske, "which will be produced next Monday, we are promised a dual impersonation which shall excel Mr. Irving's Louis XI. and Shylock; and in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' which follows, the scenery is said to surpass that of 'The Merchant of Venice.' We can believe anything about the Irving season now; but the present programme is good enough for us, and for the public. Let no reader of *The Spirit* be deterred from attending by the advance in the prices. If the seats at the Star Theatre were ten dollars each, instead of three dollars, they would be the cheapest in the city relatively to the entertainment presented. The eye, the ear, the intellect, the heart, are simultaneously gratified, and for years the memory will retain the most delightful recollections of a thousand and one exquisite details of the performance



which it would require a volume to particularize. Such a representation, then, is cheap at any price; and it must be remembered that Mr. Irving charges precisely the same terms during the regular season at his own theatre in London."

According to this truthful account, Mr. Irving appears to have got firm hold of the most intelligent audiences in New York. What an outbreak of enthusiasm there will be when they see the cathedral scene in "Much Ado About Nothing!"

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Every one who knows Lennox Browne—and who is there, in the musical and dramatic professions, unacquainted with that gifted specialist?—has been for some months past anxiously expectant of the book upon the physiology and hygiene of the vocal organs which was known to be in course of preparation by him, in collaboration with Emil Behnke, the eminent teacher of "voice production." The long looked-for work has appeared at last, under the suggestive title of "Voice, Song, and Speech," and is, as might have been expected, not only useful and instructive to the professional class (singers and actors) to which it is specially addressed, but profoundly interesting to mankind at large. Emancipate from the technical jargon that renders most medical or surgical books unreadable to the general public, written in simple and graceful English, and abundantly illustrated with photographs and drawings of the ingenious and complicated mechanisms for the production of sound, which ninety-nine of every hundred human beings utilize daily without the least knowledge of their arrangement or conditions, this delightful book is in many respects unique of its kind, and deserves to be universally read; for it is much more entertaining than the majority of novels, and offers at least one agreeable contrast to most works of its own category—viz., its absolute freedom from dullness. Unpretentiously and luminously, Messrs. Browne and Behnke tell their readers all about the voice, the phenomena attending its production, the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs, the laws of sound, the hygienic aspect of the wonderful apparatus above alluded to, the laryngoscope, its use and teachings, and innumerable other matters of importance to the average *homo*, as well as to the professional or amateur vocalist. The chapter on voice-cultivation will be found thrillingly interesting by these latter. In it Browne or Behnke—we know not which—teaches those afflicted by unmanageable tongues to control and regulate the action of those "unruly members"—in a word, to "train" their tongues, and "keep them in tiptop working condition." They subsequently instruct the vocalist how he or she should live in order to preserve Nature's gifts uninjured; how to deal with all the ailments affecting the vocal organs, as well as with constitutional or acquired defects of speech. To sum up in a few words the leading characteristics of "Voice, Song, and Speech," it is full of valuable information, intelligibly imparted; never tiresome, and frequently very amusing; a mine of learning the measures of which are not offered to the public in rough-hewn blocks, but daintily polished and fashioned into attractive shapes by skilled and artistic hands.

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The man who bought himself a piece of cloth wherewith to make a suit and stood shivering in the street to watch the change of fashions until one he liked should supervene, was a philosopher perhaps. A similar system applied to the chronicling of only those Paris pieces one liked would make one go to the grave unpublished. I have been silent since June, hoping against hope, until disappointment gasps for breath. With sixteen out of seventeen Paris theatres in full swing every night since the beginning of September, there is absolutely nothing worthy of record from a critical point of view. Every new production shows the same lack of invention, until the theatrical pilgrimage from the Boulevard Beaumarchais to the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin begets the impression that the boasted superiority of the French playwright is an exploded fallacy.

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Of the Grand Opera, the Parisian playgoer expects little in the way of change, and gets less. M. Vaucorbeil has a tendency to rest upon his laurels until they become thorns in the sides of his habitués. He pleads the enormous outlay inseparable from the production of a new opera as an excuse for his shortcomings in that respect. If viewed in that light, the plea is just; but one had hoped that the Perrin-Sarcey controversy would at least have led to some attempt at reform, the hope of which deferred maketh sick the heart of young composers, who say rightly that canvas and paint, silk and satin, do not an opera make. The chance of a hearing, prepared ever so hastily elsewhere than in their own apartments, would gladly make said young composers dispense with gorgeous scenery and resplendent costumes. But apparently this is not to be. Instead of new operas with old interpreters, we get old operas with new interpreters. Of the latest additions to M. Vaucorbeil's pensionnaires, two deserve special mention—Mdlle. Adèle Isaac and M. Escalaïs. The lady, who came from the Opéra Comique, is already a great artist, and undoubtedly destined to attain the highest honours on the lyric stage. The gentleman's future as an operatic singer is not quite so certain, notwithstanding his magnificent voice and very good method. M. Escalaïs' lack of histrionic instinct is unredeemed by physical advantages. His continued success as an operatic singer is, therefore, problematical to say the least. "A man has the privilege of being ugly," said Curran to Madame de Staël. "Yes," came the reply; "but he shouldn't carry it too far." The partial confession of "Corinne" is not likely to be admitted by her less intellectual sisters in the case of a would-be hero of the romantico-lyric stage. Of two other *débutantes*—Mesdemoiselles Lureau and Fiquet—I must speak at a more convenient opportunity.

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The Opéra Comique may be dismissed in a few lines. Pending the production of M. Massenet's "Manon Lescaut," M. Carvalho coins money with "Carmen," which holds the bill three nights out of the seven, and makes 9,000f. a night. And poor Georges Bizet, who died heart-broken for want of a little encouragement, whilst his father still gives music lessons! It is all of a piece with the *rentrée* of Mdlle. Gallie Marié in the title-rôle, in which at the creation she was voted by the bourgeoisie clien-



tèle of the house in the Rue Favart "too awfully artful." The ultra-amative business in the second act provoked nightly protests; now it obtains thunders of applause. "That's because it was realistic then, and it's only imaginary now," said a critic with a long tongue the other night. "She painted from fact; she only draws upon her memory now. There's no fear of complications now when the curtain's down. The public go home conscious in their innocence of not having provoked unwholesome passions by their approval."

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"Why bastard?" says Edmund in "King Lear," and echo answers "Why?" Almost every new piece produced has confronted the illegitimate and legitimate offspring, and generally to the disadvantage of the former. "Les Mancroix" of M. Albert Delpit at the Comédie Française, M. Victor Jouet's "Bel Armand" at the Odéon, are but hackneyed illustrations of a worn-out theme. At the house in the Rue de Richelieu there have been two or three débuts. Mdlle. Rose Bruck, a cousin of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, appeared as Alcmène in Molière's "Amphitryon." Mdlle. Bruck gives promise, but not as the impersonatress of semi-tragic heroines, for which her physical advantage seem to fit her, however. She is a good-looking likeness of Rachel, but the power of the great actress is wanting. To judge from one performance only, Mdlle. Bruck would make an excellent comedy-actress. I have not seen her since her début, and will not be betrayed into a hasty judgment. Mdlle. Jane Brindeau, who secedes from the Gymnase, is not a novice like the former lady. She is familiar with every resource that art can teach, but her natural capacities do not raise to the same level. Her second début in "Ruy Blas" was disappointing. She is less good than Mdlle. Baretta, who wasn't a patch upon Sarah Bernhardt. In fact, with the exception of the old artists, the Théâtre Français, no more than any other theatre, seems to bring out "new blood." It is not owing to lack of energy on M. Perrin's part, but simply because there is a scarcity of supply. And when by some stroke of good fortune a great artist is found, the jealousy of the Sociétaires prevents him or her coming to the front unless he or she reveal him or herself at the début. The Comédie Française is still the most enjoyable theatre in Paris to the cultured playgoer; but the spirit of money-making that presides at its government detracts much from the initiative, for which the Government pays something like £12,000 a year. The Sociétaires seem bent upon making a hoard. If they play well, it is because they cannot do otherwise.

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The little house in the next street, the Palais Royal, has scored a success with "Ma Camarade" of M. Meilhac. It is built upon the lines of "Divorçons," though by no means half so witty. It cannot hold a candle to "Les Affoles," by MM. Gondinet and Philip Gille at the Vaudeville. The play is virtually a comment upon the Krach, and is very amusing from the first scene to the last. It is merely paying, and will shortly be replaced by Daudet's "Rois en Exil."

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The Gymnase has revived "La Petite Marquise," which is drawing lots of money, but will shortly have to make room for M. Georges Ohnet's "Le Maître des Forges," likely to be the greatest success of the season. I should advise London managers to secure the rights as quickly as possible. The play merely requires translation. It is particularly free from anything that generally makes adaptation so difficult a task. Unfortunately Robert Buchanan has already spoiled M. Ohnet's story.

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The five Opera Bouffes may be noticed in one word. They are neither better nor worse than their predecessors. M. Jacobi's "La Clairon" was a failure, owing principally to its stupid libretto. "Madame Boniface," at the Bouffes Parisiennes, is pretty. "François les Bas-Bleues," at the Folies Dramatiques, is the best of all. Unfortunately, its composer is dead. This hurried notice must suffice for this month. I hope to be able to give some more interesting news the next.

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A very interesting addition has been made to our growing volume of "Irvingiana," in a cleverly written, good-natured, but scathing pamphlet, called "Henry Irving, Actor and Manager." By an Irvingite. (London : George Routledge & Sons). On the title-page we are told that the neat little book is "a criticism of a critic's criticism," and we soon see who is to be demolished. Mr. William Archer, the author, some years ago, of "The Fashionable Tragedian," that necessarily gave great offence to Mr. Henry Irving, and the recent author of "Henry Irving ; a Critical Study," in the vellum parchment series, no doubt has laid himself open to attack. There are some passages decidedly worth quoting. Here, for instance, is the treatment of Mr. Archer's "Apologia," he having in a measure owned to being somewhat of a convert in his latest and decidedly best essay :—

"Having now gone through Mr. Archer's critical study pretty well from beginning to end, I come to that congenial task which I have reserved until the end as a *bonne bouche*—much as a boy reserves a spoonful of jam given him with his rice—namely, the examination of Mr. Archer's 'Apologia,' *pro erroribus suis*—his recantation, such as it is, of 'The Fashionable Tragedian.' 'Shall I—dare I—confess that there was a time when I was reckoned among the unbelievers, nay, when I was a very Saul of Tarsus, so far as bigotry went, in my opinion to the new creed? I clung to the Pharasaic prejudice with which such a liberal Agnostic as Hamlet seems to have been infected, that ability to walk and talk was an indispensable condition of tolerable acting. I even tried my hand at stone-throwing in a small way, though I am happy to say my little lapidatory exercise broke no bones, far less contributed to a martyrdom' (p. 39). What a graceful apology ! How modest of Mr. Archer to compare himself only to Saul of Tarsus, and not to claim any right to be identified with the saint in which that eminent persecutor developed !

"He is right ; for, in spite of this recantation of some of his worst errors, I fear he has got little further than the stage of kicking against the pricks of his own conscience. But having identified himself with one Scriptural character, why did Mr. Archer stop there ? The picture of the youthful critic

hurling his stones at the great actor might surely have recalled to him David and Goliath. Perhaps he shrank from comparing Mr. Irving by implication with Goliath, or he may have thought that he was making too great a demand on the credulity of his readers if he asked them to believe that so accurate a marksman as he has shown himself to be could possibly practise his lapidatory exercises without due effect. But it may be that the Goliath on this occasion possessed a tougher skin than his Philistine original, or that Mr. Archer's lapidatory missiles were of a softer nature than those employed by the future king of Israel. There yet remains one Scriptural character which Mr. Archer might have assumed without any difficulty, I mean that of Shimei, who is described as cursing and throwing stones at David when he was no longer a shepherd boy, but a king. I suppose the stones he threw must have miscarried, for we read that he was afterwards reduced to casting dust. Surely this sufficiently describes the attitude of the great critic, Mr. Archer, towards Mr. Irving in 1877. Now we are, however, in 1883, and the success which Shimei thought would vanish before his curses has grown stronger and more certain with time. King David is returning in triumph, when Shimei throws himself on his knees in abject penitence. He begs him not to remember his former perverseness, and does all that profuse apologies can do to atone for his former insults. It strikes me that allowing for the fact that Mr. Archer's apology is not so complete as Shimei's, there is a very strong resemblance between them. I only hope that the unhappy fate which overtook the son of Gera may never fall on Mr. Archer."

Mr. Archer's opponent will not allow him to repent without receiving a pretty severe penance :—

"But Mr. Archer may say : 'What is the good of dragging up thus the follies of my youth from the pit of oblivion, when I have confessed that familiarity with Mr. Irving's acting has forced me into a reluctant respect for his talent ?' The reason, my dear arch-critic, is that you may ponder upon the folly—to use a mild expression—of giving vent to spiteful criticisms of any artist who is conscientiously trying his very best to do honour to his art. It is all very well for you to say, as you did in 'The Fashionable Tragedian,' that you did not know Mr. Irving personally, and that you were actuated by no professional jealousy in the virulent attack you then made on him. But this disclaimer is an old trick, which to those who know human nature, is only so much wasted protestation. Envy, malice, and uncharitableness did not perish with the Early Church. They were not buried in the tombs of the Crusaders, nor were they abolished by the Reformation, nor are they likely to be by any measure for the improvement of the human race, however wise, and however elaborate. We may hear every day in society, whether at the club or in the drawing-room, the most cruel slanders uttered with the greatest flippancy against the characters of men and women ; but in nine cases out of ten the persons who forge or circulate the slanders are utter strangers to the victims of their detraction, and are actuated by no motive of professional jealousy. The fact is that the vanity and self-love of human nature rebel against the praise lavished on another, whether it be for personal charms or in intellectual accomplishments ; and there is, I know not why, an especial failing of resentments



in many persons against any praise bestowed upon an actor other than the applause of his audience for the time being. It may be a remnant of the old prejudice which looked upon actors as rogues and vagabonds; but it is an undeniable fact—a fact equally true with regard to Roscius, to Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean—that it is quite sufficient that any portion of society should recognize an actor as something better than a trained monkey, bound to amuse them when so disposed, in order to rouse the jealousy and hatred of nearly all the rest of society. There is perhaps no malice so bitter as the sentimental malice of your dilettante critic, as the man who has learnt to look upon himself as a judge of what is correct and excellent in any art, who resents almost fiercely the success of any artist upon whom he has not, at the commencement of his career, bestowed the stamp of his approval.”

The following is the programme of the performance to be given by the Philo-Thespian Club, at the Town Hall, Oxford, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, December 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, and on Friday afternoon, December 7th :

AT 7.45 PRECISELY,

## A NEW AND ORIGINAL PROLOGUE,

*Written by Mr. F. E. WEATHERLEY, M.A.,*

*Will be spoken by the Hon. T. G. ADDERLEY, B.A.,*

AFTER WHICH THE CURTAIN WILL RISE ON

## “THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.”

Duke of Venice	...	...	...	MR. W. J. MORRIS, B.A., Jesus Coll.
Prince of Arragon	...	...	...	MR. H. S. CAREY, Pembroke Coll.
Antonio, a merchant	...	...	...	MR. E. G. GORDON, Merton Coll.
Bassanio	...	...	...	MR. W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., New Coll.
Salarino	...	...	...	MR. G. PRITCHARD, Univ. Coll.
Salanio	...	...	...	MR. G. F. STAFFORD, Balliol Coll.
Salerio	...	...	...	MR. E. HARRINGTON, Ch. Ch.
Gratiano	...	...	...	MR. A. M. MACKINNON, B.A., Trin. Coll.
Lorenzo	...	...	...	MR. G. LUSHINGTON, Univ. Coll.
Shylock	...	...	...	MR. BOUCHIER, Ch. Ch.
Tubal	...	...	...	MR. S. H. LECHMERE STUART, Magd. Coll.
Launcelot Gobbo	...	...	...	MR. W. BROMLEY DAVENPORT, Ball. Coll.
Old Gobbo	...	...	...	MR. W. J. MORRIS, B.A., Jesus Coll.
Leonardo	...	...	...	EARL OF NORBURY, Ch. Ch.
Balthasar	...	...	...	MR. G. H. AITKEN, Oriol Coll.
Stephano	...	...	...	MR. N. M'CORQUODALE, Pem. Coll.
Clerk of the Court	...	...	...	MR. W. CARROLL, Ch. Ch.
Gaoler	...	...	...	MR. J. C. ARMSTRONG, Pem. Coll.
Servant to Antonio	...	...	...	MR. C. EGERTON GREEN, Ball. Coll.
Magnificoes, &c.	...	...	...	Hon. H. JOLLIFFE, Hon. R. M. DALRYMPLE, Sir B. V. S. BRODIE, Bart., and Messrs. CHETWYND, PRINCE, BEAUMONT, CHRISTIE, FITZGERALD, KINLOCH, TREGARTHEN, &c.
Portia	...	...	...	{ MRS. W. L. COURTNEY. MISS E. ARNOLD.
Nerissa	...	...	...	MISS J. F. ARNOLD.
Jessica	...	...	...	MRS. WOODS.

The Part Songs in Acts III. and V. under the direction of  
the Rev. S. ANGEL-SMITH, Ch. Ch.



A performance, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Macdona, was given at Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, on Saturday, November 17th, when "The Lady of Lyons" was presented. Ambition, to a limited extent, we would encourage ; but when ambition, as it often does, over-rules discretion and good sense, then are we tempted to severely reprimand attempts which do not tend to enhance the cause of the amateurs, or to forward their interests. Such is the case of the performance under notice. True, there were signs of good rehearsal ; but, save in one or two notable instances, the cast was indisputably bad. It seems almost inconsistent with reason to select such an insignificant character as that of Glavis for premier position ; but this part, as given by Mr. F. C. Everill, was by far the best of the evening. Mr. Everill, we believe, is a son of the well-known actor of that name, and the old saying, "like father, like son," is very applicable here, for he proved himself a veritable "chip of the old block." He is a light comedian of exceptional ability ; his acting was throughout marked by much thought and care. Mr. C. J. Macdona was the impetuous Claude. He has a good stage-presence, but that would not atone for his many imperfections. His action was mechanical and awkward, and he had a tendency to drop his voice in a very sudden and jerky style. Mr. A. N. Hunter, as Colonel Damas, had not mastered his words ; Mr. J. W. Powell struggled with Beauséant, but in vain ; the Mons. Deschappelles of Mr. C. M. Campbell was remarkable only for his hideous make-up, whilst the Landlord of Mr. J. Appleton was perfectly unintelligible to us. From an elocutionary point of view, the Pauline of Miss Kate Osborne was good. She was, however, cold and unimpressive in her acting, and her movements lacked grace and dignity, as should become the proud beauty. The Madame Deschappelles of Mrs. Richard Powell was common-place and uninteresting. The assistance of Miss Florence Haydon secured for the Widow a competent representative ; it was a most admirable and sympathetic rendering, and served to show the incompetence of her fellow-workers in a very decided manner. The opening item was Maltby's farce, "Borrowed Plumes." Miss Helen Townshend, as Violet, deserves mention. Mr. Hinchcombe supplied some tasteful costumes, and Mr. F. W. Collins was responsible for the stage arrangements.

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On Thursday, November 8th, at the request of the Eton College Literary Society, Mr. F. C. Burnand very kindly gave a reading in the school library. The room, though a large one, was crowded by an expectant audience of Eton masters and boys. The lecturer was introduced by the Provost of Eton, and was received with hearty applause. Mr. Burnand selected the passage from "Happy Thoughts," which describes the author's visit to the Plyte Frazer's, at Furze Cottage, his difficulties on the railway journey, his mistaken visit to the Duke of Slumborough's, and gave an account of a dinner party at the Frazer's, to which all the guests had been invited especially to hear him sing "The Little Pig," with squeak included. He then described, in a most amusing manner, a little yachting excursion which he had undergone when there was "a nasty lop" on. Laughter was continuous throughout the evening, and at the conclusion of the reading the applause

was so prolonged and so enthusiastic that Mr. Burnand must have felt gratified at the reception accorded him on revisiting his old school. The Provost thanked the lecturer for the great pleasure he had given them, and Mr. Burnand replied in a few words.

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The Cambridge A.D.C. gave their annual performance on the evenings of November 19, 20, 21 and 22, and on the afternoon of November 24. The pieces selected were "Plot and Passion," "Little Toddlekins," and "Uncle's Will," one of the two latter being played with the former. The selection of "Plot and Passion" as the chief attraction this year shows that the members of the A.D.C. have an earnest desire to produce some really good dramatic work; and they spare neither time nor trouble in preparing the pieces for performance. In "Plot and Passion," as represented here, one character stood clearly out from the others, by reason of the excellent way it was played—namely, the Desmarests of Mr. F. M. Ogilvie. The hypocrisy and cynicism of the spy were rendered to perfection, and Mr. Ogilvie richly deserved the compliment paid him at the fall of the curtain. Mr. C. M. Brochner, who has already proved himself an excellent actor of low comedy, was evidently ill-suited in the part of Fouché; and, though he did his best, he failed to play effectively. The part of Madame de Fontanges, of course, was one of great difficulty for Mr. J. R. Mannors to undertake; but he dared to attempt it, and on the whole played it satisfactorily. This gentleman is a clever actor of female characters, and made a great success two years ago as Lady Teazle. Mr. C. A. Smith made a handsome Henri de Neuville, and was spirited and manly. Mr. F. C. Langham as the Marquis de Cevennes was passable; Mr. J. L. Lambe appeared as Berthier, Mr. Mackenzie as Jabot, and Mr. Maxse as Cecile, whilst Mr. Ouvry was amusing as Grisboulle. The scenery and costumes were alike excellent, the garden scene in the second Act being especially pretty. "Little Toddlekins" created much laughter, and was capitally played, Mr. Langham being particularly good as Amanthis; whilst Mr. Cust as Brownsmith, Mr. Calvert as Barnaby Babicombe, and Mr. Harrison as Captain Littlepop, also distinguished themselves. Mr. Theyre Smith's pretty little piece, "Uncle's Will," was also successfully produced.

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Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, since his last appearance in London, has been working steadily and well in the provinces, and bravely getting off the rough edges. First at Bristol, and next with Miss Sara Thorne's company in the Kent circuit, this determined gentleman has certainly done his best to profit by good advice. He has remained true to old men and character parts, and is to show us what practice can do in the way of making perfect. At a *Gaiety matinee*, fixed for Thursday, December 6, Mr. Gilbert Farquhar will appear as Squire Hesseltine, in Sims' comedy, "The Halfway House," and as Mr. Porcelaine in the old farce "Family Jars." The other characters will be undertaken by Miss Sara Thorne's company.

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On the 2nd of November—the “Day of the Dead”—expired at Wiesbaden “Tine” Wegner, the cleverest all-round actress and songstress in Germany, and, what is more, a noble, high-minded woman, the mainstay of her family, and joy of all who knew her, on and off the stage; good to the poor, pure in her life, devoted to her art, and of a merry light-hearted disposition that rendered her one of the pleasantest companions with whom it has ever been my good fortune to foregather. Her body was brought to Berlin for interment there; and it may be accepted as conclusive proof that she was something more than a clever mummer, or even than a conspicuous public favourite, that, on a mercilessly cold and wet morning, over twenty thousand persons of distinction or notoriety attended her funeral—that the German Emperor sent one of his most trusted friends and senior Privy Councillors to represent him at the ceremony—that not only the members of all the theatrical companies and corporations of Berlin and Potsdam were gathered, to a man and woman, round her grave under the pouring rain, but that strong deputations travelled all the way from Vienna, Hamburg, Dresden, Königsberg, Cologne, Wiesbaden, and a dozen other important German cities, in order to lay floral tributes of admiration and respect upon her coffin.

The daughter of an unsuccessful actress, Ernestine Wegner made early acquaintance with the seamy side of the dramatic *métier*, and suffered all the privations to which strolling-players’ children are too often subjected during years that should be free from care. So intelligent and pretty was little “Tine” at the age of fifteen, that a good part, “with plenty of words” as she has often told me), was then confided to her by a prescient manager in the provinces; and such a brilliant mark did she make with the *rôle* in question, that within a year a promising engagement was offered to her at Berlin, where she accordingly came out as a “singing soubrette,” and forthwith took a high place in public favour. It was in the early spring of 1868 that I first saw her, in a part teeming with difficult contrasts between merri-ment and pathos. At that time she was a mere slip of a girl, and her personal attractions, although remarkable, had by no means reached their zenith. Her voice, comparatively speaking untrained, was unusually powerful, sweet, and flexible for that of a *Backfisch*, to which semi-developed sisterhood she then belonged; and her intonation was absolutely irreproachable. It was obvious to the dramatic and musical critics of Berlin that she was destined to become the “bright particular star” of that amusing German speciality, the “*Posse mit Gesang*”—a little more than *vaudeville* and less than *operetta*. For ten years past the deceased actress knew no rival throughout Austria and Germany in her particular line of parts. During that time she worked harder off the stage than upon it, became so accomplished a vocalist as to elicit a warm tribute of admiration from the queen of song, Adelina Patti, and made herself a perfect mistress of three foreign languages—English, French, and Italian. She was an excellent verse-writer, and the best mimic I have ever known. In every bodily exercise—dancing, skating, swimming, riding, &c.—she was an adept, although (with the exception of dancing) she learnt them all after arriving at years of discretion. The quickness with which she picked up any new accomplishment was amazing. It was my privilege, about nine



years ago, to teach her roller-skating. At the expiration of her third lesson she skated quite as confidently as, and a good deal more gracefully than, her instructor. The *maître-d'armes* who coached her in fencing—which art she studied in order to give realistic effect to a part assigned to her in one of Jacobsen's most popular pieces, in which she was cast for a dare-devil young Prussian lieutenant of Guards—told me that she displayed an extraordinary aptitude for the science of *carte* and *tierce*, and, had she been able to give more time to its acquisition, would have become what is called “an ugly customer” with the small-sword. In short, she was a female “Admirable Crichton,” and to no gifted man or woman of my acquaintance would the last line of Johnson's famous epitaph on Goldsmith, “*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*,” be so indisputably applicable as to the inimitable artist whose remains have been lately consigned to earth in Berlin, amidst manifestations of mourning scarcely less than national. I find it difficult to realize that one so young, active, vivacious, and teeming with high spirits, can have disappeared from amongst us for ever. The sword, as a matter of fact, wore out the scabbard. Doing everything well, and apparently without effort, she did too many things by half, and broke down from sheer overstrain upon the nerves—wasted away with frightful rapidity, and died before the great majority of her admirers even suspected that she was seriously ill. With an unanimity rare in Fatherlandish journalism, the German papers, one and all, declare that the stage and public have suffered an irreparable loss by the death, at the early age of thirty, of one of those phenomenal beings upon whom Nature, from time to time, lavishes her choicest gifts with apparently reckless profusion. The “harmless gaiety of a nation” has most certainly received a heavy check by this melancholy and premature termination of an existence fraught with exceeding gladness to itself, and to all upon whom its genial influence was exercised.

W. B. K.

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The so-called “American duel,” which for some years past has caused more deaths in Germany than in the United States, and to which only a few months ago Baron von Putlitz, a Prussian nobleman of high official position, fell a victim, has put an end to the existence of a young and exceptionally beautiful German actress, Frau Bertha Steinhammer, who shot herself through the heart the other day at Grosswardein. She had made her first appearance in the theatre of that city on the preceding evening, and had not met with an altogether enthusiastic reception. Her suicide was at first attributed to the vexation occasioned to her by this professional mishap; but a letter written by her to her husband, and which reached him a few hours after she committed the fatal deed, revealed the revolting circumstance that she had destroyed herself in fulfilment of the conditions of an American duel, which is fought, so to speak, with cards or dice, the loser of the game agreed upon undertaking to commit suicide at a certain fixed date. Duels of this particular class had been confined to members of the sterner sex, until Bertha Steinhammer entered into the agreement that proved fatal to her. According to her letter, which is subjoined, she must have had the death-pledge hanging over her head for at least a year and a half:—“Dearest husband,—Do not even wish that I should have told

you all! All unconsciously, you have played a part in my appalling life-drama. Do you remember walking down the Kärnthnerstrasse with me one day, when we were met by a singularly beautiful woman, hanging upon a gentleman's arm? That was the woman who has forced me into the embraces of Death. I fought an American duel with her, and was vanquished. My term of life will expire on the 14th instant. Then I must die. I am bound not to reveal my adversary's name. Farewell; be happy! Heaven preserve you from such torture as I have endured ever since the springtide of last year! Now I have only a few hours to live. To live! Was it living to suffer what I have suffered? Adieu. My thoughts have done with this world. I am a dead woman! Your wretched Bertha."

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In consequence of the still-increasing demands upon his evenings for recitals and lectures (public and private) on "The Art of Elocution," with which his name has been so long identified, as well as by pupils, Mr. C. J. Plumptre has resigned the Lectureship on Public Reading and Speaking at King's College, in the Evening Class Department, which he has held for a period of nearly eighteen years. He has received most gratifying letters, alike from the Secretary (in the name of the Council of King's College), and from the Principal, the Rev. Canon Barry, D.D., now Metropolitan of Australia. The former says: "The Council accept your resignation with much regret. They desire me to convey to you their warm thanks for the services you have rendered to this College since 1866. Let me personally and very cordially join in both the expression of regret and of thanks." The Principal concludes a very friendly letter of thanks and good wishes by saying: "I only regret that the College is to lose the benefit of your excellent services."

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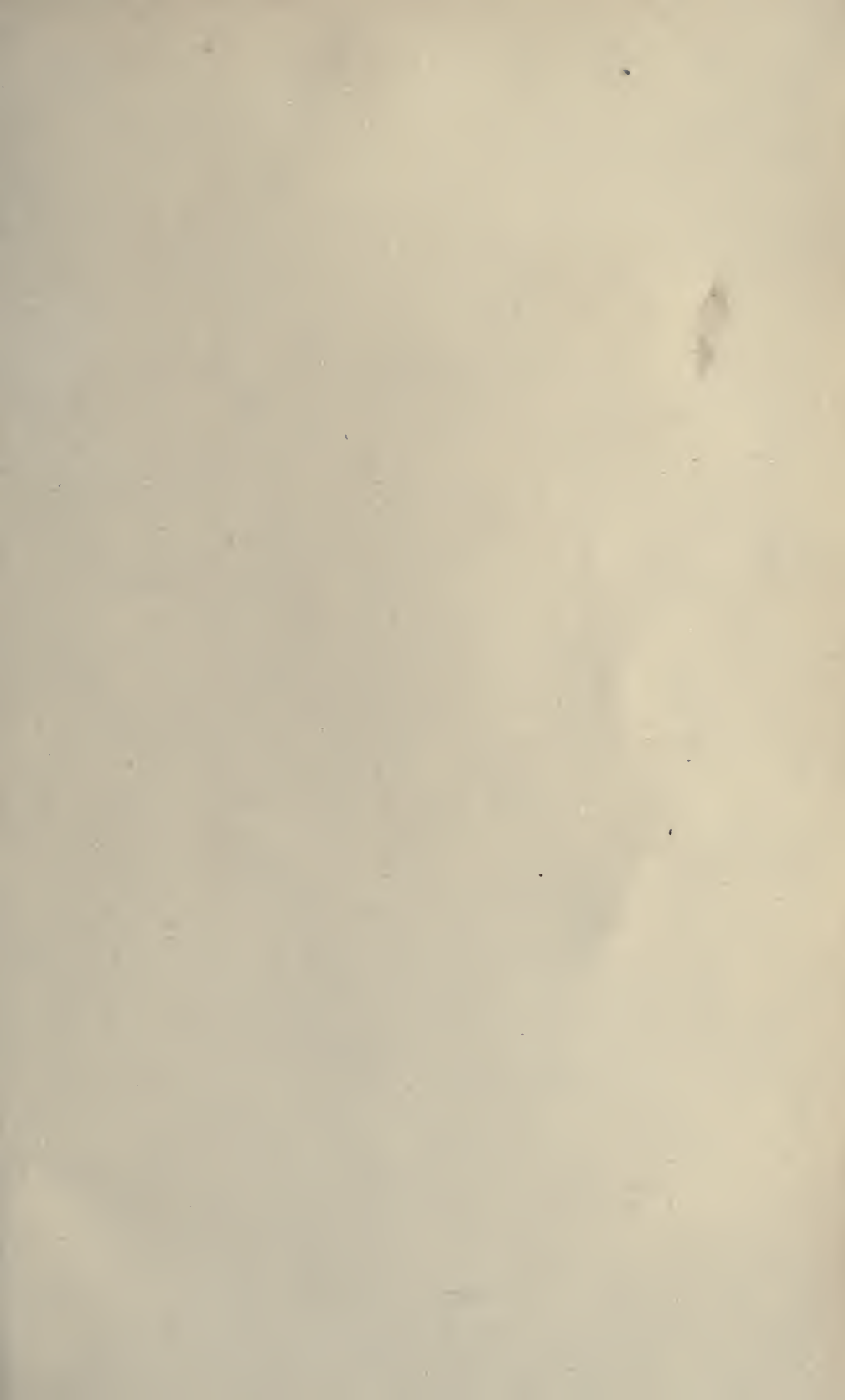
Signorina Marie Corelli, the young composer and pianiste, is to be congratulated on the success of her song, "Romeo's Good Night," in America. Originally published here by the noted firm of Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, Weber and Co., it has just been re-produced in New York by the firm of Messrs. Ditson and Co., and is fast becoming *the* song of the day. The words are taken from the Balcony Scene in "Romeo and Juliet," and the composition is dedicated by special permission to Henry Irving.

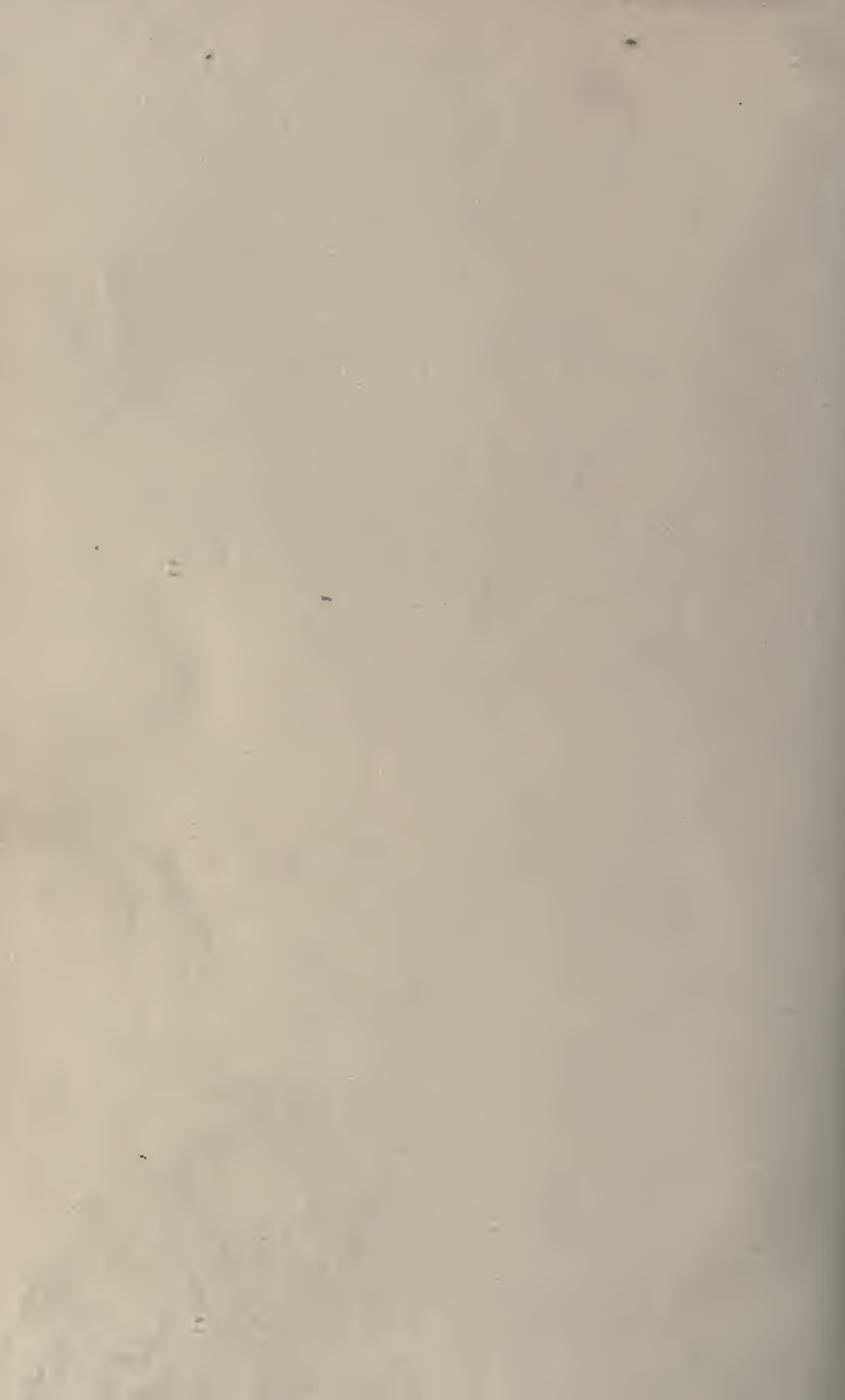
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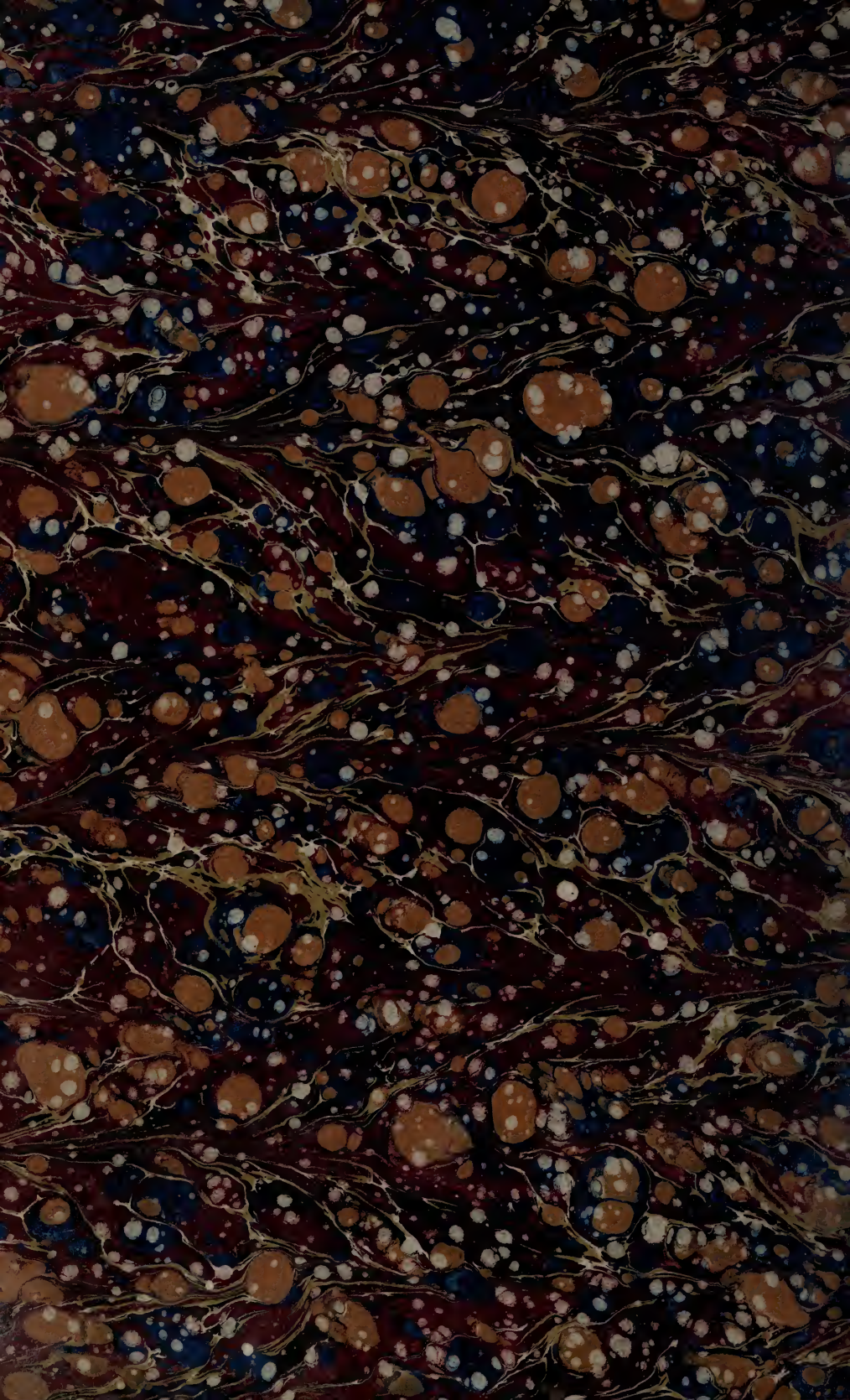














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